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# Eclectic Magazine

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THE SCIENTIFIC BASES OF ANARCHY.

BY PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN.

ANARCHY (*ἀν-ἀρχή*), the No-Government system of Socialism, has a double origin. It is an outgrowth of the two great movements of thought in the economical and the political fields which characterize our century, and especially its second part. In common with all Socialists, the anarchists hold that the private ownership of land, capital, and machinery has had its time; that it is condemned to disappear; and that all requisites for production must, and will, become the common property of society, and be managed in common by the producers of wealth. And, in common with the most advanced representatives of political Radicalism, they maintain that the ideal of the political organization of society is a condition of things where the functions of government are reduced to a minimum, and the individual recovers his full liberty of

initiative and action for satisfying, by means of free groups and federations—freely constituted—all the infinitely varied needs of the human being. As regards Socialism, most of the anarchists arrive at its ultimate conclusion, that is, at a complete negation of the wage-system and at communism. And with reference to political organization, by giving a further development to the above-mentioned part of the Radical programme, they arrive at the conclusion that the ultimate aim of society is the reduction of the functions of government to *nil*—that is, to a society without government, to Anarchy. The anarchists maintain, moreover, that such being the ideal of social and political organization, they must not remit it to future centuries, but that only those changes in our social organization which are in accordance with the above double

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ideal, and constitute an approach to it, will have a chance of life and be beneficial for the commonwealth.

As to the method followed by the anarchist thinker, it differs to a great extent from that followed by the Utopists. The anarchist thinker does not resort to metaphysical conceptions (like the "natural rights," the "duties of the State," and so on) for establishing what are, in his opinion, the best conditions for realizing the greatest happiness of humanity. He follows, on the contrary, the course traced by the modern philosophy of evolution—without entering, however, the slippery route of mere analogies so often resorted to by Herbert Spencer. He studies human society as it is now and was in the past; and, without either endowing men altogether, or separate individuals, with superior qualities which they do not possess, he merely considers society as an aggregation of organisms trying to find out the best ways of combining the wants of the individual with those of co-operation for the welfare of the species. He studies society and tries to discover its *tendencies*, past and present, its growing needs, intellectual and economical; and in his ideal he merely points out in which direction evolution goes. He distinguishes between the real wants and tendencies of human aggregations and the accidents (want of knowledge, migrations, wars, conquests) which prevented these tendencies from being satisfied, or temporarily paralyze them. And he concludes that the two most prominent, although often unconscious, tendencies throughout our history were: a tendency toward integrating our labor for the production of all riches in common, so as finally to render it impossible to discriminate the part of the common production due to the separate individual; and a tendency toward the fullest freedom of the individual for the prosecution of all aims, beneficial both for himself and for society at large. The ideal of the anarchist is thus a mere summing-up of what he considers to be the next phase of evolution. It is no longer a matter of faith; it is a matter for scientific discussion.

In fact, one of the leading features of our century is the growth of Socialism and the rapid spreading of Socialist

views among the working classes. How could it be otherwise? We have witnessed during the last seventy years an unparalleled sudden increase of our powers of production, resulting in an accumulation of wealth which has outstripped the most sanguine expectations. But, owing to our wage system, this increase of wealth—due to the combined efforts of men of science, of managers, and workmen as well—has resulted only in an unprevented accumulation of wealth in the hands of the owners of capital; while an increase of misery for the great numbers, and an insecurity of life for all, have been the lot of the workmen. The unskilled laborers, in continuous search for labor, are falling into an unheard-of destitution; and even the best-paid artisans and skilled workmen, who undoubtedly are living now a more comfortable life than before, labor under the permanent menace of being thrown, in their turn, into the same conditions as the unskilled paupers, in consequence of some of the continuous and unavoidable fluctuations of industry and caprices of capital. The chasm between the modern millionaire who squanders the produce of human labor in a gorgeous and vain luxury, and the pauper reduced to a miserable and insecure existence, is thus growing more and more, so as to break the very unity of society—the harmony of its life—and to endanger the progress of its further development. At the same time, the working classes are the less inclined patiently to endure this division of society into two classes, as they themselves become more and more conscious of the wealth-producing power of modern industry, of the part played by labor in the production of wealth, and of their own capacities of organization. In proportion as all classes of the community take a more lively part in public affairs, and knowledge spreads among the masses, their longing for equality becomes stronger, and their demands of social reorganization become louder and louder: they can be ignored no more. The worker claims his share in the riches he produces; he claims his share in the management of production; and he claims not only some additional well-being, but also his full rights in the higher enjoyments of science and art.



These claims, which formerly were uttered only by the social reformer, begin now to be made by a daily growing minority of those who work in the factory or till the acre; and they so conform with our feelings of justice, that they find support in a daily growing minority amid the privileged classes themselves. Socialism becomes thus the idea of the nineteenth century; and neither coercion nor pseudo-reforms can stop its further growth.

Much hope of improvement was laid, of course, in the extension of political rights to the working classes. But these concessions, unsupported as they were by corresponding changes in the economical relations, proved delusory. They did not materially improve the conditions of the great bulk of the workmen. Therefore, the watchword of Socialism is: "Economical freedom, as the only secure basis for political freedom." And as long as the present wage system, with all its bad consequences, remains unaltered, the Socialist watchword will continue to inspire the workmen. Socialism will continue to grow until it has realized its programme.

Side by side with this great movement of thought in economical matters, a like movement was going on with regard to political rights, political organization, and the functions of government. Government was submitted to the same criticism as Capital. While most of the Radicals saw in universal suffrage and republican institutions the last word of political wisdom, a further step was made by the few. The very functions of government and the State, as also their relations to the individual, were submitted to a sharper and deeper criticism. Representative government having been experimented on a wider field than before, its defects became more and more prominent. It became obvious that these defects are not merely accidental, but inherent to the system itself. Parliament and its executive proved to be unable to attend to all the numberless affairs of the community and to conciliate the varied and often opposite interests of the separate parts of a State. Election proved unable to find out the men who might represent a nation, and manage, otherwise than in a party spirit, the affairs they are compelled to legislate

upon. These defects became so striking that the very principles of the representative system were criticised and their justness doubted. Again, the dangers of a centralized government became still more conspicuous when the Socialists came to the front and asked for a further increase of the powers of government by intrusting it with the management of the immense field covered now by the economical relations between individuals. The question was asked, whether a government, intrusted with the management of industry and trade, would not become a permanent danger for liberty and peace, and whether it even would be able to be a good manager?

The Socialists of the earlier part of this century did not fully realize the immense difficulties of the problem. Convinced as they were of the necessity of economical reforms, most of them took no notice of the need of freedom for the individual; and we have had social reformers ready to submit society to any kind of theocracy, dictatorship, or even Cæsarism, in order to obtain reforms in a Socialist sense. Therefore we saw, in this country and also on the Continent, the division of men of advanced opinions into political Radicals and Socialists—the former looking with distrust on the latter, as they saw in them a danger for the political liberties which have been won by the civilized nations after a long series of struggles. And even now, when the Socialists all over Europe are becoming political parties, and profess the democratic faith, there remains among most impartial men a well-founded fear of the *Volksstaat* or "popular State" being as great a danger for liberty as any form of autocracy, if its government be intrusted with the management of all the social organization, including the production and distribution of wealth.

The evolution of the last forty years prepared, however, the way for showing the necessity and possibility of a higher form of social organization which might guarantee economical freedom without reducing the individual to the rôle of a slave to the State. The origins of government were carefully studied, and all metaphysical conceptions as to its divine or "social contract" derivation having been laid aside, it appeared that it is

among us of a relatively modern origin, and that its powers grew precisely in proportion as the division of society into the privileged and unprivileged classes was growing in the course of ages. Representative government was also reduced to its real value—that of an instrument which has rendered services in the struggle against autocracy, but not an ideal of free political organization. As to the system of philosophy which saw in the State (the *Kultur-Staat*) a leader to progress, it was more and more shaken as it became evident that progress is the more effective when it is not checked by State interference. It thus became obvious that a further advance in social life does not lie in the direction of a further concentration of power and regulative functions in the hands of a governing body, but in the direction of decentralization, both territorial and functional—in a subdivision of public functions with respect both to their sphere of action and to the character of the functions; it is in the abandonment to the initiative of freely constituted groups of all those functions which are now considered as the functions of government.

This current of thought found its expression not merely in literature, but also, to a limited extent, in life. The uprising of the Paris Commune, followed by that of the Commune of Cartagena—a movement of which the historical bearing seems to have been quite overlooked in this country—opened a new page of history. If we analyze not only this movement in itself, but also the impression it left in the minds and the tendencies which were manifested during the communal revolution, we must recognize in it an indication showing that in the future human agglomerations which are more advanced in their social development will try to start an independent life; and that they will endeavor to convert the more backward parts of a nation by example, instead of imposing their opinions by law and force, or submitting themselves to the majority-rule, which always is a mediocrity-rule. At the same time the failure of representative government within the Commune itself proved that self-government and self-administration must be carried on further than in a mere territorial sense;

to be effective they must be carried on also with regard to the various functions of life within the free community; a merely territorial limitation of the sphere of action of government will not do—representative government being as deficient in a city as it is in a nation. Life gave thus a further point in favor of the no-government theory, and a new impulse to anarchist thought.

Anarchists recognize the justice of both the just-mentioned tendencies toward economical and political freedom, and see in them two different manifestations of the very same need of equality which constitutes the very essence of all struggles mentioned by history. Therefore, in common with all Socialists, the anarchist says to the political reformer: "No substantial reform in the sense of political equality, and no limitation of the powers of government, can be made as long as society is divided into two hostile camps, and the laborer remains, economically speaking, a serf to his employer." But to the Popular State Socialist we say also: "You cannot modify the existing conditions of property without deeply modifying at the same time the political organization. You must limit the powers of government and renounce Parliamentary rule. To each new economical phasis of life corresponds a new political phasis. Absolute monarchy—that is, Court-rule—corresponded to the system of serfdom. Representative government corresponds to Capital-rule. Both, however, are class-rule. But in a society where the distinction between capitalist and laborer has disappeared, there is no need of such a government; it would be an anachronism, a nuisance. Free workers would require a free organization, and this cannot have another basis than free agreement and free co-operation, without sacrificing the autonomy of the individual to the all-pervading interference of the State. The no-capitalist system implies the no-government system."

Meaning thus the emancipation of man from the oppressive powers of capitalist and government as well, the system of anarchy becomes a synthesis of the two powerful currents of thought which characterize our century.

In arriving at these conclusions anarchy proves to be in accordance with

the conclusions arrived at by the philosophy of evolution. By bringing to light the plasticity of organization, the philosophy of evolution has shown the admirable adaptivity of organisms to their conditions of life, and the ensuing development of such faculties as render more complete both the adaptations of the aggregates to their surroundings and those of each of the constituent parts of the aggregate to the needs of free co-operation. It familiarized us with the circumstance that throughout organic nature the capacities for life in common are growing in proportion as the integration of organisms into compound aggregates becomes more and more complete; and it enforced thus the opinion already expressed by social moralists as to the perfectibility of human nature. It has shown us that, in the long run of the struggle for existence, "the fittest" will prove to be those who combine intellectual knowledge with the knowledge necessary for the production of wealth, and not those who are now the richest because they, or their ancestors, have been momentarily the strongest. By showing that the "struggle for existence" must be conceived, not merely in its restricted sense of a struggle between individuals for the means of subsistence, but in its wider sense of adaptation of all individuals of the species to the best conditions for the survival of the species, as well as for the greatest possible sum of life and happiness for each and all, it permitted us to deduce the laws of moral science from the social needs and habits of mankind. It showed us the infinitesimal part played by positive law in moral evolution, and the immense part played by the natural growth of altruistic feelings, which develop as soon as the conditions of life favor their growth. It thus enforced the opinion of social reformers as to the necessity of modifying the conditions of life for improving man, instead of trying to improve human nature by moral teachings while life works in an opposite direction. Finally, by studying human society from the biological point of view, it came to the conclusions arrived at by anarchists from the study of history and present tendencies, as to further progress being in the line of socialization of wealth and integrated labor, combined

with the fullest possible freedom of the individual.

It is not a mere coincidence that Herbert Spencer, whom we may consider as a pretty fair expounder of the philosophy of evolution, has been brought to conclude, with regard to political organization, that "that form of society toward which we are progressing" is "one in which government will be reduced to the smallest amount possible, and freedom increased to the greatest amount possible."\* When he opposes in these words the conclusions of his synthetic philosophy to those of Auguste Comte, he arrives at very nearly the same conclusion as Proudhon† and Bakunin.‡ More than that, the very methods of argumentation and the illustrations resorted to by Herbert Spencer (daily supply of food, post-office, and so on) are the same which we find in the writings of the anarchists. The channels of thought were the same, although both were unaware of each other's endeavors.

Again, when Mr. Spencer so powerfully, and even not without a touch of passion, argues (in his Appendix to the third edition of the *Data of Ethics*) that human societies are marching toward a state when a further identification of altruism with egoism will be made "in the sense that personal gratification will come from the gratification of others;" when he says that "we are shown, un-

\* *Essays*, vol. iii. I am fully aware that in the very same *Essays*, a few pages further, Herbert Spencer destroys the force of the foregoing statement by the following words: "Not only do I contend," he says, "that the restraining power of the State over individuals and bodies, or classes of individuals, is requisite, but I have contended that it should be exercised much more effectually and carried much further than at present" (p. 145). And although he tries to establish a distinction between the (desirable) negatively regulative and the (undesirable) positively regulative functions of government, we know that no such distinction can be established in political life, and that the former necessarily lead to, and even imply, the latter. But we must distinguish between the system of philosophy and its interpreter. All we can say is that Herbert Spencer does not fully indorse all the conclusions which ought to be drawn from his system of philosophy.

† *Ideé générale sur la Révolution au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle*; and *Confessions d'un révolutionnaire*.

‡ *Lettres à un Français sur la crise actuelle*; *L'Empire knouto-germanique*; *The State's Idea and Anarchy* (Russian).

deniably, that it is a perfectly possible thing for organisms to become so adjusted to the requirements of their lives, that energy expended for the general welfare may not only be adequate to check energy expended for the individual welfare, but may come to subordinate it so far as to leave individual welfare no greater part than is necessary for maintenance of individual life"—provided the conditions for such relations between the individual and the community be maintained\*—he derives from the study of nature the very same conclusions which the forerunners of anarchy, Fourier and Robert Owen, derived from a study of human character.

When we see further Mr. Bain so forcibly elaborating the theory of moral habits, and the French philosopher, M. Guyau, publishing his remarkable work on *Morality without Obligation or Sanction*; when J. S. Mill so sharply criticizes representative government, and when he discusses the problem of liberty, although failing to establish its necessary conditions; when Sir John Lubbock prosecutes his admirable studies on animal societies, and Mr. Morgan applies scientific methods of investigation to the philosophy of history—when, in short, every year, by bringing some new arguments to the philosophy of evolution, adds at the same time some new arguments to the theory of anarchy—we must recognize that this last, although differing as to its starting-points, follows the same sound methods of scientific investigation. Our confidence in its conclusions is still more increased. The difference between anarchists and the just-named philosophers may be immense as to the presumed speed of evolution, and as to the conduct which one ought to assume as soon as he has had an insight into the aims toward which society is marching. No attempt, however, has been made scientifically to determine the ratio of evolution, nor have the chief elements of the problem (the state of mind of the masses) been taken into account by the evolutionist philosophers. As to bringing one's action into accordance with his philosophical conceptions, we know that, unhappily,

intellect and will are too often separated by a chasm not to be filled by mere philosophical speculations, however deep and elaborate.

There is, however, between the just-named philosophers and the anarchists a wide difference on one point of primordial importance. This difference is the stranger as it arises on a point which might be discussed figures in hand, and which constitutes the very basis of all further deductions, as it belongs to what biological sociology would describe as the physiology of nutrition.

There is, in fact, a widely spread fallacy, maintained by Mr. Spencer and many others, as to the causes of the misery which we see round about us. It was affirmed forty years ago, and it is affirmed now by Mr. Spencer and his followers, that misery in civilized society is due to our insufficient production, or rather to the circumstance that "population presses upon the means of subsistence." It would be of no use to inquire into the origin of such a misrepresentation of facts, which might be easily verified. It may have its origin in inherited misconceptions which have nothing to do with the philosophy of evolution. But to be maintained and advocated by philosophers, there must be, in the conceptions of these philosophers, some confusion as to the different aspects of the struggle for existence. Sufficient importance is not given to the difference between the struggle which goes on among organisms which do *not* co-operate for providing the means of subsistence, and those which *do* so. In this last case again there must be some confusion between those aggregates whose members find their means of subsistence in the ready produce of the vegetable and animal kingdom, and those whose members artificially grow their means of subsistence and are enabled to increase (to a yet unknown amount) the productivity of each spot of the surface of the globe. Hunters who hunt, each of them for his own sake, and hunters who unite into societies for hunting, stand quite differently with regard to the means of subsistence. But the difference is still greater between the hunters who take their means of subsistence as they are in nature, and civilized men who grow their food and produce all

\* Pages 300 to 302. In fact, the whole of his chapter ought to be quoted.



requisites for a comfortable life by machinery. In this last case—the stock of potential energy in nature being little short of infinite in comparison with the present population of the globe—the means of availing ourselves of the stock of energy are increased and perfected precisely in proportion to the density of population and to the previously accumulated stock of technical knowledge; so that for human beings who are in possession of scientific knowledge, and co-operate for the artificial production of the means of subsistence and comfort, the law is quite the reverse to that of Malthus. The accumulation of means of subsistence and comfort is going on at a much speedier rate than the increase of population. The only conclusion which we can deduce from the laws of evolution and of multiplication of effects is that the available amount of means of subsistence increases at a rate which increases itself in proportion as population becomes denser—unless it be artificially (and temporarily) checked by some defects of social organization. As to our *powers* of production (our potential production), they increase at a still speedier rate; in proportion as scientific knowledge grows, the means for spreading it are rendered easier, and inventive genius is stimulated by all previous inventions.

If the fallacy as to the pressure of population on the means of subsistence could be maintained a hundred years ago, it can be maintained no more, since we have witnessed the effects of science on industry, and the enormous increase of our productive powers during the last hundred years. We know, in fact, that while the growth of population of England has been from 16½ millions in 1844 to 26½ millions in 1883, showing thus an increase of 62 per cent., the growth of national wealth (as testified by schedule A of the Income Tax Act) has increased at a twice speedier rate; it has grown from 221 to 507½ millions—that is, by 130 per cent.\* And we know that the same increase of wealth has taken place in France, where population remains almost stationary, and that it has gone on at a still speedier rate in the United States, where population

is increasing every year by immigration.

But the figures just mentioned, while showing the real increase of production, give only a faint idea of what our production might be under a more reasonable economical organization. We know well that the owners of capital, while trying to produce wares with fewer "hands," are also continually endeavoring to limit the production, in order to sell at higher prices. When the benefits of a concern are going down, the owner of the capital limits the production, or totally suspends it, and prefers to engage his capital in foreign loans or shares of Patagonian gold-mines. Just now there are plenty of pitmen in England who ask for nothing better than to be permitted to extract coal and supply with cheap fuel the households where children are shivering before empty chimneys. There are thousands of weavers who ask for nothing better than to weave stuffs in order to replace the Whitechapel rugs with linen. And so in all branches of industry. How can we talk about a want of means of subsistence when 246 blasting furnaces and thousands of factories lie idle in Great Britain alone; and when there are, just now, thousands and thousands of unemployed in London alone; thousands of men who would consider themselves happy if they were permitted to transform (under the guidance of experienced men) the heavy clay of Middlesex into a rich soil, and to cover with rich corn-fields and orchards the acres of meadowland which now yield only a few pounds' worth of hay? But they are prevented from doing so by the owners of the land, of the weaving factory, and of the coal-mine, because capital finds it more advantageous to supply the Khedive with harems and the Russian Government with "strategic railways" and Krupp guns. Of course the maintenance of harems *pays*: it gives ten or fifteen per cent. on the capital, while the extraction of coal does not pay—that is, it brings three or five per cent.—and that is a sufficient reason for limiting the production and permitting would-be economists to indulge in reproaches to the working classes as to their too rapid multiplication!

Here we have instances of a direct

\* A. R. Wallace's *Bad Times*.

and conscious limitation of production, due to the circumstance that the requisites for production belong to the few, and that these few have the right of disposing of them at their will, without caring about the interests of the community. But there is also the indirect and unconscious limitation of production—that which results from squandering the produce of human labor in luxury, instead of applying it to a further increase of production.

This last even cannot be estimated in figures, but a walk through the rich shops of any city and a glance at the manner in which money is squandered now, can give an approximate idea of this indirect limitation. When a rich man spends a thousand pounds for his stables, he squanders five to six thousand days of human labor, which might be used, under a better social organization, for supplying with comfortable homes those who are compelled to live now in dens. And when a lady spends a hundred pounds for her dress, we cannot but say that she squanders, at least, two years of human labor, which, again under a better organization, might have supplied a hundred women with decent dresses, and much more if applied to a further improvement of the instruments of production. Preachers thunder against luxury, because it is shameful to squander money for feeding and sheltering hounds and horses, when thousands live in the East End on sixpence a day, and other thousands have not even their miserable sixpence every day. But the economist sees more than that in our modern luxury: when millions of days of labor are spent every year for the satisfaction of the stupid vanity of the rich, he says that so many millions of workers have been diverted from the manufacture of those useful instruments which would permit us to decuple and centuple our present production of means of subsistence and of requisites for comfort.

In short, if we take into account both the real and the potential increase of our wealth, and consider both the direct and indirect limitation of production, which are unavoidable under our present economical system, we must recognize that the supposed "pressure of population on the means of subsistence" is a

mere fallacy, repeated, like many other fallacies, without even taking the trouble of submitting it to a moment's criticism. The causes of the present social disease must be sought elsewhere.

Let us take a civilized country. The forests have been cleared, the swamps drained. Thousands of roads and railways intersect it in all directions; the rivers have been rendered navigable, and the seaports are of easy access. Canals connect the seas. The rocks have been pierced by deep shafts; thousands of manufactures cover the land. Science has taught men how to use the energy of nature for the satisfaction of his needs. Cities have slowly grown in the long run of ages, and treasures of science and art are accumulated in these centres of civilization. But—who has made all these marvels?

The combined efforts of scores of generations have contributed toward the achievement of these results. The forests have been cleared centuries ago; millions of men have spent years and years of labor in draining the swamps, in tracing the roads, in building the railways. Other millions have built the cities and created the civilization we boast of. Thousands of inventors, mostly unknown, mostly dying in poverty and neglect, have elaborated the machinery in which Man admires his genius. Thousands of writers, philosophers and men of science, supported by many thousands of compositors, printers, and other laborers whose name is legion, have contributed in elaborating and spreading knowledge, in dissipating errors, in creating the atmosphere of scientific thought, without which the marvels of our century never would have been brought to life. The genius of a Mayer and a Grove, the patient work of a Joule, surely have done more for giving a new start to modern industry than all the capitalists of the world; but these men of genius themselves are, in their turn, the children of industry: thousands of engines had to transform heat into mechanical force, and mechanical force into sound, light, and electricity—and they had to do so years long, every day, under the eyes of humanity—before some of our contemporaries proclaimed the mechanical origin of heat and the correlation of physical forces,

and before we ourselves became prepared to listen to them and understand their teachings. Who knows for how many decades we should continue to be ignorant of this theory which now revolutionizes industry, were it not for the inventive powers and skill of those unknown workers who have improved the steam-engine, who brought all its parts to perfection, so as to make steam more manageable than a horse, and to render the use of the engine nearly universal? But the same is true with regard to each smallest part of our machinery. In each machine, however simple, we may read a whole history—a long history of sleepless nights, of delusions and joys, of partial inventions and partial improvements which brought it to its present state. Nay, nearly each new machine is a synthesis, a result of thousands of partial inventions made, not only in one special department of machinery, but in all departments of the wide field of mechanics.

Our cities, connected by roads and brought into easy communication with all peopled parts of the globe, are the growth of centuries; and each house in these cities, each factory, each shop, derives its value, its very *raison d'être*, from the fact that it is situated on a spot of the globe where thousands or millions have gathered together. Every smallest part of the immense whole which we call the wealth of civilized nations derives its value precisely from being a part of this whole. What would be the value of an immense London shop or storehouse were it not situated precisely in London, which has become the gathering-spot for five millions of human beings? And what the value of our coal-pits, our manufactures, our shipbuilding yards, were it not for the immense traffic which goes on across the seas, for the railways which transport mountains of merchandise, for the cities which number their inhabitants by millions? Who is, then, the individual who has the right to step forward and, laying his hands on the smallest part of this immense whole, to say, "*I have produced this; it belongs to me!*" And how can we discriminate, in this immense interwoven whole, the part which the isolated individual may appropriate to himself with the slightest approach to

justice? Houses and streets, canals and railways, machines and works of art, all these have been created by the combined efforts of generations past and present, of men living on these islands and men living thousands of miles away.

But it has happened in the long run of ages that everything which permits men further to increase their production, or even to continue it, has been appropriated by the few. The land, which derives its value precisely from its being necessary for an ever-increasing population, belongs to the few, who may prevent the community from cultivating it. The coal-pits, which represent the labor of generations, and which also derive their value from the wants of the manufactures and railroads, from the immense trade carried on and the density of population (what is the value of coal-layers in Transbaikalia?), belong again to the few, who have even the right of stopping the extraction of coal if they choose to give another use to their capital. The lace-weaving machine, which represents, in its present state of perfection, the work of three generations of Lancashire weavers, belongs again to the few; and if the grandsons of the very same weaver who invented the first lace-weaving machine claim their rights of bringing one of these machines into motion, they will be told "Hands off! this machine does not belong to you!" The railroads, which mostly would be useless heaps of iron if Great Britain had not its present dense population, its industry, trade, and traffic, belong again to the few—to a few shareholders, who may even not know where the railway is situated which brings them a yearly income larger than that of a mediæval king; and if the children of those people who died by thousands in digging the tunnels would gather and go—a ragged and starving crowd—to ask bread or work from the shareholders, they would be met with bayonets and bullets.

Who is the sophist who will dare to say that such an organization is just? But what is unjust cannot be beneficial for mankind; and *it is not*. In consequence of this monstrous organization, the son of a workman, when he is able to work, finds no acre to till, no machine to set in motion, unless he agrees to sell his labor for a sum inferior to its

real value. His father and grandfather have contributed in draining the field, or erecting the factory, to the full extent of their capacities—and nobody can do more than that—but he comes into the world more destitute than a savage. If he resorts to agriculture, he will be permitted to cultivate a plot of land, but on the condition that he gives up one quarter of his crop to the landlord. If he resorts to industry, he will be permitted to work, but on the condition that out of the thirty shillings he has produced, ten shillings or more will be pocketed by the owner of the machine. We cry against the feudal baron who did not permit any one to settle on his land otherwise than on payment of one quarter of the crops to the lord of the manor; but we continue to do as they did—we extend their system. The forms have changed, but the essence has remained the same. And the workman is compelled to accept the feudal conditions which we call "free contract," because nowhere will he find better conditions. Everything has been appropriated by somebody; he *must* accept the bargain, or starve.

Owing to this circumstance our production takes a wrong turn. It takes no care of the needs of the community; its only aim is to increase the benefits of the capitalist. Therefore—the continuous fluctuations of industry, the crises periodically coming nearly every ten years, and throwing out of employment several hundred thousand men who are brought to complete misery, whose children grow up in the gutter, ready to become inmates of the prison and workhouse. The workmen being unable to purchase with their wages the riches they are producing, industry must search for markets elsewhere, amid the middle classes of other nations. It must find markets, in the East, in Africa, anywhere; it must increase, by trade, the number of its serfs in Egypt, in India, in the Congo. But everywhere it finds competitors in other nations which rapidly enter into the same line of industrial development. And wars, continuous wars, must be fought for the supremacy on the world-market—wars for the possession of the East, wars for getting possession of the seas, wars for having the right of imposing heavy

duties on foreign merchandise. The thunder of guns never ceases in Europe; whole generations are slaughtered; and we spend in armaments the third of the revenue of our States—a revenue raised, the poor know with what difficulties.

Education is the privilege of the few. Not because we can find no teachers, not because the workman's son and daughter are less able to receive instruction, but because one can receive no reasonable instruction when at the age of fifteen he descends into the mine, or goes selling newspapers in the streets. Society becomes divided into two hostile camps; and no freedom is possible under such conditions. While the Radical asks for a further extension of liberty, the statesman answers him that a further increase of liberty would bring about an uprising of the paupers; and those political liberties which have cost so dear are replaced by coercion, by exceptional laws, by military rule.

And finally, the injustice of our repartition of wealth exercises the most deplorable effect on our morality. Our principles of morality say: "Love your neighbor as yourself;" but let a child follow this principle and take off his coat to give it to the shivering pauper, and his mother will tell him that he must never understand the moral principles in their right sense. If he lives according to them, he will go barefoot, without alleviating the misery round about him! Morality is good on the lips, not in deeds. Our preachers say, "Who works, prays," and everybody endeavors to make others work for himself. They say, "Never lie!" and politics is a big lie. And we accustom ourselves and our children to live under this double-faced morality, which is hypocrisy, and to conciliate our double-facedness by sophistry. Hypocrisy and sophistry become the very basis of our life. But society cannot live under such a morality. It cannot last so: it must, it will, be changed.

The question is thus no more a mere question of bread. It covers the whole field of human activity. But it has at its bottom a question of social economy, and we conclude: The means of production and of satisfaction of all needs of society, having been created by the common efforts of all, must be at the



disposal of all. The private appropriation of requisites for production is neither just nor beneficial. All must be placed on the same footing as producers and consumers of wealth. That would be the only way for society to step out of the bad conditions which have been

created by centuries of wars and oppression. That would be the only guarantee for further progress in a direction of equality and freedom, which always were the real, although unspoken goal of humanity.—*Nineteenth Century*.



## BYRONIANA.

## VERSES BY LORD BYRON.

The last he ever wrote ; from a rough copy found among his papers at the back of the "Song of Suli." Copied November, 1824.—JOHN C. HOBHOUSE.

A note attached to the verses by Lord Byron states they were addressed to no one in particular, and were a mere poetical Scherzo.—J. C. H.

## I.

I WATCHED thee when the foe was at our side,  
Ready to strike at him—or thee and me  
Were safety hopeless—rather than divide  
Aught with one loved save love and liberty.

## II.

I watched thee in the breakers, when the rock  
Received our prow and all was storm and fear,  
And bade thee cling to me through every shock ;  
This arm would be thy bark, or breast thy bier.

## III.

I watched thee when the fever glazed thine eyes,  
Yielding my couch, and stretched me on the ground  
When over-worn with watching, ne'er to rise  
From thence if thou an early grave hadst found.

## IV.

The earthquake came, and rocked the quivering wall,  
And men and nature reeled as if with wine.  
Whom did I seek around the tottering hall ?  
For thee. Whose safety first provide for ? Thine.

## V.

And when convulsive throes denied my breath  
The faintest utterance to my fading thought,  
To thee—to thee—e'en in the gasp of death  
My spirit turned, oh ! oftener than it ought.

## VI.

Thus much and more ; and yet thou lov'st me not,  
And never wilt ! Love dwells not in our will.  
Nor can I blame thee, though it be my lot  
To strongly, wrongly, vainly love thee still.

## LAST WORDS ON GREECE.

What are to me those honors or renown  
 Past or to come, a new-born people's cry?  
 Albeit for such I could despise a crown  
 Of aught save Laurel, or for such could die.  
 I am a fool of passion, and a frown  
 Of thine to me is as an adder's eye  
 To the poor bird whose pinion fluttering down  
 Wafts unto death the breast it bore so high;  
 Such is this maddening fascination grown,  
 So strong thy magic or so weak am I.

—Murray's Magazine.

## THE DOCTOR: AN OLD VIRGINIA FOX-HUNTER.

BY A. G. BRADLEY.

Now the Doctor was a Southerner of the old school. Nor was he merely a North Carolinian, a Tennessean, a Kentuckian, or a Georgian—not any, thank you! No; our friend was a Virginian—a real “old-fashioned, blue-blooded, whole-souled, open-handed Virginian.” And this he was by virtue of eight or nine generations of forebears who had fought, physicked, speechified, fox-hunted, raised negroes and tobacco, in that immortal commonwealth. No day passed but the Doctor, in his simple fashion, unconsciously thanked God that he was a Virginian. For did not virtue, valor, honor, gallantry select the Old Dominion in the days of the Stuarts as their special depot, from whence, in modified streams, these qualities might be diffused over the less fortunate portions of the Western world? To the unsophisticated Englishman, to the ignorant Frenchman or German, an American is an American. If he is not rampantly modern, sensationally progressive, and furiously material, he is nothing at all. But the Doctor would scarcely ever speak or think of himself as an American, except in the same sense as an Englishman would call himself a European. The Doctor was every moment of the day, and every day in the year, a Virginian above everything; and as I have already said, he felt thereby that a responsibility and a glory above that of other mortals had been conferred upon him by the accident of his birth. I may add, moreover, that

he was unquestionably non-progressive, that he was decidedly not modern, while to this day he is so reactionary that the sound of a railway irritates him; and finally, that he was, and I feel sure still is, eminently picturesque.

The Doctor was about sixty-five at the time of which I write (not so very many years ago). He had never set foot outside Virginia, and never wanted to. That a country, however, or climate, or people, or scenery existed that could be mentioned in the same breath with the old Cavalier colony, never for one moment was accounted within the bounds of possibility by that good and simple soul.

And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the Doctor was proud of his descent from pure English stock. “None of Scotch or Irish, or Scotch-Irish, for me. No, I thank you, sir.” “My folks,” he was fond of relating, “were real English stock, who came over ‘way back in early colonial days, and settled on the York River. They were kin to the nobility.” Whatever may have been the accuracy of this last claim, the Doctor’s patronymic in Virginian genealogy was above reproach, and would have secured him an *entrée* (had he owned a dress-coat, and had he felt a hankering after Eastern cities) into those small exclusive coteries in transatlantic society that still recognize birth as superior to wealth and even intellect. I should not like it to be supposed that my dear Doctor, of whom I am excessively fond,

was given to blustering about either his State or his descent. Your fire-eating, blowing, swaggering Southerner belongs either to a lower social grade, to the more frontier States of the South, or, to a greater degree perhaps than either, to the fertile imagination of Yankee editors and dime novelists. The Doctor was a Virginian. His thoughts and his habits, which were peculiar and original, were simply those of Virginians of his class and generation somewhat strongly emphasized. He was just and unassuming, kindly and homely. There was about him a delightful old-fashioned if somewhat ponderous suavity of manner, that the rest of the Anglo-Saxon race have long, long outgrown. To even hear a married female that was not black addressed as otherwise than "Madam" positively pained him. As for the children, the Doctor had a separate greeting for every one of them, let his host's quiver be ever so full. Ay, and generally something more than that; for the Doctor's capacious pockets were known by the little ones to be almost as inexhaustible in the way of chincapins, hickory-nuts, and candy, as his well-worn saddle-bags were of less inviting condiments.

The Doctor's belief in his country (and by his country of course I mean Virginia) was the religion in which he was born. He would never have dreamt of intruding it on you. International comparisons he could not make, for he had never been out of the State. I feel perfectly sure, however, if the Doctor had travelled over every corner of the earth, that his faith was of that fundamental description which was proof against mere sights and sounds. He would have returned to the shade of his ancestral porch, temporarily staggered, perhaps, but still unconvinced that any land or any people could compare with old Virginia.

The average American in London is a spectacle which has in it nothing inharmonious; on the contrary, in these days it is sometimes hard to distinguish him from the native. To picture the Doctor in London, however, requires an effort of imagination from which the intellect shrinks. Of one thing I am sure, and that is, he would be very miserable. He would call in vain for glasses

of cold water like that from the limpid spring under the poplar-tree at home, of which the Doctor consumes about a horse-troughful a-day. He would hang over the apple-stalls, and groan over the deficiencies of a country that could do no better than that. He would get up two hours before the servants, and prow about disconsolate and hungry till breakfast. What an apology, too, for a breakfast it would be without an "old Virginia hot-beat biscuit!" In his despair of getting a "julep," he might take a whiskey-punch before his early dinner. But here, again, how could the emblazoned wine-card, with its, for him, meaningless contents, supply the want of that big pitcher of foaming buttermilk for which his simple palate craves? The pomp and wealth, the glitter and glare of a great capital, would be simply distasteful to our patriarch. In his own land he and his have been for all time aristocrats—after their own fashion, it is true, but still aristocrats. They have been strongly inclined to regard themselves as the salt of the earth—and perhaps they are: a good sturdy British foible this, intensified by isolation and the mutual-admiration atmosphere which such isolation creates. At any rate, gold lace and liveries and coronets are not indispensable adjuncts of honor and breeding. The Doctor, however—if we can imagine him gazing on the stream of carriages rolling past Hyde Park Corner on a summer evening—would be sensible, for the first time in his life, to a feeling somewhat akin to insignificance creeping over him. He would hate and despise himself for it, but still it would make him uncomfortable, and he would want to get away home. A depressing suspicion would come over our good friend that the haughty squires and dames knew no more of Virginia's history, or of Pages and Randolphs, and Pendletons and Byrds, than they knew of the obscure Elijahs and Hiram and Aarons that tilled the stony fields of New England. I fear, moreover, that the suspicion would be too well founded. As a Cumberland squire in the eighteenth century might have been disillusioned by a visit to the capital, so to a much greater degree would our good Virginia friend have in all probability suffered by a similar transportation.

Once home again, however, I can safely affirm of the Doctor, that these uncomfortable sensations would have vanished in no time. Once more in his cane-bottomed rocking-chair on the shady porch; once more within sight of the blue mountains, the red fallows, and the yellow pine-sprinkled sedge-fields of his native land, he would quickly recover from the temporary shocks that had irritated him. The sublime faith in "the grand old Commonwealth" would return, and he would thank God more fervently than ever he was a son of Virginia: not because of her present or her future—for he considered the Virginia he belonged to died with slavery—but on account of her people and her past. The Doctor, happily, had been spared all these trials, and his faith remained pure and unimpaired. The only capital he had ever visited was the charming little city of Richmond, where every third man or woman he met was his cousin; where most of society call one another by their Christian names, dine in the middle of the day, and sit out on chairs in the street after supper. Richmond is delightful, and so are its people; but its atmosphere would tend to confirm, not to shake, the Doctor's homely faith.

Perhaps the Southern States was the only part of the world where the practice of medicine has ever been looked upon as an honorable adjunct to the possession of considerable landed estates and an aristocratic name. As in England there are squire-parsons, so in Virginia there were squire-doctors—men of considerable property (as things go there) both in land and slaves—regularly practising in their own neighborhood. The slaves that constituted the bulk of their wealth have gone, but the lands and the practice remain—for those who still survive and are able to sit upon a horse.

The Doctor is one of these survivals—and may he long flourish! He had only a moderate property—two farms—of which we shall speak anon. But then he was a Patton; and as everybody south of the Potomac knows, the Pattons are one of the first families in the State,—none of your modern and self-dubbed F.F.V.'s are they, but real old colonial people, whose names are writ-

ten on almost every page of their country's history. Besides, this Judge Patton, the Doctor's father, was one of the greatest jurists south of Washington—"in the world," Virginians said; but as a compromise we will admit he was one of the first in America, and quite distinguished enough to reflect a social halo over his immediate descendants, supposing even they had not been Pattons.

The original Patton mansion was burnt down in 1840. Nothing was left but the office in the yard, where in those days our friend the Doctor pursued his youthful medical investigations and entertained his bachelor friends. The Judge was a busy man, and much absent. He was always "laying out to build him a new house;" but death "laid him out" while the scheme was still in embryo. The Doctor, who, as only son, became proprietor, had his hands too full, what with negroes, and farming, and physicking, and fox-hunting, to carry it out till the war was upon him, and with its results put an end, as he thought at the time, to everything which makes life sweet.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Doctor and his father had gone houseless or camped out since 1840. Not at all. From the old brick office, whose isolation had saved it from that memorable conflagration, there had grown—I use the word advisedly, as applicable to Virginia architecture—there had grown a rambling structure, whose design, rather than whose actual weight of years, gave it an appearance venerable enough to command the respect and admiration of summer tourists from New York and Philadelphia. It was not often such apparitions passed that way, and when they did, it was generally in pursuit of filthy lucre suppositiously concealed in the fields or the forests. Nor are mining prospectors as a rule sentimental, but sometimes they are in America. When such *rara aves* came by the Doctor's front gate, they would almost always pull up and gaze through it with that admiration and respect that Northerners are inclined to pay to anything in their own country that recalls the past.

"Oh, isn't that too quaint for anything!" the ladies that sometimes ac-



companyed them never failed to remark. "That's a real old ramshackle Virginia house, by thunder! and a pretty heavy old fossil inside it, you bet!" said the more observant of the gentlemen.

The Doctor would have gloried in such criticism had he heard it. He hated Yankees; he hated your new-fangled houses; he hated railroads; he hated towns; he hated breech-loading guns: sights and sounds and things that he was not familiar with at five-and-twenty, he would have none of when he was between sixty and seventy.

The Doctor's house was unconventional to be sure, while weather and neglect of paint or whitewash had given it an air of antiquity to which it had no real claim. It lay a hundred yards back from the road, and appeared to consist of four or five small houses of varying dimensions, and occupying relationships toward one another of a most uncertain kind. Two of these leaned heavily together, like convivial old gentlemen "seeing one another home." The rest lay at respectful distances from each other, connected only by open verandas, through which the summer breeze blew freshly, and lovingly fanned the annuals that spread and twined themselves along the eaves. Almost every style of Virginia rural architecture found place in this homely conglomeration of edifices which even "old man Jake," the negro, who has for twenty years looked after the Doctor's horses and stolen his corn, described as "mighty shacklin', and lookin' like as if they'd bin throwed down all in a muss."

It was, however, a real old characteristic Virginia house of its kind. There were squared chestnut-logs, black with rain and sun, against which the Venetian shutters of the windows banged and thumped in gusty spring days as against walls of adamant. These same logs were got out of the woods and squared, the Doctor would tell you, in days "when men had plenty of time and plenty of 'force' (*i.e.*, slaves) to do those things properly." Then there were walls of pine weather-boarding, erected at a period when, the same authority would inform you, "people began to saw and season their lumber five or ten years before they started to build." There were roofs of wooden

shingles slanting and sloping in every direction—black, rotting, and moss-grown here, white and garish there, where penetrating rains had forced the slow and reluctant hand of repair. Dormer-windows glared out at you, patched as to their shattered panes with local newspapers of remote date, and speaking of stuffy attics behind, where hornets, yellow-jackets, and "mud-daubers" careered about in summer-time over the apple-strewn floors. Then there was the old brick office—relic of a distant past: of a period when the Virginia planters, though surrounded by the finest clay, were so absorbed in tobacco that they sent to England for their bricks. It is probable, however, that these particular bricks were produced upon the spot. At any rate, their comparative antiquity and presumably mellow tone have been ruthlessly effaced, for this is the only part of the Doctor's mansion that he has selected for a coat of white-wash. It is used for professional purposes, and is known by the Doctor's patients as the "surgery." I know it is hopeless to try, by a bald description of timber and bricks and mortar, to give any idea of how the Doctor's rambling homestead appealed to the sense of the picturesque, and to the affections of those of us who were familiar with it and with its inmate. No doubt, however, the latter had something to do with this. Nor should the surroundings be forgotten. The stately oaks that towered high above the quaint low buildings, and covered with leaves and *débris* the greater portion of that domestic inclosure which in those parts was known as the yard. The straggling branching acacias that grew close to the house, and spread their tall arms above the roof, littering it in autumn with showers of small curly leaves, and choking the wooden gutters (for the Doctor considered tin piping as a modern heresy) with fragmentary twigs. The fresh green turf that had matted and spread for 150 years around this house and the more stately one that preceded it. The aged box-trees that had once, no doubt, in prim Dutch rows lined some well-tended gravel path, but now cropped up here and there upon the turf, like beings that had outlived their time and generation. The clustering honeysuckles, bending their old and

rickety frames to the ground. The silver aspens before the door, whose light leaves shivered above your head in the most breathless August days. The slender mimosa, through whose beautiful and fragile greenery the first humming-birds of early June shyly fluttered; and the long row of straw hives against the rickety fence, where hereditary swarms of bees—let well alone—made more honey than the Doctor and all his neighbors could consume.

Yes! these objects are, and all and many more are, twined around my heart, but the Doctor's front gate occupies no such position at all. It was all very well for the people who stopped in the road and looked through its bars at the fine old oaks, the green lawn beyond, and the quaint straggling structure, and then drove on their way. For those, however, whose duty or pleasure compelled them to penetrate that barrier, it was entirely another matter. It was a home-made gate—a real "old Virginia" gate—put up at the close of the war as a protest, it would almost seem, against Yankee notions of hurry. To look at that tremendous portal, you would have supposed that the Doctor was the most defiant recluse, instead of the most hospitable of men. It was, however, a typical Virginia gate strongly emphasized, just as the Doctor was a typical Virginia gentleman strongly emphasized. I couldn't speak accurately as to its dimensions, but I have often had to jump for life as it fell, and from the way in which it hit the ground, I should say that it must have weighed nearly a thousand pounds. Its weight would have been a matter of no importance whatever to any one but the Doctor and the posts which supported it, had it been properly hung with two hinges and a latch. No doubt it had commenced life with these advantages; but during all the years I struggled with it, there was no latch, and only a bottom hook hinge. It was kept in its place by two ponderous fence-rails being leaned up against it. The most elementary mathematician will at once arrive at the result which ensued on the removal of these rails (a herculean task in itself) and the opening of the gate, unless extraordinary skill was exercised. It was really a performance beyond a single man; so most visit-

ors, unless they were "riding for the Doctor"—in the most serious business sense—halloed for assistance, or rode about till some of the hands came up to the rescue. It must not be supposed that the Doctor's establishment, though strongly typical in a sense, resembled to any extent the real old Virginia mansion. The Pattons, it will be remembered, had been burned out, and the present pile had been originally intended only as a makeshift; but it was such a makeshift as would perhaps be seen nowhere out of Virginia. Of the more substantial family mansions there were plenty crowning the hills in the Doctor's neighborhood. Square blocks of brick, some many-windowed and green-shuttered, with huge Grecian porticoes supported by rows of white fluted pillars stretching along their face. Great big wooden barns, others with acres of roof and rows of dormer-windows, and crazy crumbling porches, and stacks of red-brick chimneys clambering up outside the white walls at the gable-ends, or anywhere else where they come handy for that matter. There were plenty of these within range of the Doctor's house and the limits of his practice, and to the proprietor of every one the Doctor was related. The stages of this relationship varied from the unquestioned affinity of cousins and nephews, to that which is described in Virginia by the comprehensive and far-reaching appellation of "kin." To be kin of the Pattons, moreover, was in itself a desirable thing in Virginian eyes. Though the Doctor lived in such an unpretentious residence, and worked day in and day out as a country practitioner, there were people in the neighborhood holding their heads pretty high, who were always pleased to remember that their father's first cousin had married the Doctor's mother's brother.

With all the Doctor's quaint ideas and strong prejudices, I have said that he was a thorough gentleman. He was of the kind meant for use, and not for show. Good heavens! what would your dashing British Æsculapius, in his brougham or well-appointed dog-cart, have said to my old friend's appearance when setting out for a long winter's day's work? I can see him now, riding in at the gate on some wild January day,

bringing hope in his kindly face, and good conservative time-honored drugs in his well-worn saddle-bags. A woollen scarf is drawn round his head, and on the top of it is crammed an ancient wide-awake. A long black cloak, fastened round his throat with a clasp, and lined with red flannel, falls over the saddle behind. His legs, good soul, are thickly encased in coils of wheat-straw, wound tightly round them from his ankles upward. In his hand, by way of a whip, he carries a bushy switch plucked from the nearest tree, and upon one heel a rusty spur that did duty at Bull Run.

Now do not suppose that the Doctor on such occasions was regarded as a scarecrow, or that his neighbors looked upon him as eccentric or even careless of attire; on the contrary, this was a good old Virginia costume. The Doctor's appearance as above described was not the desperate expedient of a frontier and transitory condition—not at all. It was a survival of two hundred years of a peculiar civilization; a civilization that had been wont to look inside the plantation fence for almost every necessary; a patriarchal dispensation whose simplicity was to a great extent the outcome of exclusiveness; a social organization wherein each man's place was so absolutely fixed, that personal apparel was a matter of almost no moment, and personal display, such as engages the well-to-do of other countries in mischievous rivalry, was hardly known.

The general shabbiness of Virginia was not the temporary shabbiness of a pioneering generation—that condition everybody can understand—but the picturesque and almost defiant tatterdemal-ionism of quite an old and thoroughly self-satisfied community, unstimulated by contact with the outer world. It was a mellow, time-honored kind of shabbiness of which Virginians are almost proud, regarding it as a sort of mute protest, though an extreme one, against those modern innovations which their souls abhorred. The Doctor had been a widower since the first year of the war. In accordance with local custom, he had buried his wife in the orchard. A simple marble shaft in that homely quarter spoke of her virtues and her worth to

the colts and calves that bit the sweet May grass around her tomb, and to the inquiring swine that crunched the rotting apples as they fell in autumn from the untended trees. Neither had the Doctor been blessed with sons or daughters. Whom he would "'ar [heir, as a verb] his place to" was a common subject of discussion among the negroes on the property. The Doctor's profession, no doubt, was his first care; but his heart was with his farms and his fox-hounds. The Doctor had practised over, or, as we used to say there, "ridden" the south side of the country for nearly forty years. He had studied medicine with the intention only of saving the doctor's bill in his father's household of eighty negroes. He had soon, however, dropped into a regular practice, and for the last five-and-twenty years at any rate, no birth or death within a radius of ten miles would have been considered a well-conducted one without his good offices. The Doctor's income, upon the well-thumbed scroll of hieroglyphics that he called his books, was nearly three thousand dollars a-year. He collected probably about fifteen hundred. A considerable portion, too, of this fifteen hundred was received in kind payments, not conveniently convertible, such as bacon, Indian corn, hams, wheat-flour, woollen yarns, sucking-pigs, home-made brooms, eggs, butter, bricks, sweet-potato slips, sawn plank, tobacco-plants, shingles, chickens, baskets, sausage-meat, sole-leather, young fruit-trees, raw hides, hoe-handles, old iron. To utilize these various commodities, it would have been necessary for the Doctor to have had a farm, even supposing he had not already been the fortunate proprietor of two. Indeed, a farm to a Southern doctor is not only necessary as a receptacle for the agricultural curiosities that are forced upon him in lieu of payment, but for the actual labor of those many dusky patients who can give no other return for physic and attendance received. You could see a bevy of these Ethiopians almost any day upon the Doctor's farm, wandering aimlessly about with hoes or brier-blades, chattering and cackling and doing everything but work.

The Doctor might have been called a successful physician. He had no rivals.

There were two inferior performers in the district, it is true, who were by way of following the healing art—small farmers, who were reported to have studied medicine in their youth. One of these, however, had not credit sufficient to purchase drugs, and the other was generally drunk. So it was only their near relations, when not dangerously indisposed, who patronized them—or some patient of the Doctor's now and again, perhaps, who took a fancy the latter was too "aristocratic," till he got badly sick, and returned with alacrity to his allegiance. There is no doubt, I fear, but that the Doctor practised on the lines of thirty years ago. Tory to the backbone in every other department of life, it was hardly to be expected that he should have panted for light and leading in that branch of learning in which he had no rival within reach. Papers or magazines connected with the healing science I never remember to have seen inside the Patton homestead; and yet, after a great deal of experience of the good old man's professional care, I have a sort of feeling that I would as soon place my life in his hands as in the hands of Sir Omicron Pie!

What time the Doctor had to spare from physicking, I have said he devoted to farming and to fox-hunting. I should like to follow him for a bit on his long professional rounds, and listen to his cheery talk in homestead and cabin; to help him fill his long pipe, which he draws out of his top-boot when the patient has settled down to sleep or quiet; to hear him once again chat about tobacco and wheat, politics and foxes. I should like, too, to say something of the Doctor's farming—heaven save the mark!—on his two properties; the one "ard" him by his father, and the other one, the quarter place near by, that "cum to him with his wife, ole Cunnel Pendleton's daughter."

I must only pause to remark, however, that the Doctor farmed, as he did everything else, in the good old Virginia fashion—or in what is now irreverently known as the "rip and tar [tear] principle." He didn't care anything about acres or estimates; and as for farm books, his professional accounts pestered him quite enough. Of rotations, he neither knew nor wanted to know any-

thing. His great idea was to plough and sow as much land as he could scuffle over with all the labor he could scrape together. Of manuring, clovering, or fertilizing he took little account. If he "pitched" a big crop only, he was a proud and happy man. When each recurring harvest brought results more insignificant than the last, a temporary disgust with the whole business used to seize on my old friend, and he would swear that the wheat crops had been of no account since the war; that tobacco had gone to the devil, and that he'd quit fooling with a plantation for good and all. In the eyes of those who knew him, however, such tirades meant absolutely nothing. A Virginian of his description could no more have helped farming than he could have altered any other of the immutable laws of nature. A younger generation, and many indeed of the older one, have learned wisdom and prudence in the management of land since the abolition of slavery. The Doctor, however, and the few left like him, will be land-killers of the genial good old sort till they lie under the once generous sod they have so ruthlessly treated. The Doctor's first care was of necessity his patients; but there is no doubt, I think, that his real affections were divided between his farms and his fox-hounds. That he did his duty by the former was amply testified to by the popularity he enjoyed. That he signally failed in the treatment of his lands was quite as evident. For while he healed the sores and the wounds of his patients, the sores, the wounds, the storm-rent gullies, the bare galls in his hillsides, grew worse and worse. The maize-stalks grew thinner, the tobacco lighter, the wheat-yield poorer, year by year. One has heard of famous painters, who perversely fancied themselves rather as musicians—of established authors, who yearned rather to be praised as artists. So the Doctor, who certainly had no local rival in his own profession, seemed to covet fame rather as the champion and exponent of a happily departing school of Southern agriculturists. In this case, the income derived from the profession just sufficed to make good the losses on the farm. So, though the Doctor, in spite of his household expenses being almost *nil*, could never by



any chance lay his hand on a five-dollar bill, he managed to keep upon the whole pretty free from debt. With a scattered practice, and an agricultural hobby extending over 1000 acres, including woods and old fields "turned out" to recover, it may be a matter of surprise that our old friend had leisure for a third indulgence, especially one like fox-hunting, which is connected in the British mind with such a large consumption of time. Nevertheless the Doctor, like most of his compeers, was passionately fond of the chase, and in spite of the war and altered times, had kept hounds round him almost without a break since he was a boy. It will be seen, however, that fox-hunting, as understood and followed by the Doctor, was by no means incompatible with his more serious avocations.

Now, if the fashion in which the Doctor pursued the wily fox was not orthodox from a Leicestershire point of view, it was for all that none the less, perhaps indeed so much the more, genuine. Around New York and Philadelphia, it is true, the sport is pursued by fashionable bankers, brokers, and lawyers in a style the most approved. All the bravery and the glitter, ay, and much of the horsemanship of the British hunting-field, is there. But, like polo and coaching, it is there as a mere exotic, transplanted but yesterday, to the amazement and occasionally indignation of the Long Island rustics and the delight of the Society papers. Everything is there—hounds, huntsmen, whips, red coats, tops, splendidly mounted hard-riding ladies and gentlemen, sherry-flasks, sandwich-boxes, etc., etc.,—everything, in short, but the fox. So far, however, as I can learn, such an omission is of no great importance under the modern conception of hunting. That wouldn't be the Doctor's way of thinking at all, though; for I must here remark, that that worthy sportsman's love of hunting is entirely on hereditary principles and of native growth. Fox-hunting for two centuries has been the natural pastime of the Virginia gentry. They imported the chase of the fox and its customs from the mother country at a period when such things were conducted in a very different style from what they are now.

The hunting of the fox, as carried on

in England early in the last century let us say, offered, I take it, a very different spectacle from that seen in the elaborate and gorgeous cavalcades and the rushing fleet-footed hounds that race to-day over the trim well-drained turf of the shires. No foxes were killed in those days in twenty-five minutes, I'll warrant. Men started their fox at day-break, and potted along, absorbed in the performance of their slow hounds, over the rushy, soppy, heathy country, from wood to wood, for hours and hours. They were lucky then, no doubt, if Reynard succumbed in time to admit of their punctual appearance at that tremendous three-o'clock orgie, which the poet Thomson has so graphically laid before us.

Amid the glitter, the show, the dash, the swagger of modern fox-hunting, Englishmen who are not masters of hounds or huntsmen are apt to lose sight of the original ends and aims, the craft, and the science of the sport. It seems to me that fox-hunting nowadays, with the vast mass of its devotees, is simply steeplechasing over an unknown course. This is unquestionably a manly and a fine amusement, and far be it from me to breathe a word against it. I only wish to anticipate the sneers of your sporting stockbroker if he were to catch sight of the Doctor and his hounds upon a hunting morning.

With the average Nimrod of modern days, I venture then to assert that fox-hunting is only a modified form of steeplechasing. With the Virginian, who is simply a survival of other days, it is nothing of the kind. The Doctor knew nothing of bullfinches or double ditches, of post and rails or five-barred gates, in a sporting sense; but what he did not know about a fox was not worth knowing at all. As for his hounds, he could tell the note of each at a distance when the music of the whole pack was scarcely audible to the ordinary ear.

As far as I remember, the Doctor generally used to keep about five couple of hounds. It is needless to say he always swore they were the "best stock of fox-dogs in the State." Jim Pendleton, his cousin across the hill, and Judge Massey, on the north side of the county, who also kept hounds, were quite prepared to take an affidavit of the same kind with

regard to their own respective packs. The Doctor's hounds lived as members of the family. A kind of effort was spasmodically made to keep them from appropriating the parlor, and so long as the weather was mild, they were fairly content to lie in the front porch, or in one of the many passages which let the air circulate freely through the Patton homestead.

If the weather was cold, however, and the Doctor had a fire in the parlor, the older and more knowing dogs seldom failed to eventually gain a lodgment. By persistently coming in at one door, and when kicked out by the long-suffering M. F. H., going round the house and slyly entering at the other, they invariably conquered in the long-run, and established themselves on the warm bricks of the hearth before the great white-oak logs which blazed on the bright brass andirons.

Of course it was not often that the Doctor and his hounds were all at home together on a winter's day. If the latter were not hunting with him, they were out upon their own account, for, be it noted, they were absolutely their own masters, as is the way with Virginia fox-hounds. If the Doctor chose to accompany them and do a great deal of tooting and some hallooing, I have no doubt a certain amount of satisfaction animated the breasts of the pack. But it made no difference whatever to the sporting arrangements they had planned among themselves, or to their general programme. Whatever happened, they were bound to have their hunt. As the Doctor's pride and joy was not in his own performances in the pigskin—for he never attempted any—but in the achievements of his dogs, this want of discipline and respect was no drawback whatever to his satisfaction.

I have said the Doctor could combine his favorite sport with the exercise of his profession. That is to say, if he were going out in any likely direction, he would manage to keep his hounds around him till he had dispatched his lamp-light breakfast, and they would all start together. The pack, moreover, was easily increased, for the Doctor had only to step round to the back porch, which looked across the valley to Cousin Jim Pendleton's place, and to

blow lustily on his tremendous cow-horn.

A very little of this music was sufficient to bring the greater part of the rival pack scrambling in a half-guilty way over the garden-fence. After a little growling and snarling and snapping, the strangers would settle down among the Doctor's hounds as if they had been raised on the place.

See the Doctor attired for the chase emerging with his hounds from that awful front gate of his, which is being held up and open by the combined efforts of two stalwart negroes. It is a mild and soft February morning, at about the hour when the sun would be seen mounting over the leafless woodlands to the east of the house, if it were not for the dark banks of clouds chasing one another in continuous succession from the south-west. The Doctor is not quite such a scarecrow to-day. The weather is mild, and he has left the coils of straw behind, having his stout legs encased in gray homespun overalls, which he calls leggings. The long Bull Run spur is on his left heel. The black cloak with the red lining is on his back. The slouch hat upon his head, and spectacles upon his nose. A high stand-up collar of antique build and a black stock give the finishing touch to a picture whose "old-timiness," as the Americans say, would have thrown a Boston novelist into convulsions of ecstasy.

The Doctor this morning is combining business with pleasure. He has to visit the widow Gubbins, who fell down the corn-house steps the week before, and broke her leg. But he has had word sent him that there is a red fox in the pine-wood behind the parsonage, hard by the Gubbins domicile. I need not say the saddle-bags and the medicine-bottles are there; but besides these, there is the great big cow-horn which the Doctor carries slung round him, and blows long blasts upon as he goes "tit-upping" down the muddy lane. These blasts are rather with a view of personal solace than from any definite aims. The Doctor loves the horn for its associations, and goes toot-tooting down the soft red road, and waking the echoes of the woods and fields solely for his own personal benefit and refreshment. Hec-

tor and Rambler, Fairfax and Dainty, and the rest—little wiry lean fellows of about two-and-twenty inches—hop over the big mud-holes, or creep around the dry fence-corners waiting for the first bit of unfenced woodland to trot over and commence the day's operations.

The Doctor, however, is determined, if possible, to keep them in hand till they reach the haunt of that aforesaid red fox who is said to be lurking in the parson's wood. He hopes to be able to exercise authority sufficient to keep these independent dogs of his from getting on the trail of a ringing, skulking gray fox in the first ivy thicket or open bit of forest they come to. It is no manner of use, however. The ratty, soppy road, soon after it leaves the Doctor's estate, straggles unfenced through half a mile of mazy woodland. Though it is a historic turnpike of old coaching fame—a road the memory of whose once bustling gayety well-nigh brings tears to the eyes of the old inhabitants—it is scarcely visible to the rare wagoner or horseman in these degenerate times, from the wealth of autumn leaves, that hide its rugged face. Into the wood plunge the eager and undisciplined hounds, the dry leaves crackling and rustling under their joyous feet as they scamper and race amid the tall oak and poplar trunks, and one by one disappear beyond the very limited horizon. The Doctor toots and toots till not only the forest but the hills and valleys beyond echo to the appeals of the familiar cow-horn. Mighty little however, care the dogs for such tooting. They look upon it as a harmless sign of encouragement, a pleasant accompaniment to the preliminaries until the more serious work begins. Nor do they care in the least when the Doctor drops his horn and begins to halloo and shout and storm—not they. He might as well shout and storm at the wind. The Doctor gets very mad. He doesn't swear—Virginians of his class and kind very seldom do—but he uses all the forms of violent exhortation that his conscience admits of, and that belong to the local vernacular. He calls the whole pack "grand scoundrels and villains." In a voice grown husky with exertion, he inquires of their fast-fading forms if they know "what in thunder he feeds them for?" He roars out to

little Blazer, the only one left within good speaking distance, that he'll "whale the life out of him;" whereupon little Blazer disappears after the rest. So he finally confides to the sorrel mare, who is ambling along under him at the regulation five-mile-an-hour gait of the Southern roadster, that those dogs of Cousin Jeems (the Doctor says "Jeems," not because he doesn't know any better, but because it is a good old Virginia way of pronouncing the name) are the hardest-headed lot of fox-dogs south of the Potomac River.

But hark! there is a boom from the pine-wood, the deep green of whose fringe can be seen far away through the naked stems and leafless branches of the oaks. The Doctor pulls up; he "concludes he'll wait awhile and see what it amounts to, anyway." The scoundrels are probably fooling after a rabbit, or, at the best, struck the trail of a gray fox (the most common native breed, that won't face the open or run straight). The Doctor draws rein at the edge of the wood, where the straggling forest road once more becomes a highway, fenced in from fields of young wheat, pasture, and red fallow. He thinks the widow Gubbins can wait a bit, and that old red fox at the parson's can lay over for another day.

"That's old Powhatan, cert'n and sure; and that's a fox of some sort, I'll sw'ar," remarks our old friend to the sorrel mare, who pricks up her ears as another deep note comes echoing from the valley below.

It is late in February; and though February in Virginia is practically the same dead, colorless, leafless, budless, harsh winter month it is with us, yet there are sometimes days before it closes that seem to breathe of a yet distant spring with more witching treachery than the greatest effort that period can make in our more methodical clime. And this is one of them. The soft and balmy air is laden, it is true, with no scent of blossoms or opening buds. The odor of smouldering heaps of burning brush and weeds, or of tardily burnt tobacco-plant beds, is all that as yet scents the breeze. But after a month of frost and rain and snow and clouds, the breath is the breath of spring, and the glow of the sun, now bursting through the clouds,

seems no longer the sickly glare of winter. The soft Virginia landscape, swelling in gentle waves of forest, field, and fallow to the great mountains that lie piled up far away against the western sky, is naked still and bare, save for the splashes of green pine-woods here and there upon the land. But there is a light in the sky and a feel in the air that seems almost to chide the earth for its slow response. The blood courses quicker through the veins of even easy-going Virginia farmers at the thoughts of seeding-time. The negro's head comes up from under his shoulders and his hands from his pockets, where they have each respectively spent most of the winter, and the air becomes laden with those peculiar dirges that mark the Ethiopian's contentment of mind at the prospect of warm weather and of his limbs once more becoming "souple." The soft breeze begins to coat the tops of the damp furrows with a thin powdery crust that in a few days' time will be converted into that March dust so universally beloved of farmers. The young wheat, smitten and scorched and beaten almost out of recognition, lifts its head once again and spreads a carpet of tender green to the sun. The early lambs, beginning to think that after all they were not sent into the world to shiver behind straw-stacks, frisk and gambol in the fields. The blacksmiths' shops at the cross-roads and the Court-house villages are thronged with colored laborers and tenants, whose masters, now seeding-time is upon them, have suddenly remembered that every plough in the place is out of fix, and not a harrow has its full complement of teeth. The light breeze from the south-west moans softly in the pines; but among the deciduous trees not a withered shred of foliage is left for it to stir, and the silence is complete. The freshly awakened sunlight streams softly down between the leafless branches and the rugged trunks of oak and chestnut, hickory and poplar, and plays upon the golden carpet of wasted leaves that hides the earth beneath them.

The Doctor, as he stands at the edge of the forest, would ordinarily upon such a day be deep in agricultural reveries of a most sanguine nature. But he is now waiting for one more note of evi-

dence that there is a prospect of what he would call "a chase,"—hesitating as to the widow Gubbins.

Suddenly there is a great commotion in the wooded valley beneath, and in a few seconds you might be in Leicestershire spinny, so busy and joyful are the little pack with their tongues. "That's a fox, any way," says the Doctor to the sorrel mare; "and, likely as not, a red." Two small farmers, jogging down the road, pull up their horses and yell with the peculiar shrill scream that is traditionally as much a part of Virginia fox-hunting as the familiar cries of the British hunting-field are with us. The Doctor, though his voice is not what it was thirty years ago, catches the infection, and, standing up in his wooden leather-capped stirrups, hallooes at his hounds in what he would call "real old Virginia fashion."

"By G—d! it's a red," says one of the small farmers, who has perched himself on the top of the fence, so as to look down over the sloping tree-tops on to the opposite hill.

"The dogs are out of the wood, and are streakin' it up the broom-sedge field yonder—dawg my skin if they ain't!"

This is too much for the Doctor.

"Pull down the fence, gentlemen, for God's sake! and we'll push on up to the old Mathew's grave-yard on top of the hill. We shall see right smart of the chase from there. I know that old fox; he'll go straight to the pines on Squire Harrison's quarter place."

The four or five top rails are tossed off the snake fence; but the Doctor can't wait for the remaining six. The long spur is applied to the flank of the sorrel mare, the apple switch to her shoulder. Amid a crashing and scattering of rotten chestnut-rails, the Doctor, cloak and spectacles, saddle-bags, pills, medicine-bottles, and overalls, lands safely in the corn-stalk field upon the other side. The two farmers follow through the fearful breach he has made, and they may soon all be heard upon the opposite hill cheering and yelling to the hounds, which by this time are well out of reach of such encouraging sounds. Neither the country, nor the horse, nor the Doctor is adapted for riding to hounds; nor, as I have before intimated, has the latter any idea of doing so. The



good man wants to hear as much as possible—to see as much as possible—of the chase; but when he neither sees nor hears a great deal—which, when a strong red fox goes straight away, is generally the case—he will still take much delight in collecting the details from other sources.

If his hounds eventually kill their fox half-way across the county, friends and neighbors, who became accidental witnesses of various stages of the chase, and each of whom did their share of hallooing and cheering, will send round word to the "old Doctor," or "call by" the next time they pass his house, and cheer his heart with praises of his dogs. The Doctor will probably have bandaged Mrs. Gubbins's leg, and be half-way home by the time the death-scene takes place, in some laurel thicket possibly miles and miles away from the corner where we left our friend bursting through the fence. Not more than half-a-dozen, probably, of the fourteen or fifteen hounds with which the Doctor started will assist at the finish. Two or three of the puppies will have dropped out early in the day, and come home hunting rabbits all the way. Three or four more are perhaps just over distemper, and will fall in their tracks, to come limping and crawling home at noon. Rambler and Fairfax, however, having assisted at the finish, and being perhaps the most knowing old dogs of the lot, will have trotted round to old Colonel Peyton's close by. They are mighty hungry—for Virginia hounds won't touch foxes' flesh—and they succeed in slipping into the log kitchen in the yard; while Melindy the cook is outside collecting chips, and abstracting from the top of the stove an entire ham. The said ham was just prepared for the Colonel's supper; but in fox-hunting all is forgiven. So after a little burst of wrath he reckons they are the old Doctor's dogs, shuts them up in the granary, and gives them a cake of corn-bread apiece. The following day is Saturday, and the Colonel's son, home from school for a holiday, thinks it an opportunity for a rabbit-hunt in the pines behind the house not to be missed. So Rambler and Fairfax are introduced to the proposed scene of action in the morning. After condescending to an

hour of this amusement, they hold a canine consultation, and start for home, where they finally arrive about sundown, to be made much of by the Doctor, who has already heard of the finish from a negro who was splitting rails close by.

The Doctor's satisfaction is quite as great as if he had cut down a whole Leicestershire field in the fastest thing of the season. His heart warms toward those under-sized, harsh-coated, slab-sided little friends of his as he stands watching the negro woman breaking up their supper of hot corn-bread with buttermilk as a treat, on the back porch. They have all come in by this time, and scuffle and growl and snap around the board as the food is thrown to them.

The knowing ones take advantage of such an evening as this to assert, with more than usual assurance, their right of entry to the house. The Doctor has had his supper, and hopes that no ominous shout from the darkness will, for this night at any rate, call him to some distant sick-bed. He has drawn up his one-armed rocking-chair to the parlor fire, and by the kerosene-lamp is poring over the last oration on free trade by that grand old Virginia gentleman and senator, Mr. Jefferson Randolph Beverly Page. Conscious, as it were, that some extra indulgence is deserved on this night, the dogs begin to crawl in. One by one, beginning with the oldest and wildest and ending with the timidest puppy, they steal into the room and become grouped in the order of their audacity from the glowing bricks of the hearth outward to the door.

Nor to-night has the Doctor kicks or cuffs or anathemas for the very worst of them.

The great oak logs blaze and crackle and roar in the wide chimney, and the light of the flames flicker over the quaint low-ceilinged room with its whitewashed walls, black wainscoting, and homely decorations; over the antlers on the door, that recall some early exploit of the Doctor's in West Virginia wilds; over the odds and ends of old silver on the sideboard, that have been saved from the wreck of the Patton grandeur; over the big oil-painting of the famous jurist, and the dimmer, smokier visages of less distinguished but remoter ancestors, who believed in the divine right of kings

and knew nothing of republics and universal suffrage. Here, however, surrounded by his dogs, we must take leave of the Doctor. There are few like him left now in Virginia, and fewer still who have clung to the good and bad of a departed era with the same uncompromising tenacity as our old friend. They were a fine race—deny it who will—these old Virginia squires; provincial and prejudiced perhaps, but full of originality and manly independence. Their

ideas, it is true, are not those of the latter half of the nineteenth century, but the men themselves are passing rapidly away, and their ideas with them. Those who have known them can only regret that a strong, picturesque, and admirable type of Anglo-Saxon has disappeared forever from the ranks of our great family, unpainted by a single master-hand of contemporary date.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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### AN OLD COUPLE.

BY MICHAEL FIELD.

"Un paradis perdu est toujours, quand on vent, un paradis reconquis."—RENAN.

"Se nuova legge non ti toglie Memoria."—*Purg.* II.

THEY lived in a simple cottage, very much like ordinary folk. Their children had left them—married, and settled at a distance, as children will; so, once more, they were all in all to each other. They had obtained permission to return to the garden in which they had spent their happy and innocent days. They found the gate swinging on its hinges, and the fiery cherub was not there. It consoled them to return to the old spot, though their conditions were so changed. The air around the rose bushes was as sweet as ever, and they soon grew accustomed to the prickles.

During their exile they had become acquainted with those arts that provide men with shelter against the heat and cold. Accordingly, Adam built a small hut of stones, and Eve plaited wool and fibres into coverings for herself and her husband. As the ages went on, and the population of the world increased, they no longer lived in solitude. The fact that the spring came full three weeks earlier to the valley where they had built their cottage than to any even of the more sheltered nooks among the hills, led men who were beginning to look on the earth with practical, business eyes to settle near them. The old gate, swinging on its hinges, presented no obstacle to the enterprising young colonist, and the inhabitants of the moss-grown tenement smiled, and held sacred the secret that the new-comers had in-

truded on the precincts of Paradise. From the settlers they learned many facts concerning the advance of the world, the arts of navigation, commerce, government, and war. But they remained a recluse old couple. It was only very rarely that a neighbor looked in, and chatted with them, as one does chat with the aged, of those matters that will interest and delight them. Women pitied Eve, believing that she was childless, and noticed with compassion her maternal manner to their little ones. To lovers she was somewhat austere; it was impossible to her to imagine courtship elsewhere than in the bowers of Paradise. She listened attentively when any spake to her of death; without violence or bloodshed she thought it must be tranquil as the deep sleep from which she woke when life was given to her. Tidings of war greatly affected her, but beyond all other things she was distressed at the sight of children quarrelling. She would part the little disputants, and, taking them on her knee, would tell them a story of two brothers who quarrelled till one of them grew so angry he slew the other in a field, and then went away from his parents very sorry, and could not come to live with them again for shame. But she did not speak, even to the little children, of God. Now and then she dropped a quiet tear on them, and their mothers would draw them away, saying they were

sure now she must once have held in her arms a baby of her own.

In appearance Eve was exceedingly gracious and beautiful, full of reticence and dignity; people always spoke of her as a lady, and whispered to one another that she had come of good stock. To her husband she was full of a wistful courtesy; it seemed as if he had made some sacrifice in marrying her, and her devotion was mingled with gratitude. In Adam there was less that was peculiar than in his wife. He would stand often on his threshold in the evening and look out. He had forgotten that centuries had passed by, and was still yearning for the return of his firstborn—the wanderer. It was Eve who in the spring-tide turned to the meadow where the lambs were playing, and she always went alone. When she came back she would put her arms round her husband's neck and kiss him. He did not understand that she was come from a grave; but he was grateful for the kiss, and drew her away to look at the young sprouting blades of corn. He had become a husbandman, and was skilled in the tilling of the ground. Eve never looked happier than when he came home hot and hungry from working in the fields. She loved to set his meal, lay her head on his knee, and listen to his talk of the wonderful new ways of raising crops and planting vineyards. He was busy and contented, and there was no regret in his face. But their conversation did not always turn on commonplace matters. On winter evenings they often discussed ancient history, and showed a familiar acquaintance with the stories we now read in the early chapters of Genesis. Sometimes they would quarrel and grow sullen, or violently disagree. Then Adam's voice would be heard in reproach, or Eve's in contention, and Adam would walk out, and lean against the old swing-gate that seemed to be the natural boundary of his little domain. When Eve saw him leaning against the gate, and apparently forgetful of her, she would steal up to him softly, and they would walk home together, a new light in their eyes. All age had passed from their faces, and there was majesty in their least caressing touch, for they had no suspicion of intruders, and thought only of each other.

After these hours of reconciliation, they would speak of quite another time in their lives, when evidently there had been deep accord between them; then, and then only, was Eve heard to laugh,—a silvery, ringing laugh, full of unimaginable mirth, and Adam, drunk with the witchery, would grow eloquent and tender.

As the ages passed on, though somewhat old-fashioned, they learned to read and write, for they were of strong, vigorous faculty; and, as they attracted and retained the love of all who visited them, they had intercourse with friends in various parts of the world. One traveller—he was an American—kept them regularly supplied with newspapers; these Adam read diligently to his wife; and his keen brown eyes looked up at her from their pages, without spectacles, as lustrous and fervid as when he repeated to her his conversation with the archangel Raphael. He learned all about the slave-trade, and the excitement of Livingstone's discoveries; stories of travel and exploration were peculiarly interesting to him, for he was haunted by the superstition that some day one of these wonderful discoverers would come across his lost boy. Cain, he felt sure, was still a wanderer, and an exile: he looked for tidings of him, when he heard of the discovery of a new world; and later on, in the nineteenth century, when no murderer—but he checked himself, and resumed, in his thoughts,—when no *lost person* could remain hidden, even though he were lying at the bottom of some deep Alpine cleft, there seemed really a fair expectation that some clew to the missing one would be found. He even began once a description of his boy, as he looked when he last saw him, with the intention of forwarding it to the *Times*, but his wife bade him reflect that, if their son were still living, his costume, his skin, and the manner of wearing his hair would be changed.

A little before the time at which I am writing a serious grief befell this worthy old couple, and I fear it will be long before they will recover from the effects of it. Though, as I have hinted, they to some extent kept pace with the world, and had probably heard of the French Revolution, the works and influence of

the great thinkers were unknown to them. They could scarcely, indeed, be expected to feel interest in philosophy, holding as they did the simple clew to the mysteries of the universe. The literature of the Middle Ages they had always found excessively tedious, but they were well versed in modern poets and authors, and would sometimes remark of a favorite volume that it might have been written in their own garden. One day "The Earthly Paradise" was brought to them by an English traveller. They were sitting together under an almond tree—one that they had planted in Eden, because it was the first fair creature that had greeted them in the wilderness, when they were driven from their home by the flaming sword. The tree stretched a bough of pink blossom, clear against the blue sky, above their heads, and they sat—the young Englishman noted, as he turned back to look at them, after bidding farewell—serene and without curiosity, the book unclosed upon their knee. This was before they had received the intelligence that so troubled them as quite to overcloud their lives. I cannot enter into the details of their religion—enough that they had always believed it a happy thing to be born, and had never regretted that they had peopled the world, even though they had brought sin and death into it by their one rash act of disobedience. For, though God had forced them and their offspring to labor and to suffer, He had never withdrawn from them the comfort and solace of love. It is doubtful indeed whether they would ever have learned to care much for each other in Paradise, where there was neither peril nor discomfort. Adam once confessed to his wife that it was not until he saw tears in her bright eyes that he felt the longing to cherish her replace the old covetous desire of her beauty. In like manner it was when Adam returned from his first day of distress and fatigue with the spade that Eve felt a wifely tenderness spring up toward him in her bosom, and from that hour it was her chief happiness to mend his clothes, prepare his food carefully, and make his seasons of rest from labor full of refreshment and delight. "In Eden," she said, "there was nothing we could do for each other, and now we are quite dependent."

It must not be imagined that these two old people never thought regretfully of the days when everything happened just as they had planned; they often grew gloomy and impatient, and when they found bad desires and selfish hopes creeping into their minds, their terror and astonishment were indescribable. But, as I have said, they never doubted that life was a blessing, that Providence was kind, and happiness within the reach of every human creature. I now come to the cause of the great misery that is at present disheartening and disturbing them. It has reached their ears that over wide tracts of Europe there are people, not suffering from war, famine, poverty, or pestilence, who yet bitterly bewail their lot, are inclined to think that the most satisfactory moments of their lives are those spent in sleep or in forgetfulness, and desire only to divert themselves, at whatever cost, till they die. When Adam heard of the strange lunacy that had thus befallen his offspring, he exclaimed, "Let these young people fall in love and marry." "That they cannot do," replied sadly the young European they were questioning; "they love no one but themselves. If they see a beautiful object or creature, they no longer desire to foster it, but to destroy or to consume it." "They are afraid of God; it is as when we hid ourselves in the garden," Eve whispered to Adam. "On the contrary," rejoined their guest, "they do not believe in any God, and they have no fear of punishment." "Yet surely sometimes they feel grateful; that, it seems to me, is one of the things that make up for having done wrong. In my youth I lived a quite blameless life; afterward, when I had fallen into grievous sin, those whom I had injured were kind to me. It is the blessings one does not deserve that are so precious," added Eve, timidly, and hid her face, that was blushing like a girl's, behind her husband's shoulder. "But these people, who believe everything is getting worse, consider that life gives them much less than their desert; even their poets, one of them especially, who was once full of marvellous hope, seem to think that, unless men can retain in their grasp forever the delights and affections that they prize, it would have been far better never to have pos-



sessed them." "And do the poets say this?" cried Adam, in astonishment. "Why, we two were in Paradise scarcely a twelvemonth, and yet——" Eve softly laid her hands on her husband's lips, and, turning to the stranger, continued: "There is a little bit of Paradise still in every human life, and its duration is probably as long as that enjoyed by the first two dwellers upon earth. We are old people, and our children are dead; I do not think I shall ever see my little ones again; by-and-by one of us will be left alone; but we shall remember till we die; perchance the unhappy people of whom you are speaking have never made any memories?" "Either they have been happy once, and lost the secret of living over again their happy days, or they care nothing at all about the past, and hold that every moment should contain its special little portion of felicity, as a dewdrop its spark of light." "If they have lost the secret of hoarding the hours," rejoined Eve, very gravely, "they may well wish they had never been born."

After this, nothing was said: over ill-news old people brood; they do not get excited, or change color, but they wake in the night and turn over all they have heard, and repeat it to one another for many days, like a piece they would get

by heart. I felt that this would happen, when I left them, as I did, abruptly; for I had divined their secret, and, though I am but a careless young fellow, I had no mind to witness the affliction of the worthy old couple, whom in some sort I regarded as my grandparents. I have never visited them again, and I shall tell no man the way to their cottage. They will live in my memory as I left them—simple, majestic figures, their faces full of astonishment and pain. I think of them frequently after a hard business day, or an evening spent in fashionable society. And my one hope with regard to them is that I may live to be old enough to see men desire the simplicity they have never lost. Can it be that, in obscurity as great as that which hides them from the eye of a busy world, the young and ardent are planning the conditions of a life that shall be as blessed in desire and fruition as that of the two young lovers, who, after the shedding of a few "natural tears" at the loss of their early illusions, accepted their lot, endured its hardships, shared its joys, and, redeemed by patience and hope from its degradation, find the ample years of age all too few to recount the consolations of memory?—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### OUR NOBLE SELVES.

ENGLAND is suffering at the present day from a plethora of genius. She has more great men than she knows what to do with. Three generations go to a century: the three that make up this crammed century of ours have been indeed mighty and marvellous ones. The first was the generation of Keats and Shelley, of Scott and Byron, of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Lamb and Landor. That was truly a generation rich in master-minds of the first order. The second was the generation of Tennyson and Browning, of Dickens and Thackeray, of Darwin and Spencer, of George Eliot and Matthew Arnold. That was a generation richer still in something like a rude numerical proportion to the increased population from which it drew its dominant spirits. The third is the

generation we now see emerging from adolescence around us, the "young men" of fifty or under, whom a certain false shame of anticipating the verdict of time makes us always shy of naming individually. That is a generation richest of all, both in promise and performance; a generation pregnant with good men whose work in some cases has already received wide recognition, while in others it is known only to the little literary circle which is not afraid of judging for itself, and praising great things wherever it sees them.

I know at the very outset that my thesis is a paradox. It has been a paradox in all ages. The great men of the generation that is just passing away are known to everybody as great men, because the world has found them out,

and set the stamp of its tardy approval upon them. Can anybody doubt that these are great? Are not their photographs to be seen daily, displayed in the windows of the London Stereoscopic Company in Regent Street? Is it not certain that Tennyson is a true poet—because he is a lord, and you find his green-covered volumes in everybody's library? Is it not certain that Ruskin is a wonderful thinker—because all the spectacled ladies in Oxford thronged the Sheldonian when the Slade professor was announced as lecturer? Who can refuse to dead Thackeray, or dead George Eliot, the tribute of a genuine and outspoken admiration? We publish *éditions de luxe* of their novels. But the great men of the generation among which we actually live and move and have our being—that, of course, is a totally different matter. Many of them are still quite young; and the notion of a young man being really great is in itself of course quite too ridiculous. To be sure, Keats died at twenty-four, and was only an assistant in a doctor's shop in London. Shelley was no more than thirty when his sailing-boat capsized off St. Arengo, leaving behind it *Prometheus* and *The Skylark*. Even Byron was but thirty-seven when rum and fever carried him off between them at Missolonghi. But then, that was a long time ago, and they are all now dead and buried. That a living young man should possess genius is as inconceivable as that a living physicist should be greater than Newton, a living painter greater than Raffaele, or a living playwright greater than Shakespeare. What fallacy could be more transparent?

And yet, after all, when one comes to think of it, why not? For strange as it may appear, Shakespeare himself was once nothing more than an ordinary actor, well thought of by the playgoers of his day, but not to be mentioned in the same breath with poets of gentle origin like Spenser, or thinkers of learning and dignity like my Lord Verulam. When Mr. Newton was an undergraduate of Trinity, inventing in his own rooms at leisure the method of fluxions, who could have believed it had they been told in a whisper that the young gentleman in the gray coat over yonder was the profoundest mathematical

genius in all Europe? When George Eliot, a bookseller's hack, was translating Strauss's *Leben Jesu* for a miserable wage, who would have accepted the confident prediction of her friend Mr. Herbert Spencer (author of an occasional scientific paper in the *Leader* and the *Westminster*) that the plain woman with the long chin who talked metaphysics would become the most popular novelist of her time in modern England?

It is fashionable nowadays (as it has been always) to complain that all our great writers and thinkers are dead or dying, and who is there left to replace them? Dickens is gone, our critical Cassandras tell us with a sigh in the *Athenæum* and the *Saturday*: Thackeray is gone; George Eliot is gone; even Trollope and Reade have been taken from us. Carlyle has ceased from his lifelong wail; Darwin has left the less fit to survive; Mill has joined the voteless majority. Macaulay and Lytton disappeared from their peers a decade or so earlier. Disraeli has reinforced his friends the angels. Across the Atlantic, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne sleep in Sleepy Hollow; Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier belong to the elder and passing generation. With ourselves, the few great names still left loitering are equally those of reverend seniors. Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Newman, Herbert Spencer, Ruskin, and Browning have all seen their best working days; and where are the juniors who ought to be taking their vacant places? If one ventures to suggest a rising name or two in reply, the objector has always an easy answer. "Young So-and-so? Ah, he writes poems, does he? No, no; I never heard of him." Or else, in a more dogmatically negative form, "You don't mean to say you think that fellow, What's-his-name, who did the papers on Siamese butterflies in *Nature*, is the equal of Darwin or Wallace or Lyell?" "What! the author of those pretty little essays in *Blackwood*? You can't consider him on the same line with giants like Carlyle and Macaulay and Ruskin?" The fact is, these men still labor, like Pitt, under the fatal defect of being young: as young as Tennyson and Thackeray and Herbert Spencer were, at their age, and no younger.

Look at the critical journals of thirty or forty years back, and you will find exactly the same complaint made, and with exactly the same measure of reason. The great age, our Cassandras told us then, had clean passed away: the Virgils and Livies had been gathered to their fathers; "it is all Prudentius and Claudian with us nowadays." "Keats is dead; Shelley drowned; Byron killed by Greek fever; Scott has disappeared; Wordsworth grows old; Lamb lives on the Company's pension; Southey has sunk to imbecility under stress of his own amazing poems; Coleridge has finally befogged his muddled brains with too much opium and metaphysics. All the grand old men of the grand old days are dead or dying; and who is there left to replace them?" Why, young Mr. Tennyson, who wrote those silly singsong verses of *Oriana*; young Mr. Dickens, the author of those vulgar catch-penny *Pickwick Papers*; young Mr. Thackeray, who hangs about the clubs, and sailed with the *Luck of Barry Lyndon*. Then there's that strange man Browning, whose crabbed jingle nobody understands, and that wild enthusiast, Ruskin of Christ Church, who has gone congenially mad over that equally mad landscape-painter, Turner. But of course nobody would ever dream of comparing amiable and estimable youths like these with such souls as Byron and Scott and Southey! (It was Byron and Scott and Southey then: nowadays it would be Keats and Shelley and Coleridge.)

So men spoke in the brief apparent interregnum between the two great literary British empires of the nineteenth century. They did not know they then stood on the very eve of a sudden outburst of thought and art unequalled in our island since the spacious days of great Elizabeth, when "England became a nest of singing birds." At that very moment England was once more just brewing and seething with a mighty leaven of fresh motives and fresh intellects. Dickens and Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning, by no means exhausted the list of budding geniuses. George Eliot was reading German metaphysics and making silent studies for the *Scenes in Clerical Life* at her own Nuneaton; Carlyle was groaning over the French Revolution, and tracking

hatless Danton through the packed streets of Paris; Darwin was watching earthworms at Down and observing the strange habits and manners of intelligent orchids in his own conservatory; Herbert Spencer was discovering that his sphere in life lay not in the construction of new railways, but in the building up of the System of Synthetic Philosophy; Matthew Arnold was quietly inspecting schools and mystifying the world with the *Strayed Reveller*; Charlotte Brontë, on her Yorkshire moor, was writing *Jane Eyre* in a crabbed little hand on broken scraps of paper by the flickering firelight at Haworth Rectory. I don't mean to say that all these events were strictly contemporaneous to a year and a day—I am not writing for a Quarterly Reviewer to vivisect me—but at the very time when futile complaints about the barrenness of the younger generation were flooding the papers, all these great men and women were alive and at work in their full prime, as great as they ever were, or perhaps, because unknown, a trifle greater. All the chief writers and thinkers who made the decades from 1850 to 1880 into a mighty period of English literary history had reached maturity and years of harvest in 1845—a date which most people would probably pitch upon as representing the very blackest and lowest depths of the supposed interregnum.

It is just the same at the present day. A few of the very greatest names have dropped out rapidly in the last ten years or so; a few more are likely in the average course of nature to drop out in the next twenty. But England is not in want of others to replace them. Quite the contrary; *fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*. Never, I believe, were literature and thought so rich in good men and true under fifty as they are at this moment. All the available protoplasm in the country was not used up in the production of Tennyson and Arnold and Browning. The reason why no two or three names emerge conspicuously as yet among the younger men is not because there are none to emerge, but because, on the other hand, there are far too many. We live in an age when high genius is a drug in the market: the supply of originality, of brilliancy, of first-rate work-

manship far exceeds the effective demand. Writers and thinkers of prime magnitude positively swarm upon the pavements of London: if you want a poet, an essayist, a philosopher, a romancer, you can hire him anywhere in the Temple or at the clubs for the modest remuneration of a guinea a page. At no other age of English literature could any man have written such finished poetry as the *Proverbs in Porcelain*, the *Dead Letter*, the ballad of *Beau Brocade*, and yet not be recognized as standing in the front rank of English poets. At no other age could a man have written the *Dynamiter* and the *New Arabian Nights*, and *Through the Cevennes with a Donkey* without being proclaimed in every house a perfect master of absolutely pellucid and exquisite English style. Even among the men of an older generation, at no other age could a poet have produced *Juggling Jerry* and *Phæbus with Admetus*, and *Martin's Puzzle* without being generally and popularly known as a thinker and worker of the first order. At no other age could even a police magistrate have remained absolutely ignorant of the *Earthly Paradise*. But in our own time men may do such work in abundance, and yet be comparatively overlooked in the mighty throng of struggling genius that we see blindly surging everywhere around us.

The reason for this curious state of things is not far to seek in modern England. Every gate is thronged with suitors; all the markets overflow: and the publisher's gate is thronged like all others; the book-market overflows with wit and wisdom. In a small provincial town—at Gabii or Fidenæ—the "clever man" of local opinion soon emerges into local consequence; *sed Romæ durior illi conatus*. In London or Paris he is lost in the crowd, and no man distinguishes him from all his fellows. So it is on a larger scale with the packed and jostling England of Victoria as compared with the roomy England of Elizabeth. When the British people numbered some five millions each individual retained a certain stamp of individuality; every man of parts had his fair chance in the game of life; whatever he wrote or said or acted was duly judged on its own merits by a critical audience. But now when the real strength of Britain, European

and extra-European, amounts to something like a hundred million souls—for obvious reasons I include America, I exclude India—genius suffers acutely from over-production; it exposes itself to the fashionable struggle for existence; like Comus's world, it is strangled by its waste fertility; no one or two great men among so many can easily overtop by head and shoulders the vast throng of first class talent awaiting its *portula* at the doors of the libraries. Mr. Mudie, throned within as Plutus to our modern Apollo, dispenses impartially his daily dole of thirty-one and sixpences to some twenty thousand clamorous applicants. Our magazines, whose name is now legion, contain every month innumerable papers which in any age except the present would have sufficed to secure their author a solid reputation. We glance over them hastily in our easy-chairs, skim their profundity, smile at their humor, approve their style, appraise their matter, never look at the writer's name at the end, and toss the volume when finished into the waste-paper basket. The social leaders in some of our London penny papers are masterpieces of wit and epigram and satire—pearls cast before swine for the bulk of their readers—worthy of Sydney Smith at his best, or of Charles Lamb in his easiest and most graceful humor. Few read them; nobody dreams of asking who wrote them.

The fact is, in London to-day, genius swarms in every department. Parnassus teems from Piccadilly to Highgate. Young Chattertons print their genuine poetry in the weekly papers, no man hindering but no man regarding them. Young Heines show their snarling teeth or preach Pantagruelism in the Saturday journals. Young Murgers tread the Bohemia of Hampstead, and dream impossible Arabian Nights of extraordinary imaginative force and brilliancy. Young Poes invent new murders in the Rue Morgue, and fill the magazines with fresh adventures of the immortal Prince Florestan. You cannot take a walk down Fleet Street any day of the week without encountering wits and poets such as Johnson and Burke never chanced to meet on their afternoon rambles. Jonathan Swift, unknown and unnoticed, pours forth volume after vol-



ume of delicate irony and scathing sarcasm, with sardonic laughter unheard of gods or men, from some commodious villa in Peckham or in Canonbury. Isaac Newton, with big calm brows and measured speech, corresponds no longer with Leibnitz or Huygens, but sinks his mighty European fame in a dissertation on the causes of the Polar ice-cap. Our little world is far too full. No man nowadays can emerge from the ruck—the common ruck of divine genius—until he has completed at least his entire half century. At fifty we are still promising young men; at sixty we may, with good luck, be spoken of as rising writers. Now and then, to be sure, a Swinburne makes good his claim by storm to be reckoned among the ranks of the immortals, or a Hugh Conway goes up like a rocket, to fall, a most unmistakable stick, on the morrow. But these are always illegitimate successes. It was not his undeniably true poetic qualities that awoke the public attention to the Bard; it was the audacious apparition of *Poems and Ballads*, naked and not ashamed, that aroused the world with a start to the sudden consciousness of a fresh poet. So too with Mallock and the New Republic. Bar novelists, who still sometimes carry the world by assault, no writer or thinker can now rise to the modest level of popular appreciation till he has slowly and laboriously lifted himself hand over hand on a steep ladder, each of whose many rungs represents in time and work a full twelvemonth.

The vaster the mass of good work done, the harder becomes the task of discrimination. Not because, as people love to say, we have now a wide dead level of mediocrity: quite the contrary: but because we have a wide field of the highest excellence which in any other age would have merited and obtained in every case immediate recognition. It is fashionable always to ignore this fact, to conceal our knowledge of living men's virtues, to join in a vast "conspiracy of silence" as to the genius and learning of one's own contemporaries. Why thus? "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," if you will, but why of the living nothing but harsh criticism? It is so easy to sneer, it is so hard to be generous. Any fool can praise you Shakespeare or Milton; and any fool

can laugh down an unknown aspirant. It was so simple for Christopher North to poke fun at Tennyson: Tennyson had not then accepted a peerage. If, while Keats still lurked in the back surgery, a discerning critic had boldly said of him, "This young dispenser is at this moment one of the truest English poets that ever breathed," all the world would have laughed incredulous. The haunters of clubs would have said with a cynical smile, "Young Mr. Keats's poems are very pretty in their own way, no doubt, though somewhat wild and lawless in manner; but as to calling him a great poet, why really, you know——" No criticism is so killing as an aposiopesis. And so, too, in our own days, if one ventured to oppose to the known names of the elder generation the unknown but not less great names of the picked juniors, all the world would laugh with equal incredulity. "Never heard of them before in my life!" As though anybody ever heard of anybody else until the time when he first heard of him.

Those who don't know, say nothing, because they have nothing at all to say. Those who do know, hold their tongues, because a certain unworthy false shame makes them diffident about setting up their own opinion as a standard of criticism for other people. I often notice with amusement how measured and sparing and tentative (as of a snail feeling its way with its horns) is the praise which one good man bestows in a review upon another good man of his own generation. I observe how he hedges and attenuates and qualifies: how he keeps his own generous enthusiasm well in hand for fear it should run away with him before the eyes of sneering bystanders. I read how So-and-So's verses almost remind one in places of Shelley's early bad manner: how the best of So-and-So's new stories attain to something like the height of Thackeray's minor performances: how So-and-So's essay in the last *Westminster* is not wholly unworthy at times of the first attempts made by Macaulay. Unstinted praise of living authors, however deserved, is avoided with an almost Greek terror of Nemesis. I have heard dozens of people say in private—what is the obvious truth—that the *Ordeal of Richard Feveril* is the greatest novel ever written in the English

language. But I never saw anybody say so in print : and I know why ; because *Richard Feveril* still remains half unknown, and they are all afraid of getting laughed at by fools who can only appreciate high merit after it has received the final stamp of popular approbation in illustrated two-shilling paper covers. No one shrinks from praising Thackeray duly, or Fielding excessively ; because Thackeray and Fielding are both stone dead, and everybody now has learnt (after being often told so) that Thackeray and Fielding are very wonderful novelists indeed. But I myself, who have the courage of my opinions, am afraid to say openly what I feel and know about Robert Louis Stevenson, about Austin Dobson, about half-a-dozen other real geniuses of our own time, not because I mind the public sneer myself, but because those for whom I feel a profound admiration are afraid on their own account to face it. I once imprudently called a friend a true poet in a daily paper (knowing him to be one) and he wrote me back a letter by the first post to complain bitterly that I had made him ridiculous before the foolish face of the British public. And yet I suppose there must be sometimes true poets, who are true poets even in their own lifetime. Or do they only become poets at all, I wonder, after their quick tongues lie silent in the dust, and their right hands have lost their cunning ? You may see people open their eyes wide in astonishment if you speak of Herbert Spencer as the greatest philosopher that ever lived ; and yet they are not in the least astonished if you say the same thing about Aristotle or Kant or even Bacon.

There were giants in those days. That is the common and *naïf* belief of all unsophisticated and thoughtless humanity. The giants, to be sure, are never with us : they tower gigantesque only in proportion as they fade away into the dim mist of historical perspective. Through that fallacious haze of time and repute, men loom always larger than human : stand too near, and you see them only in their natural size, as five feet ten in their stocking feet, and measuring round the chest thirty-eight inches. And yet they are giants none the less, in earnest : for though no man, we know, is a hero

to his valet, that, as Hegel justly remarked, is not because the hero is no hero, but because the valet is only a valet. Contemporaries can seldom understand any form of greatness that does not come to them marked with the guinea stamp of official approbation. They will never believe that the man's the gold for all that. My Lord Duke in his big house they can readily appreciate, and even recognize for the most part in the street, for has he not a coronet painted on his carriage ? The President of the Royal Academy or of the Royal Society, the Poet Laureate, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chief Justice—these also are tangible realities, with robes of office and many letters tacked to their names—LL.D., and F.R.S., and K.C.S.I., whatever that may be—which enable all men to see at once that here we have to deal with real genuine indubitable greatness. But how can the purblind public believe, while he still lives, that the excise officer who dwells in the little cottage there, and fuddles his brain with a pack of vulgar cronies at the village public, is the Poet Laureate of Scotland for all time, to be remembered when Buccleuchs and Argylls and Hamiltons and Atholes have gone to their own place, consigned forever to merited oblivion ? How can they believe that the dirty, unshaven, ill-bred Scotchman in the small house by the waterside at Chelsea, who talks broad Ecclefechan and omits to change his linen regularly, is the most wonderful master of pictorial description that ever put pen to paper in England ? And how in our own day can they believe that the tall young man with the stoop over yonder, who passes unnoticed down the village street, is the greatest living artist in English style, or that the handsome fellow in the light overcoat, who strolls unobserved through Piccadilly, is the most versatile humorist, essayist, and versifier that Wild Wales has ever begotten ?

These things the public can never conceivably discover for itself. All the more need, therefore, that those who can discover them should publish their discovery everywhere broadcast, proclaiming it on the housetops, and making it possible for a man to be somewhat

known before his grandchildren lose their hold upon his copyrights. When a great poet has resumed the inorganic condition, it is small consolation to him that his Complete Works should be edited and emended in sumptuous forms by Mr. H. Buxton Formar. He wants recognition, and not infrequently he wants bread also: but he wants them both during his own lifetime. He greatly prefers enough to eat while he still lives, to a handsome memorial tablet above his mouldering bones in Westminster Abbey. When he asks for bread, do not give him a stone, even if it bear his own face in a neatly cut medallion by Boehm or by Thornycroft. In order for men to be known, however, it is necessary for the few who are capable of judging to speak out boldly and frequently without false modesty. We have heard a great deal of late about some mysterious operation known as Log-Rolling: as a matter of fact, there is not half log-rolling enough in the ranks of contemporary English literature. Throughout all ages, the men who had anything in them, the men who were going to rise, and did in the end actually rise, have had from the first a generous appreciation for one another's real merits. Knowing good work from bad when they saw it, they early picked one another out from the mass of honest but second-rate writers: they formed a little freemasonry of culture—if you will, a clique, a coterie, a mutual admiration society. But they admired mutually because they knew each other to be really admirable. "Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii"—what is that but the most unblushing log-rolling? Look at Ben Jonson's lines on the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare: what would our Quarterly Reviewers say to such open and unconcealed cliquish adulation? Nobody now thinks of accusing Johnson or Burke or Reynolds or Goldsmith of "the vile arts of mutual puffery;" everybody sees that they stood together because they recognized each other's ability. So, if you read the memoirs of the literary generation just passing away, you will find that Mill acknowledged Carlyle, and Carlyle acknowledged Mill, long before the *French Revolution* or the *System of Logic*. Lyell saw what was in Darwin while the *Origin of Species* was still in embryo: Lewes knew Herbert

Spencer for himself when *First Principles* were still floating indefinitely in the air: Spencer in turn foretold George Eliot, when George Eliot posed only as a *Westminster Reviewer*.

What we need, in short, is more strenuous and more open log-rolling. "Our Noble Selves" makes a very good toast for rising talent. At this moment the enormous mass of young English intellect is for the most part mutually known to itself, and its final success mutually predicted. But in order to insure that happy consummation, in order to push the good new literature and thought and humor and science down the recalcitrant throats of a careless and uncritical public, what we want is a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together. Shoulder to shoulder, set the log rolling. It is only by the consistent and persistent hammering of those who know that anything ever gets hammered at all into the thick heads of the British people. (America, to be sure, is somewhat more receptive; but then plastic America pays only in praise, not in dollars.) Twenty years ago Herbert Spencer was by far the greatest thinker the world contained. But only a few sympathetic minds on either side the Atlantic had then found him out: if the world at large knows him nowadays, it is because for twenty years his sympathizers have lost no possible opportunity, in season or out of season, of dragging in his name, his praise, his work, and his opinions into every book, magazine, or journal, where by hook or by crook they could manage to divulge him. Twenty years ago, George Meredith was by far the greatest artist of character and situation in the English language. But only a few appreciative critics at London clubs had yet taken the trouble to crack the hard nuts he set before them, and extract the rich kernel of epigram and wisdom: if the world at large begins to know him nowadays it is because the few who could grasp his enigmatic meaning have preached faith in him with touching fidelity till at last the public, like the unjust judge, for their much importunity, consents to buy a popular edition of *Beauchamp's Career* and *Evan Harrington*. I don't of course mean to say that this deliberate booming was necessary in either case for the recognition of

those two great men's real greatness, on the part of the few adapted by nature for duly recognizing it. The critics of England would have found out Meredith, the philosophers of the world would have found out Spencer, even without the aid of an occasional laudatory newspaper allusion. But the "blind and battling" mass around would never have found them out at all; and it is the blind and the battling that constitute society. As it has been possible thus to boom Herbert Spencer and George Meredith, so is it possible perhaps to boom the hundred best living authors of whose very names the blind and battling are still for the most part contentedly ignorant.

We live in the midst of the greatest outburst of thought and feeling and expression in England that has occurred at least since the days of Elizabeth. The movement of our own time has been a movement comparable only to that of the Renaissance and the Reformation in its wide-reaching effects on literature, art, science, philosophy, religion, ethics, politics, and society generally. The world has seethed and fermented with great ideas—the religious emancipation, the socialist revolution, the cosmopolitanization of the world, the evolutionary system, the vast fundamental physical concept of universal energy pervading the cosmos. In politics, ours is the era when the area of civilization has spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the South Seas, and the Indian Ocean. In ethics, it is the era when the naked value of man as man has begun to dawn upon the conscience of humanity. In science, it is the era when the idea of gradual and regular growth from within pervading the universe has overridden the idea of miraculous beginning and continuance by perpetual petty external interference. In philosophy, it is the era when the relations of the boundless cosmos with itself have eclipsed the relations of minor parts with the mere percipient human intelligence. In every direction our concepts have widened. Europe has merged in the round world: the world has become a fraction of the infinite universe. Man has been recognized as a final outcome of evolving life: life itself as a final outcome of solar energy falling on the cooled and

corrugated surface of a minor satellite. It is impossible that an epoch of such mighty changes should not profoundly affect the human intellect and the human emotions. It has profoundly affected them, and all the world over we find to-day an awakening of the mind of man such as never before perhaps was seen upon the face of our poor be-lated little planet.

In England, this fierce stirring-up of stagnant humanity to its profoundest depths, this universal whirl and ferment of opinion, has produced its necessary and inevitable consequences upon the growth and direction of the literary spirit. Science and letters have been served in our time by more devotees and with greater success than in any other previous epoch. The great thinkers and the great works of the last fifty years have indeed been innumerable: the great thinkers and the great works in our own day show no signs of falling off in any way. The movement has been continuous, constant, and at least equal. After Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, Keats, and Shelley, came in due course Leigh Hunt, Landor, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Fitzgerald, William Morris, George Meredith, Swinburne, Austin Dobson. Dickens and Thackeray were followed fast by Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope, James Payn, and Walter Besant. Lyell and Herschel and Owen led on without a break to Darwin, Hooker, Lewes, Spencer, Wallace, Huxley, Galton, Clifford, Lubbock, and Tylor. Mill and Macaulay gave place successively to Newman, Carlyle, Ruskin, Freeman, Froude, Goldwin Smith, John Richard Green, Lecky, and Frederick Harrison. How can we talk of a falling off when we have still with us, not only so many of these great names, but also so many newer and younger men of immense promise and immense performance? John Morley and Leslie Stephen still pour out for us limpid virile prose of exquisite finish. Robert Louis Stevenson still keeps up for us the highest traditions of English humor and English imagination. Symonds and Pater, Cotter Morrison and Saintsbury, all give us work of a kind that in its own way has



rarely been equalled in English literature. Justin McCarthy, Blackmore, William Black, Besant, Hardy, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Norris, Henry James, Mallock, Christie Murray, Robert Buchanan, Baring Gould, and Hall Caine worthily keep up the unbroken succession of English novelists. Even among the much younger men, touches of distinct and recognizable genius streak through Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines* and Guthrie's *Vice Versa*. Lawrence Oliphant, Clark Russell, and James Runciman deserve also not to go unmentioned. Among humorists, have we not Samuel Butler, the greatest master of caustic irony in the English language, and "Lewis Carroll," the creator of Alice, that absolute empress in the realm of clever nonsense? In science, besides the giants of the last generation already named, have we not Tyndall, Bates, and Croll; Geikie, who has treated geology with a breadth and firmness of cosmical grasp to which no other thinker ever yet accustomed us; Balfour Stewart, who has thrown new vastness of conception into physical thought; Proctor and Romanes, Farrer and Maudsley, Boyd Dawkins and Evans, Ray Lankester and Thisleton Dyer, Karl Pearson and Rücker, the Darwins and the other evolutionary juniors? In philology, Max Müller and the drawing-room school have yielded place to thorough workers like Sayce and Rhys and Powell: in mythology they have given way to Tylor and Spencer, to Clodd and Farrer. And in general literature, through all its branches, how many names could one not still mention like Gosse and Fredrick Myers, Alfred Austin and Julian Sturgis, Churton Collins and Comyns Carr, Theodore Watts and Sydney Colvin, Sime and Church, Shorthouse and Palgrave, Hutton, Bryce and Minto, Isaac Taylor and Sully, Hamerton and Christie, Trevelyan and Gardiner, Phil Robinson and Jefferies, Gilbert and Pinero? At no other time, I firmly believe, would it have been possible to find in the British Isles, I do not say merely so high a general average of distinct talent, but also so large and marvellous a sprinkling of indubitable genius.

There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Probably, there

are some a great deal better. And as the sea grows more thickly peopled every day, the number of good fish must, other things being equal, increase in proportion. Moreover, other things are more than equal: the stir and ferment of the world are none the less but greater than ever. Periods of expansion are always periods of high intellectual and emotional development. When the Mediterranean became a Greek lake, Athens had her Æschylus, her Thucydides, her Aristophanes, and her Plato. When Rome enlarged her bounds to include the world—"Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat"—even Rome had her Catullus, her Lucretius, her Virgil, and her Tacitus. When Western Europe woke up to its new life, with the discovery of America and of the Cape route, which removed the centre of gravity of civilization from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic basin, from Rome and Florence to Paris and London, England had her Shakespeare, her Spenser, her Sydney, and her Bacon. We live now at the very crisis of another and similar great expansive mundane movement. As civilization once widened from the Ægean to Great Greece and Sicily; again from the eastern basin of the inland sea to the Mediterranean at large and peninsular Europe; and once more, from the Mediterranean itself, right about face, to the Atlantic coasts of either continent from Spain and Scotland to Virginia and Mexico; so now, it is widening yet another time to include California, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, the whole Pacific, the South Sea Islands, the entire stretch of Africa, of America, of China, and of India. Our relations with all the maritime or accessible world have undergone a complete change; England has carried her landmarks to the ends of the earth; Atlantic cables, Pacific railways, Suez canals, Mont Cenis tunnels, have brought us nearer by five thousand miles to everybody everywhere. We run across to Chicago for a summer holiday; drop in at Delhi for a Christmas vacation; cruise in the *Sunbeam* among the Pacific archipelagos; picnic under arms among the Boers and Zulus. Our Edwins are cowboys on American plains; our Angelinas Red Cross sisters in Bulgarian villages; our Norvals feed

their flocks among New Zealand sheep-walks; our Gileses and our Hodges sow fall wheat on Manitoban prairies; our Tommy Atkins discourses familiarly at the village pothouse of Suakim and the Cataracts, of Majuba mountain and the Khyber Pass. Everywhere our sphere has rapidly widened from the four sea walls of the isle of Britain to the great oceans that gird and connect the continents of our planet.

The psychical expansion exceeds even the physical; our outlook on the cosmos has widened yet faster than our outlook on the material world around us. Evolution has been a peculiarly English idea: and it has brought us into relations with sun and star, with plant and animal, with matter and energy, with the inmost core and background of things, in a way that neither Plato nor Aristotle, Moses nor Augustine, Descartes nor Leibnitz, Kant nor Fichte, Hegel nor Schopenhauer, ever before brought us. We have seen "space swell visibly," as it swelled for De Quincey in his ecstatic trances. We have seen time expand before our very eyes, till æon upon æon fades insensibly in geological and cosmical perspective beyond us. We have seen life melt into physical and chemical action, mind into

nerve-tremors, matter into sensation, and all into a single unknowable substratum, which is neither body, soul, nor spirit, but something above and embracing every one of them. Even those who know it not, our very poets and novelists and triflers, our theologians who disown and disclaim it, our everyday business men who reckon not of its being, yet feel unconsciously the undercurrent and undertow, or it may be merely the recoil and reaction, of this mighty wave of secular emancipation. Our ideas have indeed widened with the process of the suns. The narrow thoughts, the petty sympathies, the anthropocentric creeds, the anthropomorphic gods that once sufficed us will no longer satisfy the yearnings of our enlarged natures. New beliefs and new impulses gather strength and head within us; a larger utterance follows as of course; literature and science echo the age: an age that rolls down the abysses of time as conscious as ours does cannot fail to pour forth its full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated cosmical music. The present is richer far in genius than the past: the future bears within it the "promise and potency" of a still richer and nobler harvest than the present.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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## THE RIVALRY OF ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

BY COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I.

WHEN I was young, and even in maturer years, I was an ardent votary of the fair and manly science of British boxing. I was taught how, when standing up against an enemy, to guard my own person, and, while guarding, to be ever on the alert to strike a blow which should anticipate my adversary; to be watchful of his slightest movement, to divine, if possible, his inmost thought, to read in eye or motion when he intended to strike, and then by a counter-blow, aimed at the most vulnerable part, to paralyze him. This was the triumph of the art, this the true aim of the skilled athlete; the adversary once disabled, he had victory within his grasp.

The laws which apply to boxing apply equally to nations. Nations as well

as men are swayed by the passions common to the whole human race. Just as a boxer, who has long held the champion's belt, is regarded with envy by younger men, and will be compelled, sooner or later, to fight for the retention of his honors or to resign them, so does the time come for a nation. The inevitable law which decrees defeat and shame to the boxer who has deteriorated or who is unprepared, prescribes the same fate, under the same conditions, to nations. What is the world's history but a record of the decline and fall of nations which have deteriorated; of the rise on their ruins of others, younger, more vigorous, who have not yet succumbed to the vices of a bastard civilization? In Europe, Spain and

Holland survive to point the moral. It is hard to say, as yet, whether the day of doom has arrived for France, for that France, which, at the beginning of the present century, defied combined Europe; but that France is very sick, and has been growing more and more sick ever since she adopted the Republican form of Government, and by reason of that adoption, is undeniable. And now, England, England which was foremost in the battle for freedom in the two earliest decades of the century, which, during the first fifty years of its duration, exercised a predominant influence in Europe, England is now threatened. In the opinion of newer or recently re-organized nationalities, she has held the championship of the world long enough. In the opinion of one of those nationalities—if, indeed, a combination of barbarous Asiatic races, domiciled for the most part in Europe, can by courtesy even be styled a nationality—she will have, before long, to fight for the championship of Asia. At the present moment she does not possess a single ally in Europe. France, corroded with envy, is ready to join any combination which may injure her ancient rival. Austria, occupied with her own many nationalities, and their often conflicting interests, flanked on the one side by Germany, on the other by Russia, is forced to pursue a selfish policy. And as for Germany, why, ever since 1871, her one aim has been to oust England from the colonial empire of the world. I would ask any one who doubts this assertion to look at the German map of Africa. The inspection of that map will recall to the reader's mind the exclamation of Runjit Singh when the Governor-General of the day showed him a map of India in which all the British possessions were colored red: "It will all soon become red," was the prophetic exclamation of the saddened Asiatic. The German map of Africa presents the same characteristics as the map of India shown to Runjit Singh. It, too, is encircled almost entirely by a red border-line; but there is this vital difference, that in this case the red line represents, not England, but Germany! Nor is this all. Delagoa Bay is one of the most precious possessions of the Portuguese. Its harbor—one of the

finest in the world—commands the trade-routes into the interior, and the sea-road to India. To the Portuguese it is comparatively useless: they cling to it from pride, as their one possession in South Africa; but, not having the money wherewith to utilize it, they have given a concession to an American gentleman for a railway from the coast to the Boer frontier, accompanied by a grant of considerable tracts of territory on either side of the line, and in the town, Lorenzo Marquez, on the coast. This concession, which assures to the nation holding it virtual control over the whole of East Africa, is now about to be transferred to Germany, because there is not sufficient patriotism in this country to find the money to build the line. No! Germany has become our rival, our jealous and undermining rival, working like the mole for her own advantage and our humiliation. And now, within the last few days, the Chancellor of the Empire has publicly declared that Germany has no interest in frustrating the designs of Russia on Bulgaria, and that she will not interfere to frustrate them. There remains of the great Powers only Italy—for Italy is a great Power—and Italy, though friendly, even sympathetic, does not possess the force to help us against combined Europe. We are thus practically isolated, more isolated even than we were when Napoleon had combined all Europe against us, for then, though we were opposed by a forced hostility, we were encouraged by secret sympathy.

Practically, we stand isolated; of that fact there can be no question. England has to trust to herself alone; to the spirit which still animates her people; to the courage which still, it is hoped, inspires her rulers. She will be called upon, very soon, to defend those territories the possession of which has made her the greatest empire the world has ever known, an empire acquired by the valor and by the skill and by the devotion of her children, and which can be maintained only by the display of the same qualities. Will the descendants prove worthy of their forefathers? Will the children of the men who foiled Spain when at the apogee of her power, and France when in the fullest lustre of her glory, succeed in baffling the am-

bitious designs of aggressive Russia? That they will succeed, if not misled by canting shibboleths of the party which would have peace at any price, or betrayed by the pusillanimous counsels of politicians who cannot nerve themselves to the resolution of a Pitt or of a Palmerston, I cannot for a moment doubt, and it is the object of this paper to point out how that desirable end may most easily be attained.

As the prize-fighter, who had been for many years champion of England, used to stand before the new aspirant who desired to supplant him, so stands England, for many years champion of Europe and of Asia, and still unchallenged champion of Australasia, before Russia. As, moreover, the prize-fighter had two vulnerable points, the face and the middle-piece, so likewise has England—her ships which carry the commerce of the world, and India. The loss or destruction of her commercial marine, followed by a blockade of her coasts, would, in these days of one-sided free trade, speedily starve England into submission; the loss of India would be a blow from which there could be no recovery. Russia, too, has her vulnerable points; what these are, I shall presently describe.

I must ask the reader to grant me this admission, obvious to all who do not wilfully close their eyes: that the aim of Russia is, in Europe, to acquire Constantinople; in Asia, to absorb Persia and India.

The injury which Russia would inflict upon England were she to succeed in absorbing Persia and India is so obvious, that it is not necessary here to set it out in detail. The consequence, I repeat, would be simply fatal to England. It seems more desirable to deal with the question of Constantinople, and it seems so for this reason, that not many weeks have elapsed since a noble Marquis, whose devotion to Mr. Gladstone is notorious, publicly declared that the occupation of Constantinople by Russia no longer constituted a menace to England, because the same Power was threatening our Indian frontier. The logic of the argument is scarcely obvious. But a phrase which would have fallen still-born when uttered by a Marquis of Ripon, seemed to derive au-

thority when proceeding from an ex-Viceroy of India; it is necessary, therefore, to examine the argument.

The situation of Constantinople, between Europe and Asia, commanding on the one side the Dardanelles, easily made impregnable to attack, and on the other the Black Sea, renders the possession of it by an aggressive and unscrupulous Power dangerous to the rest of the world. The golden city can boast of a great and glorious past. She was the seat of the Empire of the East: she is still occupied by those Osmanli, now, indeed, in the decay of their fortunes, but who, with its magnificent site serving them as a base, combated long and valiantly for the possession of Europe; who were able, unmolested, to equip a navy so powerful that its ships met, at Lepanto, on equal terms the combined navies of Christian Europe, and, but for one man, might have achieved a victory which would have placed the Continent at her mercy. Men may smile now at the idea of the aggression of Turkey, for, since the glorious feat of John Sobieski before Vienna, the Turks have ceased to be formidable; but the Danubian provinces knew, the plains of Hungary knew, the city of Buda-Pesth, occupied for a century and a half, knew, Vienna knew, the then maritime Powers of Europe knew, the islands of the Mediterranean knew, our forefathers knew, by long and bitter experience, the enormous power for dealing mischief and perpetrating evil possessed by an unscrupulous and aggressive nation seated on the secure position on the Bosphorus.

That which has been may be again. Constantinople in the hands of the Turks of the present day is not dangerous, because the Turks have ceased to be aggressive; but Constantinople in the hands of a Power as unscrupulous and aggressive as were the Turks three, and even two centuries ago, would be a menace as great, a danger as formidable, as any which our ancestors encountered in the darkest days of the world's history.

The only question, then, that remains to be asked is this: Is Russia aggressive? Is Russia unscrupulous? Let her past history, let her action during the last decade, reply. No one will dare



deny that she is both. The mistake which civilized Europe has always made in her dealings with the Russians has been to treat them as if they, too, were Europeans. The Tartar guile has ever outwitted alike the Teuton, the Gaul, and the Saxon. What Russia's mode of action ever is, ever will be, has been described, in words used by Lord Palmerston, words which have been often quoted and which it is unnecessary to repeat. Under no circumstances can she be trusted. The word of a Russian official can never be relied upon. Most of all is he to be disbelieved when he takes God to witness as to the course he declares he will pursue. Yet, knowing this, Europe still remains incorrigible. She has been deceived so often, and still goes on being deceived, that one would think she had a liking for the process.

Despite the protestations of her subsidized newspapers, and the lying assurances of her corrupt Court, the impartial observer is forced to the conclusion that Russia is both unscrupulous and aggressive; that she is biding her time, and making her opportunity, alike to occupy Constantinople, to annex Persia, and to make a raid on India. On all these points she is opposed by one nation, and that nation is England.

The rivals now stand face to face, Russia prepared to make the spring, England to parry the blow. But England can do more than parry the blow. It is in her power to counter her enemy, that is, to deliver a well-aimed blow, straight from the shoulder, at a vital part, to strike him between wind and water; so, in fact, to disarrange his middle-piece that the overgrown giant shall incontinently fall to pieces. I shall now proceed to show how this end may be accomplished.

The middle-piece of the huge Colossus is the Caucasus, the region which, had the Crimean war lasted but one year longer, would have been secured by Lord Palmerston for the brave people who inhabited its mountain fastnesses. Russia, thoroughly cognizant of her happy escape, employed vigorously the earliest moments of the leisure which followed the Treaty of Paris to subdue the barrier which lay between her European dominions and Asia. Though

she put forth her whole strength, it took her three years to conquer the sturdy mountaineers. That conquest opened to her, without hindrance, the road to Khiva and Khorasan, and of it she has since made, as the world well knows, the fullest use. There is but one defect in her arrangements, and that is the enormous lengthening of her already long line, and its consequent weakness in more than one part. Let us see how we shall best be able, in the event of a war, to take advantage of this weakness.

Though she be supported by none of the great Powers, England will, in that event, control the forces of, one of the doomed victims of her enemy, the troops of the Osmanli. This control is necessary for the success of the campaign I am about to indicate; without it, indeed, it would be childish to think of it.

In such a contest as that here referred to, England will have to act as she acted throughout the great struggle against the first Napoleon. She will have to put forth all her strength, to utilize all her resources, to pour out money like water. These may be sacrifices, but they are sacrifices which a great and free nation is called upon sometimes to pay for her greatness and her freedom—as were the United States some twenty-five years ago—and those inestimable blessings are, it will be admitted, worthy of the cost. I take it for granted, then, that the England of the penultimate and the last decades of the century will be as patriotic and as self-denying as was the England of the first and second, and that she will fight in this sacred cause as a free nation only can fight—and pay.

The main blow must be dealt, in a manner to be presently described, at the Caucasus; but it must not be the only blow. The extremities must be seriously threatened, even seriously attacked, while the centre is being pierced. Let us see how this may best be done.

One of the extremities is that which abuts on Persia and Afghanistan. Here, probably, Russia would attack England. She has made every preparation for such an attack. At the present moment—I have it on authority which is not open to question—Russian roubles circulate freely in the Indian bazaars. The men who circulate them are very reticent as to whence they come. Indeed, when

interrogated, they become mute on that point. It has happened, however, more than once, that they have significantly added that many more were available. But, however much Russia may have circulated her roubles in the bazaars, of one fact we may be confident, she has not yet corrupted, and she never will be able to corrupt, the glorious Native army of India. The Sikhs, the Gurkhas, the Patans of the frontier, have an intense longing for the *certaminis gaudia*, the "joys of combat," which animated the great Attila; and even if poverty-stricken Russia were able to find the sum she might deem sufficient to buy them, I am certain they could not be bought. No; at that extremity an Anglo-Indian army, led by Sir Frederick Roberts, would, I have no doubt whatever, more than baffle a Russian invader, whether the object of that invader were Persia or Afghanistan. Nay, more; it would be in the power of a skilful general on our Indian frontier to make an offensive defence, to force Russia to maintain a very large army at that extremity, to threaten its dépôts on the Caspian, and thus to prevent her sending any assistance to the attacked middle-piece. Similarly, a grand demonstration should be made against Cronstadt, this time more likely to prove effective, thanks to our iron-clads and our torpedo-boats, than was possible in the days of black Charley Napier and the wooden fleet. Why, it might be possible, by employing a few boats of the *Peacemaker* and *Nautilus* stamp, to destroy the whole Russian fleet lying in the harbor of Cronstadt, in a single night; Cronstadt itself in a few days. The possibility of such a destruction opens out a vista of other possibilities so vast that the mind cannot grasp them in their entirety. It is, at all events, sufficient for us to know that a serious attack on Cronstadt, with modern appliances, would, if skilfully conducted, more than suffice to prevent the despatch of any troops from Northern Russia to the assailed Caucasus.

But that is not all. At Vladivostock, in Chinese Manchuria, a magnificent harbor, the door to a country greatly resembling, in appearance, in products, in climate, and in soil, our own native land; and in the province of the Amur,

in which she possesses 173,556 square miles of territory, containing on the coast such places as Victoria Bay, Port Seymour, Vladimir Bay, Constantinovsk, and Nikolaevsk, Russia is very vulnerable. In both, or rather in all these quarters, the undertaking by England—aided possibly by China, now thoroughly awakened to the danger of proximity to the ambitious Colossus—of serious operations, would enormously embarrass Russia; would most effectually prevent her despatching troops to aid in the defence of the point where the decisive attack is being delivered. Nay, more than that: she must be prepared to send reinforcements to those points unless she is resigned to lose them; and she knows well that their loss would be one of the heaviest blows to her prestige in the East that could possibly be inflicted.

I need not, I am sure, here repeat that all the blows just indicated are merely side-blows, dealt to occupy the attention of Russia on many points, at the same time, of her overgrown empire; but, though side-blows, they are all very real and may be made very effective. If they do nothing more than this; if they force Russia to keep large bodies of troops massed at fixed points, all very remote from the seriously attacked middle-piece, they will accomplish their main object. But they cannot fail to accomplish infinitely more than that: they will produce the same effects on Russia which would be produced on a man were he bled from several veins at the same time: they would produce a weakness so terrible, an exhaustion so widely spread, that either the Government would sue for peace, or the empire would fall to pieces.

I proceed now to the decisive blow: the blow which would infallibly lower the pride, and terminate the pretentious swagger, of Russia.

The mountain-chain, called the Caucasus, traverses the isthmus which separates the Black Sea from the Caspian. It is thus the boundary, in that quarter, alike of Europe and of Asia. It is peopled by various indigenous races. On the northern and north-western slopes, stretching toward the Black Sea, are the pure Circassians, numbering over 60,000—the remnant of the descendants

from the men who fought under the illustrious Schamyl, the Prophet and Sultan of the Muhammedans of Daghestan—still hating Russia with a hatred which neither time nor cajolement can assuage, ready to co-operate heartily with any invader who shall hold before them the vista of the recovery of their still cherished freedom. Next to the pure Circassians, occupying the territory stretching from the crest of the Caucasus to the eastern shore of the Black Sea, is the Asega tribe, known to Europe under the comprehensive name of the Abasian. Darker in color than their neighbors, they are wiry, active, intelligent, and, having been brought under the yoke of Russia at the same time, and under the same circumstances, they hate her with the same hatred. They number about 120,000, and are equally ready for a well-planned revolt. The Abychens, numbering some 20,000, all animated by similar sentiments, occupy the southern slopes of the main range between the rivers Chosta and Sache. The Ossetes, also belonging to the Caucasian family, and numbering some 65,000, dwell on the northern slopes of the most central range, and in the valleys watered by the Uruch, the Ardon, the Fijagdon, and the Sundon, and, in the plains, by the Genaldon, the Terek, and the Kirschim. They are a tall and powerful race, equally detesting the common oppressor. Then we have the Suanen, a smaller tribe, notoriously fierce and warlike, occupying the lovely Suanetian district, irrigated by the upper waters of the Jugur. Then, on the northern slopes, the Karatschai; then, on the lands near the sources of the Tschegem and the Tscherek to the east of the Tschetschnia, between the Terek and the Sulak, three races of Turkish origin, all animated by Turkish feeling. There are, besides, twenty-one tribes or divisions of the Tschetschen (called by the Georgians, Khisten) numbering 120,000, and some others. Altogether these tribes constitute a nucleus of opposition to Russia in the very middle-piece of Russia.

One short word about the country. It is a country of mountains and valleys, of rivers abounding in fish, of forests teeming with animals. The mountains are, to a great extent, covered with

timber, the soil is fertile, the climate healthy. Throughout the range there is but one pass which has been rendered practicable for carriages, and that is the pass from Mozdok to Tiflis by the valley of the Terek. The principal towns on the European side of the range are, Derbend, with a population of about 16,000, on the Caspian; Mozdok, with a population of 9,000; Vladikankas, a strong military centre; and Stavropol, on the Tachla, with a population of 25,000.

The Russian Government has divided its Cis-Caucasian territory into three departmental districts: those of Kuban, of Terek, and of Stavropol, the seat of government being at the last. The district which derives its name from Kuban is peopled, partly by the Cossacks who have been brought in from other parts of the Empire, and to whom were assigned lands on both banks of the river Kuban, and partly by the remnant of the Circassians already mentioned, and other wandering clans of the same race. The district represents an area of 96,266 square kilometres and a population of, in 1871, 672,224 inhabitants. The Terek district, inhabited mainly by Cossacks, has an area of 60,263 square kilometres, and a population in 1871 of 485,237 souls. The Stavropol district has an area of 68,981 square kilometres, and a population of 437,118 souls.

Trans-Caucasia, as it is officially styled, is, though of somewhat less extent, far more thickly populated. It has five departmental districts—those of Tiflis, the seat of government, with an area of 40,439 square kilometres, and a population, in 1871, of 606,584, divided into six circles; Baku, with 39,242 square kilometres, and a population of 553,560, also divided into six circles; Erivan, with 27,631 square kilometres, 452,001 inhabitants, and six circles; Kutais, with 20,707 square kilometres, a population of 605,691, in eight circles; Elizabethpol, with 44,332 square kilometres, and 529,412 inhabitants, in five circles. The rest of Trans-Caucasia is formed by the following: Daghestan, with 29,840 square kilometres, and 448,299 inhabitants; the military district of Sukhum-Kale, with 8,628 square kilometres, and 70,701 people; the Tchernomorisch district, with 7,120 square kilometres, and 15,703 inhabitants. Re-

ducing the area to square miles, we find the following results :—

Cis-Caucasia—87,069 square miles, and 1,594,579 people ;

Trans-Caucasia—85,760 square miles, and 3,298,753 people ; or a total of 172,829 square miles, and 4,893,332 people ; but it has to be remembered that, of the total area in square miles, no less than 900 are occupied by water. Of the entire population nearly 900,000 are mountaineers, secretly hostile to Russia ; nearly 1,000,000 are Tartars ; the Russians number 926,000 ; the Georgians, secretly hostile, over 850,000 ; the Armenians, 562,000. The somewhat larger half of the population belong to the Greek Church ; the remainder are mostly Muhammedans ; but in the Stavropol division there are, or were in 1871, 7,360 Buddhists.

A combined English and Turkish force, entering the Black Sea from the Bosphorus, would naturally steam direct to Kertch. Though Kertch is strictly a roadstead, the strait, between the eastern coast of the Crimea on the one side and the shores of Kuban on the other, offers a commodious and spacious anchoring-ground. It does more than that. The bay of Taman, thirty kilometres long, and with a width varying from seven to twelve kilometres, is entered from the Strait of Kertch, or, as it is styled by geographers, of Yenikale. Then, beyond the strait, in the Sea of Asof, we come at once on the Bay of Temruk, twelve miles east of Peresip. The town of Temruk, once a fortress, lies farther inland, on an isthmus formed by two inland seas, which separate it from the larger sea. Below Taman, again, in the Black Sea, on the Kuban coast, is the Bay of Kisiltash, possessing a narrow entrance into the land-locked basin of the Zykur lake, through which flow the full and rapid waters of the Kuban. Coasting in a south-easterly direction, one passes the fortress of Anapa and the small bay of Zemes, and reaches, nearly nineteen miles from the former, the sheltered roadstead of Sukhum-Kale, dominated by a strong fortress, rebuilt on modern principles. Below that, again, are Poti and Batoum.

Of the interior of the country, especially of Circassia, it may be said that

the chief drawback consists in the paucity of inhabitants. Yet, though the difficulties arising from that want are great, they need not be insurmountable. An English traveller, Mr. Grove, who, with three companions, traversed the mountainous regions eleven years ago, emerging at Sukhum-Kale, thus records his convictions regarding the roughness of the journey. He writes :—

In the Caucasus a traveller must be prepared to rough it, if he wants to see the real mountain country. On the northern side, it is true, there will be nothing very severe for him to undergo. He will have to sleep out sometimes, fair weather or foul ; to put up, when housed, with the poorest lodging and with a good deal of dirt ; to carry a large quantity of live stock about with him ; to do without alcoholic drink of any kind whatever ; and to submit now and then to very short rations, for, though daily supplies of good mutton and indigestible bread can always be obtained at the villages, it is, as has been said, often exceedingly difficult to get a stock for a two or three days' expedition. Such troubles as these, however, very moderate fortitude will enable the traveller to bear ; but from what I heard, and from what I saw, it certainly seemed to me that, on the southern side, there might be hardship, sometimes even danger. There is the chance of fever, a visitation from which in the mountains would probably be trying. Food is occasionally difficult to get, for the cogent reason that the natives have very little themselves ; or for the yet more cogent reason that there are not any natives.

After all, for the men who have just conquered Burma, a country in which similar difficulties exist, in many respects to a greater extent, what are these obstacles ? To use the words of Captain Marryat's Pacha, they are "Bosh—nothing." What are difficulties to a soldier but obstacles to be overcome ? The peaks of Switzerland were trodden by the soldiers of Souwaroff and the agile sons of France under Lecourbe before the Alpine Club existed. Hannibal and Napoleon both proved that in the pocket-dictionary of the soldier the word "impossibility" is not recorded. And what are the difficulties of the Caucasus ? They are, I repeat, as nothing in comparison with other difficulties already a record of the past.

It must always be borne in mind that the effect of the landing in Circassia of a combined English and Turkish army would mean much more than might be implied by the numerical strength of the troops landed. It would mean the ris-



ing of the peoples on both sides of the great range: of the Circassian and Muhammedan races on its northern slopes; of the Georgian, and, to a lesser extent, of the Mingrelian, to the south. To take again the analogy of Burma; it would be as if the Anglo-Indian army in that country had had to contend, not with the indigenous population alone, but with the indigenous population backed by an army of 50,000 Frenchmen. That circumstance would have made all the difference in Burma. The uprising of the peoples of provinces occupied after a long and bloody struggle, as were those of Cis-Circassia, or filched, in the style of which Russia is so accomplished a mistress, from Persia, as were those of Trans-Circassia, would make all the difference in that border-land of Europe. Imagine the consequences to Russia of the occupation of the neck of land, the isthmus which unites the Black Sea with the Caspian. Imagine Vladikankas, Petrowsk, and Derbend, to the north; Tiflis, and Baku, to the south, in the hands of an enemy. Why, the very idea of the remote possibility of such an occurrence would cause the blood of a Russian patriot to run cold in his veins, would chill his marrow, and make him shudder for the future of his country. He would see at a glance, that the overgrown Empire would be cut in two, at its most vital part; that Asia, that is the part of Asia having an inestimable value for Russia—for it constitutes the base of her operations against Persia and against India—would be severed from Europe. Away, then, with all thoughts of a march on Constantinople; away, then, with the half-formed plans for kidnapping ruling princes and hostile chancellors; away with all illusions regarding India and Persia and the Persian Gulf. Why, the army operating in those countries, cut off from its base, would be at the mercy of the Persians and the Afghans, possibly even of those fierce Turkomans whom Skobieff so hardly subdued, and for subduing whom he received from his sovereign a reward truly Russian. And, the centre thus pierced, how about the extremities? What about Cronstadt, assailed by torpedoes of the *Peacemaker* and *Nautilus* type, backed by a fleet of ironclads? What about the

Vladivostock, in Chinese Manchuria, and the projected attacks on Victoria Bay, on Vladimir Bay, on Constantinovsk, on Nikolaevsk? The centre pierced, the resistance of the troops garrisoning those places will be paralyzed; just as, in 1806, the resistance of Prussia to France was paralyzed after Jena. To resume the simile with which I began, the counter-blow, delivered straight from the shoulder at a vital part, will have completely doubled up the giant; and, thanks to the exertions of England and Turkey, the whilom disturber of Europe will lie, prone and panting, at the feet of Europe. Then, probably, will ensue the long-deferred but inevitable revolution, and Despotism will learn the much-needed lesson—never more needed than at the present moment, when it has chosen lying and kidnapping to be its agents—that “habitual perfidy is not high policy of State.”

Of the details of the means whereby an end so desirable may be accomplished, I have said nothing, and I propose to say nothing. That they will be costly, that England must be prepared to undergo a strain such as she has not undergone since she fought the battle of Europe against Napoleon, goes without saying. But if she considers that her Empire is worth maintaining; that her commerce—which, be it never forgotten, means nowadays the supply of food to her people—is necessary to her existence; nay, that her very existence—are worth fighting for; she will not grudge the sacrifices she may be called upon to make, however great they may be. For her, the elements of strife are more numerous and powerful, and more widely spread, than at any previous period of her history. The danger is nearer and more threatening than it was even in the time of the first Napoleon. The aristocratic constitution which prevailed in England then, and under which, be it never forgotten, the great Empire of India was acquired, and our Colonial Empire was made, provided statesmen who fully recognized the duties which devolved upon them as the trustees of the nation's interests. That constitution has, in recent years, been entirely changed. The “Demos” rules in place of the “Aristos.” God forbid

that a true patriot should, for that reason, despair of his country. During the past two years the Demos, scarcely released from swathing bonds, has been subjected to temptations—of all temptations the most difficult to resist—for its passions, its prejudices, and its cupidity, were appealed to by the most eloquent of agitators—one of those extraordinary products of humanity who are sent, once in a century, to frighten and perplex the world—and the Demos held firm to the true interests of their native

land. I am much mistaken, if, when the hour shall strike for the commencement of the inevitable struggle, the fitting course of which I have endeavored to indicate in these pages, the Demos, strengthened every year in its convictions by education and experience, fail to realize the necessity of submitting to all the sacrifices which may be necessary for the maintenance of the Empire which its forerunners so greatly gained.—*National Review*.

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STRICTLY INCOG.

AMONG the reefs of rock upon the Australian coast, an explorer's dredge often brings up to the surface some tangled tresses of reddish seaweed, which, when placed for a while in a bucket of water, begin slowly to uncoil themselves as if endowed with animal life, and finally to swim about with a gentle tremulous motion in a mute inquiring way from side to side of the pail that contains them. Looked at closely with an attentive eye, the complex moving mass gradually resolves itself into two parts: one, a ruddy seaweed with long streaming fronds; the other, a strangely misshapen and dishevelled pipe-fish, exactly imitating the weed itself in form and color. When removed from the water, this queer pipe-fish proves in general outline somewhat to resemble the well-known hippocampus or sea-horse of the aquariums, whose dried remains, in a mummified state, form a standing wonder in many tiny domestic museums. But the Australian species, instead of merely mimicking the knight on a chess-board, looks rather like a hippocampus in the most advanced stage of lunacy, with its tail and fins and the appendages of its spines flattened out into long thin streaming filaments, utterly indistinguishable in hue and shape from the fucus round which the creature clings for support with its prehensile tail. Only a rude and shapeless rough draught of a head, vaguely horse-like in contour, and inconspicuously provided with an unobtrusive snout and a pair of very unnoticeable eyes, at all suggests to the most micro-

scopic observer its animal nature. Taken as a whole, nobody could at first sight distinguish it in any way from the waving weed among which it vegetates.

Clearly, this curious Australian cousin of the Mediterranean sea-horses has acquired so marvellous a resemblance to a bit of fucus in order to deceive the eyes of its ever-watchful enemies, and to become indistinguishable from the uneatable weed whose color and form it so surprisingly imitates. Protective resemblances of the sort are extremely common among the pipe-fish family, and the reason why they should be so is no doubt sufficiently obvious at first sight to any reflecting mind—such, for example, as the intelligent reader's. Pipe-fish, as everybody knows, are far from giddy. They do not swim in the vortex of piscine dissipation. Being mostly small and defenceless creatures, lurking among the marine vegetation of the shoals and reefs, they are usually accustomed to cling for support by their snake-like tails to the stalks or leaves of those submerged forests. The omniscient schoolboy must often have watched in aquariums the habits and manners of the common sea-horses, twisted together by their long, thin bodies into one inextricable mass of living matwork, or anchored firmly with a treble serpentine coil to some projecting branch of coralline or of quivering sea-wrack. Bad swimmers by nature, utterly unarmed, and wholly undefended by protective mail, the pipe-fish generally can neither fight nor run away; and therefore they depend entirely for their lives upon their

peculiar skulking and lurking habits. Their one mode of defence is not to show themselves; discretion is the better part of their valor; they hide as much as possible among the thickest seaweed, and trust to Providence to escape observation.

Now, with any animals thus constituted, cowards by hereditary predilection, it must necessarily happen that the more brightly colored or obtrusive individuals will most readily be spotted and most unceremoniously devoured by their sharp-sighted foes, the predatory fishes. On the other hand, just in proportion as any particular pipe-fish happens to display any chance resemblance in color or appearance to the special seaweed in whose folds it lurks, to that extent will it be likely to escape detection, and to hand on its peculiarities to its future descendants. A long-continued course of the simple process thus roughly described must of necessity result at last in the elimination of all the most conspicuous pipe-fish, and the survival of all those unobtrusive and retiring individuals which in any respect happen to resemble the fucus or coralline among which they dwell. Hence, in many places, various kinds of pipe-fish exhibit an extraordinary amount of imitative likeness to the sargasso or seaweed to whose tags they cling; and in the three most highly developed Australian species the likeness becomes so ridiculously close that it is with difficulty one can persuade oneself one is really and truly looking at a fish, and not at a piece of strangely animated and locomotive fucus.

Of course, the playful pipe-fish is by no means alone in his assumption of so neat and effective a disguise. Protective resemblances of just the same sort as that thus exhibited by this extraordinary little creature are common throughout the whole range of nature; instances are to be found in abundance, not only among beasts, birds, reptiles, and fishes, but even among caterpillars, butterflies, and spiders, of species which preserve the strictest incognito. Everywhere in the world, animals and plants are perpetually masquerading in various assumed characters; and sometimes their make-up is so exceedingly good as to take in for a while not merely the unin-

structed ordinary observer, but even the scientific and systematic naturalist.

A few selected instances of such successful masquerading will perhaps best serve to introduce the general principles upon which all animal mimicry ultimately depends. Indeed, naturalists of late years have been largely employed in fishing up examples from the ends of the earth and from the depths of the sea for the elucidation of this very subject. There is a certain butterfly in the islands of the Malay Archipelago (its learned name, if anybody wishes to be formally introduced, is *Kallima paralekta*) which always rests among dead or dry leaves, and has itself leaf-like wings, all spotted over at intervals with wee speckles to imitate the tiny spots of fungi on the foliage it resembles. The well-known stick and leaf insects from the same rich neighborhood in like manner exactly mimic the twigs and leaves of the forest among which they lurk; some of them look for all the world like little bits of walking bamboo, while others appear in all varieties of hue, as if opening buds and full-blown leaves and pieces of yellow foliage sprinkled with the tints and moulds of decay had of a sudden raised themselves erect upon six legs, and begun incontinently to perambulate the Malayan woodlands like vegetable Franksteins in all their glory. The larva of one such deceptive insect, observed in Nicaragua by sharp-eyed Mr. Belt, appeared at first sight like a mere fragment of the moss on which it rested, its body being all prolonged into little thread-like green filaments, precisely imitating the foliage around it. Once more, there are common flies which secure protection for themselves by growing into the counterfeit presentment of wasps or hornets, and so obtaining immunity from the attacks of birds or animals. Many of these curiously mimetic insects are banded with yellow and black in the very image of their stinging originals, and have their tails sharpened, *in terrorem*, into a pretended sting, to give point and verisimilitude to the deceptive resemblance. More curious still, certain South American butterflies of a perfectly inoffensive and edible family mimic in every spot and line of color sundry other butterflies of an utterly unrelated and fundamentally dissimilar

type, but of so disagreeable a taste as never to be eaten by birds or lizards. The origin of these curious resemblances I shall endeavor to explain (after Messrs. Bates and Wallace) a little farther on : for the present it is enough to observe that the extraordinary resemblances thus produced have often deceived the very elect, and have caused experienced naturalists for a time to stick some deceptive specimen of a fly among the wasps and hornets, or some masquerading cricket into the midst of a cabinet full of saw-flies or ichneumons.

Let us look briefly at the other instances of protective coloration in nature generally which lead up to these final bizarre exemplifications of the masquerading tendency.

Wherever all the world around is remarkably uniform in color and appearance, all the animals, birds, and insects alike necessarily disguise themselves in its prevailing tint to escape observation. It does not matter in the least whether they are predatory or defenceless, the hunters or the hunted : if they are to escape destruction or starvation, as the case may be, they must assume the hue of all the rest of nature about them. In the arctic snows, for example, all animals, without exception, must needs be snow-white. The polar bear, if he were brown or black, would immediately be observed among the unvaried ice-fields by his expected prey, and could never get a chance of approaching his quarry unperceived at close quarters. On the other hand, the arctic hare must equally be dressed in a snow-white coat, or the arctic fox would too readily discover him and pounce down upon him off-hand ; while, conversely, the fox himself, if red or brown, could never creep upon the unwary hare without previous detection, which would defeat his purpose. For this reason, the ptarmigan and the willow grouse become as white in winter as the vast snow-fields under which they burrow ; the ermine changes his dusky summer coat for the expensive wintry suit beloved of British Themis ; the snow-bunting acquires his milk-white plumage ; and even the weasel assimilates himself more or less in hue to the unvarying garb of arctic nature. To be out of the fashion is there quite literally to be out of the world ; no half-

measures will suit the stern decree of polar biology ; strict compliance with the law of winter change is absolutely necessary to success in the struggle for existence.

Now, how has this curious uniformity of dress in arctic animals been brought about ? Why, simply by that unyielding principle of Nature which condemns the less adapted forever to extinction, and exalts the better adapted to the high places of her hierarchy in their stead. The ptarmigan and the snow-buntings that look most like the snow have for ages been least likely to attract the unfavorable attention of arctic fox or prowling ermine ; the fox or ermine that came most silently and most unperceived across the shifting drifts has been most likely to steal unawares upon the heedless flocks of ptarmigan and snow-bunting. In the one case protective coloring preserves the animal from himself being devoured ; in the other case it enables him the more easily to devour others. And since "Eat or be eaten" is the shrill sentence of nature upon all animal life, the final result is the unbroken whiteness of the arctic fauna in all its developments of fur or feather.

Where the coloring of nature is absolutely uniform, as among the arctic snows or the chilly mountain tops, the coloring of the animals is uniform too. Where it is slightly diversified from point to point, as in the sands of the desert, the animals that imitate it are speckled or diversified with various soft neutral tints. All the birds, reptiles, and insects of Sahara, says Canon Tristram, copy closely the gray or isabelline color of the boundless sands that stretch around them. Lord George Campbell, in his amusing "Log Letters from the 'Challenger,'" mentions a butterfly on the shore at Amboyna which looked exactly like a bit of the beach, until it spread its wings and fluttered away gayly to leeward. Soles and other flat-fish similarly resemble the sands or banks on which they lie, and accommodate themselves specifically to the particular color of their special bottom. Thus the flounder imitates the muddy bars at the mouths of rivers, where he loves to half bury himself in the congenial ooze ; the sole, who rather affects clean hard sandbanks, is simply sandy and speckled



with gray; the plaice, who goes in by preference for a bed of mixed pebbles, has red and yellow spots scattered up and down irregularly among the brown, to look as much as possible like agates and carnelians; the brill, who hugs a still rougher ledge, has gone so far as to acquire raised lumps or tubercles on his upper surface, which make him seem like a mere bit of the shingle-strewn rock on which he reposes. In short, where the environment is most uniform the coloring follows suit: just in proportion as the environment varies from place to place, the coloring must vary in order to simulate it. There is a deep biological joy in the term "environment;" it almost rivals the well-known consolatory properties of that sweet word "Mesopotamia." "Surroundings," perhaps, would equally well express the meaning, but then, as Mr. Wordsworth justly observes, "the difference to me!" Between England and the West Indies, about the time when one begins to recover from the first bout of sea-sickness, we come upon a certain sluggish tract of ocean, uninvaded by either Gulf Stream or arctic current, but slowly stagnating in a sort of endless eddy of its own, and known to sailors and books of physical geography as the Sargasso Sea. The sargasso or floating seaweed from which it takes its poetical name is a pretty yellow rootless alga, swimming in vast quantities on the surface of the water, and covered with tiny bladder-like bodies which at first sight might easily be mistaken for amber berries. If you drop a bucket over the ship's side and pull up a tangled mass of this beautiful seaweed, it will seem at first to be all plant alike; but when you come to examine its tangles closely, you will find that it simply swarms with tiny crabs, fishes, and shrimps, all colored so precisely like the sargasso itself. Here the color is less uniform than in the arctic snows, but, so far as the sargasso-haunting animals are concerned, it comes pretty much to the same thing. The floating mass of weed is their whole world, and they have had to accommodate themselves to its tawny hue under pain of death, immediate and violent.

Caterpillars and butterflies often show us a further step in advance in the di-

rection of minute imitation of ordinary surroundings. Dr. Weissman has published a very long and learned memoir, fraught with the best German erudition and prolixity, upon this highly interesting and obscure subject. As English readers, however, not unnaturally object to trudging through a stout volume on the larva of the sphinx moth, conceived in the spirit of those patriarchal ages of Hilpa and Shalum, when man lived to nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and devoted a stray century or so without stint to the work of education, I shall not refer them to Dr. Weissman's original treatise, as well translated and still further enlarged by Mr. Raphael Meldola, but will present them instead with a brief *résumé*, boiled down and condensed into a patent royal elixir of learning. Your caterpillar, then, runs many serious risks in early life from the annoying persistence of sundry evil-disposed birds, who insist at inconvenient times in picking him off the leaves of gooseberry bushes and other of his chosen places of residence. His infant mortality, indeed, is something simply appalling, and it is only by laying the eggs that produce him in enormous quantities that his fond mother the butterfly ever succeeds in rearing on an average two of her brood to replace the imago generation just departed. Accordingly, the caterpillar has been forced by adverse circumstances to assume the most ridiculous and impossible disguises, appearing now in the shape of a leaf or stem, now as a bundle of dark-green pine needles, and now again as a bud or flower, all for the innocent purpose of concealing his whereabouts from the inquisitive gaze of the birds of his enemies.

When the caterpillar lives on a plant like a grass, the ribs or veins of which run up and down longitudinally, he is usually striped or streaked with darker lines in the same direction as those on his native foliage. When, on the contrary, he lives upon broader leaves, provided with a midrib and branching veins, his stripes and streaks (not to be out of the fashion) run transversely and obliquely, at exactly the same angle as those of his wonted food-plant. Very often, if you take a green caterpillar of this sort away from his natural surroundings, you will be surprised at the con-

spicuousness of his pale lilac or mauve markings; surely, you will think to yourself, such very distinct variegation as that must betray him instantly to his watchful enemies. But no; if you replace him gently where you first found him, you will see that the lines exactly harmonize with the joints and shading of his native leaf: they are delicate representations of the soft shadow cast by a rib or vein, and the local color is precisely what a painter would have had to use in order to produce the corresponding effect. The shadow of yellowish green is, of course, always purplish or lilac. It may at first sight seem surprising that a caterpillar should possess so much artistic sense and dexterity; but then the penalty for bungling or inharmonious work is so very severe as necessarily to stimulate his imitative genius. Birds are forever hunting him down among the green leaves, and only those caterpillars which effectually deceive them by their admirable imitations can ever hope to survive and become the butterflies who hand on their larval peculiarities to after ages. Need I add that the variations are, of course, unconscious, and that accident in the first place is ultimately answerable for each fresh step in the direction of still closer simulation?

The geometric moths have brown caterpillars, which generally stand erect when at rest on the branches of trees, and so resemble small twigs; and in order that the resemblance may be the more striking, they are often covered with tiny warts which look like buds or knots upon the surface. The larva of that familiar and much-dreaded insect, the death's-head hawk-moth, feeds as a rule on the foliage of the potato, and its very varied coloring, as Sir John Lubbock has pointed out, so beautifully harmonizes with the brown of the earth, the yellow and green of the leaves, and the faint purplish blue of the lurid flowers, that it can only be distinguished when the eye happens accidentally to focus itself exactly upon the spot occupied by the unobtrusive caterpillar. Other larvæ which frequent pine-trees have their bodies covered with tufts of green hairs that serve to imitate the peculiar pine foliage. One queer little caterpillar, which lives upon the hoary

foliage of the sea-buckthorn, has a gray-green body, just like the buckthorn leaves, relieved by a very conspicuous red spot, which really represents in size and color one of the berries that grow around it. Finally, the larva of the elephant hawk-moth, which grows to a very large size, has a pair of huge spots that seem like great eyes; and direct experiment establishes the fact that small birds mistake it for a young snake, and stand in terrible awe of it accordingly, though it is in reality a perfectly harmless insect, and also, as I am credibly informed (for I cannot speak upon the point from personal experience), a very tasty and well-flavored insect, and "quite good to eat" too, says an eminent authority. One of these big snake-like caterpillars once frightened Mr. Bates himself on the banks of the Amazop.

Now I know that cantankerous person, the universal objector, has all along been bursting to interrupt me and declare that he himself frequently finds no end of caterpillars, and has not the slightest difficulty at all in distinguishing them with the naked eye from the leaves and plants among which they are lurking. But observe how promptly we crush and demolish this very inconvenient and disconcerting critic. The caterpillars *he* finds are almost all hairy ones, very conspicuous and easy to discover—"woolly bears," and such like common and unclean creatures; and the reason they take no pains to conceal themselves from his unobservant eyes is simply this: nobody on earth wants to discover them. For either they are protectively encased in horrid hairs, which get down your throat and choke you and bother you (I speak as a bird, from the point of view of a confirmed caterpillar-eater), or else they are bitter and nasty to the taste, like the larva of the spurge-moth and the machaon butterfly. These are the ordinary brown and red and banded caterpillars that the critical objector finds in hundreds on his peregrinations about his own garden—commonplace things which the experienced naturalist has long since got utterly tired of. But has your rash objector ever lighted upon that rare larva which lives among the periwinkles, and exactly imitates a periwinkle petal? Has he ever discovered those deceptive

creatures which pretend for all the world to be leaves of lady's-bedstraw, or dress themselves up as flowers of button-weed? Has he ever hit upon those immoral caterpillars which wriggle through life upon the false pretence that they are only the shadows of projecting ribs on the under surface of a full-grown lime leaf? No, not he; he passes them all by without one single glance of recognition; and when the painstaking naturalist who has hunted them every one down with lens and butterfly net ventures tentatively to describe their personal appearance, he comes up smiling with his great russet woolly bear comfortably nestling upon a green cabbage-leaf, and asks you in a voice of triumphant demonstration where is the trace of concealment or disguise in that amiable but very inedible insect. Go to, Sir Critic, I will have none of you; I only use you for a metaphorical marionette to set up and knock down again, as Mr. Punch in the street show knocks down the policeman who comes to arrest him, and the grimy black personage of sulphurous antecedents who pops up with a fizz through the floor of his apartment.

Queerer still than the caterpillars which pretend to be leaves or flowers for the sake of protection are those truly diabolical and perfidious Brazilian spiders which, as Mr. Bates observed, are brilliantly colored with crimson and purple, but "double themselves up at the base of leaf-stalks, so as to resemble flower-buds, and thus deceive the insects upon which they prey." There is something hideously wicked and cruel in this lowest depth of imitative infamy. A flower-bud is something so innocent and childlike; and to disguise oneself as such for purposes of murder and rapine argues the final abyss of arachnoid perfidy. It reminds one of that charming and amiable young lady in Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dynamiter," who amused herself in moments of temporary gayety by blowing up inhabited houses, inmates and all, out of pure lightness of heart and girlish frivolity. An Indian mantis or praying insect, a little less wicked, though no less cruel than the spiders, deceives the flies who come to his arms under the false pretence of being a quiet leaf, upon

which they may light in safety for rest and refreshment. Yet another abandoned member of the same family, relying boldly upon the resources of tropical nature, gets itself up as a complete orchid, the head and fangs being moulded in the exact image of the beautiful blossom, and the arms folding treacherously around the unhappy insect which ventures to seek for honey in its deceptive jaws.

Happily, however, the tyrants and murderers do not always have things all their own way. Sometimes the inoffensive prey turn the tables upon their torturers with distinguished success. For example, Mr. Wallace noticed a kind of sand-wasp, in Borneo, much given to devouring crickets; but there was one species of cricket which exactly reproduced the features of the sand-wasps, and mixed among them on equal terms without fear of detection. Mr. Belt saw a green leaf-like locust in Nicaragua, overrun by foraging ants in search of meat for dinner, but remaining perfectly motionless all the time, and evidently mistaken by the hungry foragers for a real piece of the foliage it mimicked. So thoroughly did this innocent locust understand the necessity for remaining still, and pretending to be a leaf under all advances, that even when Mr. Belt took it up in his hands it never budged an inch, but strenuously preserved its rigid leaf-like attitude. As other insects "sham dead," this ingenious creature shammed vegetable.

In order to understand how cases like these begin to arise, we must remember that first of all they start of necessity from very slight and indefinite resemblances, which succeed as it were by accident in occasionally eluding the vigilance of enemies. Thus, there are stick insects which only look like long round cylinders, not obviously stick-shaped, but rudely resembling a bit of wood in outline only. These imperfectly mimetic insects may often obtain a casual immunity from attack by being mistaken for a twig by birds or lizards. There are others, again, in which natural selection has gone a step further, so as to produce upon their bodies bark-like coloring and rough patches which imitate knots, wrinkles, and leaf-buds. In these cases the protection given is far more

marked, and the chances of detection are proportionately lessened. But sharp-eyed birds, with senses quickened by hunger, the true mother of invention, must learn at last to pierce such flimsy disguises, and suspect a stick insect in the most innocent-looking and apparently rigid twigs. The final step, therefore, consists in the production of that extraordinary actor, the *Xeroxylus laceratus*, whose formidable name means no more than "ragged dry-stick," and which really mimics down to the minutest particular a broken twig, overgrown with mosses, liverworts, and lichens.

Take, on the other hand, the well-known case of that predaceous mantis which exactly imitates the white ants, and, mixing with them like one of their own horde, quietly devours a stray fat termite or so, from time to time, as occasion offers. Here we must suppose that the ancestral mantis happened to be somewhat paler and smaller than most of its fellow-tribesmen, and so at times managed unobserved to mingle with the white ants, especially in the shade or under a dusky sky, much to the advantage of its own appetite. But the termites would soon begin to observe the visits of their suspicious friend, and to note their coincidence with the frequent mysterious disappearance of a fellow-townswoman, evaporated into space, like the missing young women in neat cloth jackets who periodically vanish from the London suburbs. In proportion as their reasonable suspicions increased, the termites would carefully avoid all doubtful-looking mantises; but, at the same time, they would only succeed in making the mantises which survived their inquisition grow more and more closely to resemble the termite pattern in all particulars. For any mantis which happened to come a little nearer the white ants in hue or shape would thereby be enabled to make a more secure meal upon his unfortunate victims; and so the very vigilance which the ants exerted against his vile deception would itself react in time against their own kind, by leaving only the most ruthless and indistinguishable of their foes to become the parents of future generations of mantises.

Once more, the beetles and flies of Central America must have learned by

experience to get out of the way of the nimble Central American lizards with great agility, cunning, and alertness. But green lizards are less easy to notice beforehand than brown or red ones; and so the lizards of tropical countries are almost always bright green, with complementary shades of yellow, gray, and purple, just to fit them in with the foliage they lurk among. Everybody who has ever hunted the green tree-toads on the leaves of waterside plants on the Riviera must know how difficult it is to discriminate these brilliant leaf-colored creatures from the almost identical background on which they rest. Now, just in proportion as the beetles and flies grow still more cautious, even the green lizards themselves fail to pick up a satisfactory livelihood; and so at last we get that most remarkable Nicaraguan form, decked all round with leaf-like expansions, and looking so like the foliage on which it rests that no beetle on earth can possibly detect it. The more cunning you get your detectives, the more cunning do the thieves become to outwit them.

Look, again, at the curious life-history of the flies which dwell as unbidden guests or social parasites in the nests and hives of wild honey-bees. These burglarious flies are belted and bearded in the very selfsame pattern as the bumble-bees themselves; but their larvæ live upon the young grubs of the hive, and repay the unconscious hospitality of the busy workers by devouring the future hope of their unwilling hosts. Obviously, any fly which entered a beehive could only escape detection and extermination at the hands (or stings) of its outraged inhabitants, provided it so far resembled the real householders as to be mistaken at a first glance by the invaded community for one of its own numerous members. Thus any fly which showed the slightest superficial resemblance to a bee might at first be enabled to rob honey for a time with comparative impunity, and to lay its eggs among the cells of the helpless larvæ. But when once the vile attempt was fairly discovered, the burglars could only escape fatal detection from generation to generation just in proportion as they more and more closely approximated to the shape and color of the bees



themselves. For, as Mr. Belt has well pointed out, while the mimicking species would become naturally more numerous from age to age, the senses of the mimicked species would grow sharper and sharper by constant practice in detecting and punishing the unwelcome intruders.

It is only in external matters, however, that the appearance of such mimetic species can ever be altered. Their underlying points of structure and formative detail always show to the very end (if only one happens to observe them) their proper place in a scientific classification. For instance, these same parasitic flies which so closely resemble bees in their shape and color have only one pair of wings apiece, like all the rest of the fly order, while the bees of course have the full complement of two pairs, an upper and an under, possessed by them in common with all other well-conducted members of the hymenopterous family. So, too, there is a certain curious American insect, belonging to the very unsavory tribe which supplies London lodging-houses with one of their most familiar entomological specimens; and this cleverly disguised little creature is banded and striped in every part exactly like a local hornet, for whom it evidently wishes itself to be mistaken. If you were travelling in the wilder parts of Colorado you would find a close resemblance to Buffalo Bill was no mean personal protection. Hornets, in fact, are insects to which birds and other insectivorous animals prefer to give a very wide berth, and the reason why they should be imitated by a defenceless beetle must be obvious to the intelligent student. But while the vibrating wing-cases of this deceptive masquerader are made to look as thin and hornet-like as possible, in all underlying points of structure any competent naturalist would see at once that the creature must really be classed among the noisome Hemiptera. I seldom trouble the public with a Greek or Latin name, but on this occasion I trust I may be pardoned for not indulging in all the ingenuous bluntness of the vernacular.

Sometimes this effective mimicry of stinging insects seems to be even consciously performed by the tiny actors. Many creatures, which do not them-

selves possess stings, nevertheless endeavor to frighten their enemies by assuming the characteristic hostile attitudes of wasps or hornets. Everybody in England must be well acquainted with those common British earwig-looking insects, popularly known as the devil's coach-horses, which, when irritated or interfered with, cock up their tails behind them in the most aggressive fashion, exactly reproducing the threatening action of an angry scorpion. Now, as a matter of fact, the devil's coach-horse is quite harmless, but I have often seen, not only little boys and girls, but also chickens, small birds, and shrew-mice, evidently alarmed at his minatory attitude. So, too, the bumble-bee flies, which are inoffensive insects got up in sedulous imitation of various species of wild bee, flit about and buzz angrily in the sunlight, quite after the fashion of the insects they mimic; and when disturbed they pretend to get excited, and seem as if they wished to fly in their assailant's face and roundly sting him. This curious instinct may be put side by side with the parallel instinct of shamming dead, possessed by many beetles and other small defenceless species.

Certain beetles have also been modified so as exactly to imitate wasps; and in these cases the beetle waist, usually so solid, thick, and clumsy, grows as slender and graceful as if the insects had been supplied with corsets by a fashionable West End house. But the greatest refinement of all is perhaps that noticed in certain allied species which mimic bees, and which have acquired useless little tufts of hair on their hind shanks to represent the dilated and tufted pollen-gathering apparatus of the true bees.

I have left to the last the most marvellous cases of mimicry of all—those noticed among South American butterflies by Mr. Bates, who found that certain edible kinds exactly resembled a handsome and conspicuous but bitter-tasted species "in every shade and stripe of color." Several of these South American imitative insects long deceived the very entomologists; and it was only by a close inspection of their structural differences that the utter distinctness of the mimickers and the mimicked was satisfactorily settled. Scarcely less curious is the case of Mr. Wallace's Malayan

orioles, two species of which exactly copy two pugnacious honey suckers in every detail of plumage and coloration. As the honey-suckers are avoided by birds of prey, owing to their surprising strength and pugnacity, the orioles gain immunity from attack by their close resemblance to the protected species. When Dr. Sclater, the distinguished ornithologist, was examining Mr. Forbes's collections from Timorlaut, even his experienced eye was so taken in by another of these deceptive bird-mimicries that he classified two birds of totally distinct families as two different individuals of the same species.

Even among plants a few instances of true mimicry have been observed. In the stony African Karoo, where every plant is eagerly sought out for food by the scanty local fauna, there are tubers which exactly resemble the pebbles around them; and I have little doubt that our perfectly harmless English dead-nettle secures itself from the attacks of browsing animals by its close likeness to the wholly unrelated, but well-protected, stinging-nettle.

Finally, we must not forget the device of those animals which not merely assimilate themselves in color to the ordinary environment in a general way, but have also the power of adapting themselves at will to whatever object they may happen to lie against. Cases like that of the ptarmigan, which in summer harmonizes with the brown heather and gray rock, while in winter it changes to the white of the snow-fields, lead us up gradually to such ultimate results of the masquerading tendency. There is a tiny crustacean, the chameleon shrimp, which can alter its hue to that of any material on which it happens to rest. On a sandy bottom it appears gray or sand-colored; when lurking among seaweed it becomes green, or red, or brown, according to the nature of its momentary background. Probably the effect is quite unconscious, or at least involuntary, like blushing with ourselves—and nobody ever blushes on purpose, though they do say a distinguished poet once complained that an eminent actor did not follow his stage directions because he omitted to obey the rubrical remark, "Here Harold purples with anger." The change is produced by certain auto-

matic muscles which force up particular pigment cells above the others, green coming to the top on a green surface, red on a ruddy one, and brown or gray where the circumstances demand them. Many kinds of fish similarly alter their color to suit their background by forcing forward or backward certain special pigment-cells known as chromatophores, whose various combinations produce at will almost any required tone or shade. Almost all reptiles and amphibians possess the power of changing their hue in accordance with their environment in a very high degree; and among certain tree-toads and frogs it is difficult to say what is the normal coloring, as they vary indefinitely from buff and dove-color to chocolate-brown, rose, and even lilac.

But of all the particolored reptiles the chameleon is by far the best known, and on the whole the most remarkable for his inconstancy of coloration. Like a lacertine Vicar of Bray, he varies incessantly from buff to blue, and from blue back to orange again, under stress of circumstances. The mechanism of this curious change is extremely complex. Tiny corpuscles of different pigments are sometimes hidden in the depths of the chameleon's skin, and sometimes spread out on its surface in an interlacing network of brown or purple. In addition to this prime coloring matter, however, the animal also possesses a normal yellow pigment, and a bluish layer in the skin which acts like the iridium glass so largely employed by Dr. Salvati, being seen as straw-colored with a transmitted light, but assuming a faint lilac tint against an opaque absorbent surface. While sleeping the chameleon becomes almost white in the shade, but if light falls upon him he slowly darkens by an automatic process. The movements of the corpuscles are governed by opposite nerves and muscles, which either cause them to bury themselves under the true skin, or to form an opaque ground behind the blue layer, or to spread out in a ramifying mass on the outer surface, and so produce as desired almost any necessary shade of gray, green, black, or yellow. It is an interesting fact that many chrysalids undergo precisely similar changes of color in adaptation to the background

against which they suspend themselves, being gray on a gray surface, green on a green one, and even half black and half red when hung up against pieces of particolored paper.

Nothing could more beautifully prove the noble superiority of the human intellect than the fact that while our grouse are russet-brown to suit the bracken and heather, and our caterpillars green to suit the lettuce and the cabbage leaves, our British soldier should be wisely coated in brilliant scarlet to form an effective mark for the rifles of an enemy. Red is the easiest of all colors at which to aim from a great distance ; and its selection by authority for the uniform of unfortunate Tommy Atkins reminds me of nothing so much as Mr.

McClelland's exquisite suggestion that the peculiar brilliancy of the Indian river carps makes them serve "as a better mark for kingfishers, terns, and other birds which are destined to keep the number of these fishes in check." The idea of Providence and the Horse Guards conspiring to render any creature an easier target for the attacks of enemies is worthy of the decadent school of natural history, and cannot for a moment be dispassionately considered by a judicious critic. Nowadays we all know that the carp are decked in crimson and blue to please their partners, and that soldiers are dressed in brilliant red to please—the æsthetic authorities who command them from a distance.

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#### THE TALK OF PARIS.

THE streets of Paris are full of beggars, who solicit alms with a pertinacity which was quite unknown in former days. The fact of great distress among the working population being undeniable, and the piteousness of the appeals becoming almost irresistible, there is a great deal of indiscriminate almsgiving, as the natural consequence ; notwithstanding the earnest warning of those members of charitable societies who really understand the working of outdoor relief. A great deal has been said in England with regard to the supposed thriftiness of the French lower orders. This may be a true bill in the provinces, where it often reaches the degree of stinginess ; but there is nothing of the sort in Paris. The Parisian workman is essentially a fine gentleman, with epicurean tastes of a refined kind. When he has money, he spends it. The week begins luxuriously, and his food is of the choicest. The delicacies, which in small *bourgeois* families are reserved for high days and holidays, are bought at once by the *ouvrier*, who enjoys a first-rate table while he can, and starves when his money is spent. There is no gross feeding, or coarse drinking ; he eats little, but that little is first-rate ; he takes his coffee and liqueur at the *café-chantant*, and frequents the lower theatres ; he enjoys all he can, without a

thought of that threatening to-morrow which brings misery and starvation !

His wife eats next to nothing ; a bowl of coffee and milk will suffice till the evening meal ; but she must be well-dressed ; and when she trips along the street, through the Paris mud, on the tips of her pretty little boots, without a speck on her gracefully draped skirts, she has the satisfaction of feeling that she looks as fashionable as any lady. This is the way the money goes ; and although wages are high for a skilful workman, nothing is put by for that "rainy day" which comes, sooner or later, with its train of woe and moral degradation.

Then it is that the benevolent are stopped in the streets by men of respectable appearance—often neatly dressed, and quite unlike the professional beggar.

"*Pauvres ouvriers sans travail !*"

The passionate appeal is addressed in a low tone of entreaty—the look is full of humiliation, there is nothing of the ordinary whine ; often tears are in the eyes, which seem overflowing with shame, and are full of supplication. When refused, they turn away with an air of crushed dejection and silent misery, which are almost irresistible ; so that many are followed and assisted after a first refusal. But when they have

come to that, all is over, and they never rise again.

These are the men who become Communist chiefs and Socialist leaders. They hate the *bourgeois*—not because he has bread to eat, and they have none—not because they are forced to starve, while he enjoys plenty—but because they fancy that he has within his reach luxuries, for which they crave, and which they cannot get. When they cry for bread, they mean delicate rolls, and not the plain staff of life. Many are clever craftsmen, who can get high wages, and who, with moderate aspirations, could live comfortably. But no—the very refinement of nature which gives the inimitable Parisian delicacy of taste and touch, produces also a yearning for sensual enjoyment, and for the luxuries which they see around them. Then they set up for being artistic, and claim to exercise the caprices supposed to belong to artists. The leading tradesmen often tell the customer who presses for the execution of a difficult order: "We have only one workman who can do that sort of work; but he will do nothing till he feels inclined, and that is never until he wants money; so that we can make no promises!"

Then comes an attack of illness; or his master fails; or the amount of work to be done is reduced, on account of hard times. He begins to sink in the social scale, and goes downward rapidly. He feels his degradation bitterly, to its full extent—and a fiendish spirit is awakened within him. He hates all around him; the gentleman, who goes by on the horse he would like to ride; the lady, who is well-dressed, while his wife is shabby; and, above all, he hates the priest, who talks of another world, in which he does not believe, and for which he would not care, if he did believe in it.

Then he sets fire to the palaces in which he cannot live, and when possible, murders the priests who preach patience, and tell of divine laws which should restrain his cravings for his neighbor's goods. He abhors all religious teaching, and as an elector, gives his votes to those who have declared their plans of antagonism to everything so-called *clerical*. His little girls are removed from the schools of the Sisters of Charity, and

are sent to those of the Government, where a teacher who alludes to the existence of a Supreme Being is reprimanded, and dismissed if even the little cards given as rewards have texts of Scripture annexed. The children soon understand that the great object of life is to get all the good things they can, untroubled by qualms of conscience; the result requires no explanation. But even here the prizes are not for all; the unsuccessful candidates then develop into incarnations of envy, hatred, and malice—the *pétroleuses* of any political disturbance, when faces of scarcely human expression are seen in the streets; as if, according to the somewhat profane remark of a French writer, the denizens of the lower regions had all come to the earth's surface, while their premises were being enlarged to accommodate new arrivals.

Meanwhile the Municipal Council, composed principally of Socialists, change the names of all the streets for patriotic reasons, to the great inconvenience of residents, and the immense bewilderment of cab-drivers; close all the schools where religious principles are inculcated; turn the Sisters out of the hospitals, in defiance of the entreaties of patients, and the protestations of even free-thinking physicians, and do all in their power to bring up a generation of atheists.

A recent scandal at the island of Porquerolles, near Hyères, throws a strange light on the workings of one part of the system, and the benevolence to be expected from the patriots appointed to reform young offenders. Oh! for the pen of a Dickens, to depict all that took place in that delectable abode!

The young boys sent to Porquerolles are mostly destitute vagabonds, of the London street-arab type, sentenced for trivial offences. The establishment is a large one, and although supposed to be under Government inspection, it was, in fact, managed by the owner and his wife, two so-called philanthropists, M. and Madame de Roussen, whose amiable qualities so far throw into the shade the doings of Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, that the latter seems quite lovable in comparison. The misdemeanors of the unfortunate boys were punished either by a diet of bread and water, or by confine-



ment in the "*Cellules*,"—dungeons in a deserted fort, situated at a distance of about half a mile from the principal farm-buildings, and where the unhappy culprits were left absolutely alone at night, without any keeper or assistance in case of need.

The fort contains four cells, two on the ground level and two above. The former have been made by partitioning a disused powder-magazine. There is no light, nor any means of ventilation, nor any flooring, although the boys have to sleep on the ground. Those above are mere corners, parted off from a square room by a brick wall, reaching up to within eighteen inches of the ceiling, the aperture thus left affording the only means of securing light and air; these triangular cells are one yard deep and two in width.

One might suppose that such strict confinement would be sufficient punishment for young, growing boys, many of whom were kept there for thirty and forty days; but, in addition, other tortures were freely applied. For instance, there was the *barre de justice*, with iron rings into which the feet were locked, so that they could not move or even stand upright; and the *crapaudine*, by which the hands and feet of the sufferer were tied together behind his back, so that his body formed a half-circle.

But what had the boys done, to be punished so terribly?

We find that one had a *month* in the cell, without fresh air, and the *crapaudine* torture for half a day, because he had asked for lighter tools; he ran away afterward.

Two others thirty days in the cells, because they had complained of the food to Madame de Roussen.

Another boy (Lemoine) put in the cells had food only *three times* during *eight days*; Lacombe was tied up, "*crapaudine*" fashion, and hung up to a nail, nearly six feet from the ground; his companions took him down.

Another boy (Pascal) tried a certain amount of mutiny; he refused to work unless he had better food. He was first publicly flogged by the overseers; and then having applied to Madame de Roussen, begging to be employed at farm-work, that amiable lady had him tied to a tree in the open *Place* of Por-

querolles, and severely beaten again by the overseers. The boy uttered piercing cries; Madame de Roussen was looking on from a window, and called to the overseers: "Gag him! (*baillonnez-le*) he has no more than he deserves!"

An indignant crowd collected, among whom were some soldiers, who interfered and took the boy down.

During the year 1885, a number of boys ran away; but woe to those who were caught and brought back! At length the incarceration of a culprit, who was forgotten in a cell without food for two whole days and nights, caused an outbreak among the boys, who jumped out of the windows, and, in true French fashion, made a flag out of a handkerchief fastened to a stick, wrote on it, "*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*," then, singing the *Marseillaise*, marched to the fort, took it by storm, and delivered the half-starved prisoner.

The boys were desperate, and considerable energy of repression was required to put down the mutiny, which, happily, caused inquiries, and finally revealed a state of things only equalled by certain scenes in "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." The matter is still under investigation; it is to be hoped that the benevolent owners of this elysium of bliss may meet with their deserts, and that the poor waifs who have begun life with such painful experience may yet discover that the paths of virtue are not necessarily so very unpleasant.

Considerable sensation has recently been caused by the letter of the Comte de Paris, published in the *Times*, which has, undoubtedly, produced a feeling of general disappointment. The Orleanist leaders, making the best of it, dwell upon the fact of its being the letter of "an honest, honorable man." Undoubtedly every one admits that; but is it the letter of an exiled king and a pretender? Has it, in any degree, the thrilling ring of the "*Bonnie Prince Charlie*" music, which stirs all hearts, whether they will or no? Is it the frank appeal of Henri Quatre to his "*bonne Ville de Paris*?" Has it even the mystical grandeur of the Comte de Chambord's oracular messages, which, from time to time, came in solemn peals like distant bells from his shrine of Frohsdorf? No. We have merely an ex-

tremely sensible gentleman speaking to the French people, who look eagerly to see if the *fleur-de-lys* peeps from under his coat, somewhat in this fashion :—

"If you like your Republic, pray keep it. I have lived comfortably without the crown of France, and I do not want it now. If you choose to make it fit my head, and to offer it to me, I shall not refuse it ; but pray take no trouble in the matter. I do not see why you have turned me out, for I did not mean in any way to disturb your arrangements ; if you will let me return to my pretty country place, I shall be quite satisfied with it, unless you should particularly wish me to reside in one of the palaces of my forefathers ; in which case I should not object. I am the heir of a long line of kings, but my inheritance is a very troublesome one ; I should do my best with it, if you gave it back to me ; but if fate should continue to deprive me of it, I shall be quite resigned, and even satisfied."

All this is entirely worthy of the nineteenth century ; it is thoroughly judicious and reasonable. But the French nation shudders and trembles before threatening chaos. Who will save her ? "A man ! a man !" is the cry. Where is the rider whose firm hand could curb the mettle of the wild horse of France, the "*Cavale*" of Barbier's poem ? All look in vain—there is no hero, and no Joan of Arc, but—Louise Michel !

The Comte de Paris has inherited many steady, sensible qualities from his German mother, the Duchess of Orleans ; who was, however, always much more esteemed than liked in France. The Duc de Chartres is more French, more of a Bourbon, than his elder brother, and consequently more popular. His romantic adventures, when, concealing his identity under the name of "Robert le Fort," he fought for the French flag during the Franco-German war, were of a kind to attract general interest and affection for the brave and chivalrous young prince. His comrades in arms esteemed him none the less that they differed from his political views. When stationed at Le Mans, the Duc de Chartres shared the officers' mess, and was much liked by his comrades. One, an old Republican officer, struck up a great friendship with "Captain le Fort"

and used to say : "That Le Fort is really a very good fellow—a fine officer, but what a pity it is that he should be such a *satané Orleaniste* !" "

On another occasion, during the same memorable campaign, the Duc de Chartres was billeted in the house of a lady who was a red-hot Legitimist, and who, not knowing that she was entertaining "an angel unawares," constantly vented her political feelings in sustained abuse of the Orleans family. "Captain Le Fort" listened very quietly, only occasionally throwing in a word of explanation or justification. But shortly after he had left his hostess, she received a parcel, containing a beautiful casket, with a paper on which was written : "*Avec les hommages de ROBERT D'ORLÉANS.*"

The magnificent and right royal gift to the nation of the Duc d'Aumale has caused reluctant and uncomfortable admiration on all sides. Even the Radicals are obliged to show a sort of spiteful gratitude, at heart ; none can fail to recognize that the act is a noble one, forcing them, in princely fashion, to feel ashamed of themselves.

A word must be said of the departure from the Comédie Française of both Delaunay and Coquelin ; a combined misfortune, which has caused as much public commotion as if it were a national calamity. At sixty years of age, Delaunay's melting tones still find their way to feminine hearts ; but a time comes when "Romeo" parts must necessarily be given up. There is, however, a very peculiar charm still possessed by Delaunay, for which it will not be easy to find the equivalent. But the loss of Coquelin, in the prime of life and at the zenith of his fame, is more serious ; for Delaunay, charming as he is, always remains Delaunay, whatever may be the character that he assumes. There is ever the same caressingly pathetic intonation, the same agonized grimace. With Coquelin, on the contrary, every new part is the presentation of another man, in whom he seems incarnate. He can even be intensely pathetic, despite a cast of features that would seem only adapted to express amusing impudence. But Delaunay is always a gentleman ; whereas there Coquelin fails—and whenever he

attempts to imitate one, it becomes but a poor imitation—it is not in him.

For his own sake, his resolution of trying his fate in America is to be regretted. Half the perfection of the *Comédie Française* is due to the exquisite finish of the surroundings; the fitting-in of even the smallest parts, till the whole forms an irreproachable mosaic—a faultless work of art. All the great artists of the *Comédie Française* who have left the frame which brought out their merits so vividly, have lost considerably by the change; this was noticed both in Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt. The success of the latter in

America was due principally to the splendor of her dresses, which attracted as a matter of curiosity; but Coquelin, being forced to rest on his own merits, can scarcely be appreciated by Americans, who in general do not know French sufficiently to understand the *finesse* of certain intonations, and the cleverness of detail, which have brought him success in Europe.

If, however, Coquelin returns to us after having learned to understand that he is not the greatest genius of the two hemispheres, there will be some gain for his admirers, and a good deal for himself.

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#### AN AFRICAN BISHOP.

NOT many months after we followed Mr. H. H. Johnston to the wonderful country of Kilima-Njaro,\* we are again attracted to the same region by the tragic death of Bishop Hannington, who was murdered by the son and successor of the famous African potentate, King Mtesé. But how came a Bishop in these wilds? and why was he murdered? and how is it that King Mwanga has shown a disposition toward a white man, the reverse of what one has been led to believe by Speke, and Livingstone, and Stanley, and other travellers, to have characterized his father, the much-spoken-of Mtesé? Let us see by the light of the martyred Bishop's own journals, and the volume of memoirs of him by his friend, the Rev. E. C. Dawson, of Edinburgh.

James Hannington was the first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, but not the first victim there to the struggle between Christianity and barbarism. It is only some fifteen years since the Methodist missionary, Mr. New—the first Englishman to reach and ascend Kilima-Njaro—was robbed by the Chaga people, and left to die in the wilderness. But since that time, as we have seen before, the Chaga country has been visited by Mr. Joseph Thomson and by Mr. H. H. Johnston, and since that time also, the Church Missionary Society have established a number of stations in Eastern Equatorial Africa,

with head-quarters at Frere Town (Mombasa).

It was in June, 1884, that Mr. James Hannington was consecrated Bishop of this wide and somewhat undefined diocese, in consequence of the conviction which had been long growing up in the Society, that for the effective prosecution of the Missions, a supreme head was needed, with "authority to command, wisdom to organize, and character to insure that his commands should be obeyed."

James Hannington was the son of Mr. Charles Smith Hannington, a gentleman who, having amassed a fortune in business, had purchased an estate at Hurstpierpoint, in Sussex, about eight miles from Brighton. Brought up in the country, James was enabled to indulge in boyhood in his natural taste for "sport," and in cultivating his faculty for observation of Nature, for he appears to have been a "born naturalist." Destined for business, he was, after a somewhat spasmodic and imperfect course of private education, sent to his father's counting-house in Brighton. But a commercial life was found to be unsuited to him; and, indeed, he does not seem to have had much of it, for, during the six years of his experiment, he seems to have had a great deal of yachting and travelling with his parents and brothers. Still business was admitted to be a mistake, and he resolved to enter the Church. At Oxford he dis-

\* See June number *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*.

tinguished himself rather in athletics than in scholarship; for exuberant good-humor than for theology; but he was a general favorite with both dons and students. After being ordained he obtained a curacy in Devonshire, where again his love of out-door life and adventure, and of botanical, entomological, and geological studies had ample field. It was while in this charge that his mind became turned permanently to more serious things, and that missionary enterprise began to attract him. This "great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman," began in time, as every right-minded man does, to see that there was work for him to do in the world for which he was specially qualified. He had a sufficient competency to enable him to lead the life of a country gentleman of scientific tastes, and he would probably have distinguished himself as a naturalist, but he was destined for other ends. From Devonshire he removed to the incumbency of St. George's, on his father's estate, where he labored for some seven years, "almost unknown to the world, but winning the affection of his people in a manner in which it is given to few clergymen to do." His biographer says of him that he knew exactly how to combine perfect freedom and familiarity of manner with a self-respect with which the rudest dared not take a liberty. "He could be hail-fellow-well-met with rough men and lads with enviable impunity. The workmen of Hurst knew him among themselves by the pet name of 'Jemmy.' He was Hurstpierpoint's Jemmy, their own Jemmy. But there was no one in the district to whom the men raised their caps more willingly, or to whom the boys looked up with more unquestioning admiration."

This brief introduction was necessary to show the kind of man, whose name will now always be associated with the records of Central Africa. It was not to be his fate to rival in extent and duration the work of David Livingstone, but his memory must ever be held in honor by Englishmen.

It was in 1878 that Hannington was stirred, by the story of the labors and death of Lieutenant Shergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill on the Nyanza, with a strong desire to join the ranks of the

Central Africa Mission Army; but it was not until 1882 that he offered himself and was accepted for the work. He then placed himself at the disposal of the Church Missionary Society, to serve in the Nyanza district for five years, paying fifty pounds toward his own outfit, and one hundred pounds per annum toward travelling expenses, on the sole condition that the Society should undertake to supply his place at St. George's during his absence.

It was then that Hannington was given the lead of a little expedition of six persons—five clergymen and one artisan—who were about to be despatched to reinforce the Mission at Rubaga, near the "mystic source of the Nile," where Mr. A. M. Mackay, C.E., and the Rev. P. O'Flaherty were then laboring alone. At that time King Mtesé was alive, but was not proving quite the devoted friend of the missionaries which Stanley in 1875 had judged him. In fact, Mtesé was thinking more about the commercial than the spiritual advantages of his European connection, and his trading instincts were being skilfully played upon by the Arab traders, who knew that the dominance of Englishmen means the annihilation of their profitable traffic in slaves. These Arabs, who had formerly persuaded Mtesé to become a Mohammedan, were now intriguing to turn him against the Christians. Then some Jesuit priests had made their way up from Zanzibar, and, crossing the Victoria Nyanza from Kagei, had arrived in Uganda in 1879 and established a Mission station at Rubaga. It was to this place, and at this juncture, that Hannington's party was to be despatched; but with the affairs of the Mission we do not propose to concern ourselves here.

In May, 1882, the little party left England with instructions to endeavor to reach Uganda from Zanzibar by the old route via Mambaia, Uyui, and Msalala, and from thence to cross the Victoria Nyanza by boat to Rubaga. A glance at any recent map of Central Africa will show that this meant approaching the famous lake from the South.

At Zanzibar the usual delays and difficulties about porters, etc., occurred, but toward the end of June the party



crossed to the mainland, and started for the interior. In a fortnight they were all down with fever, but Mamboia was duly reached on the twenty-first of July, and there they were heartily welcomed and cared for during a few days by the resident missionary, Mr. Last, and his wife. The march thence through the Ugogo country was very trying; but Hannington kept his eyes and ears open in pursuit of his favorite studies, and he made a large collection of birds, insects, and plants, which was subsequently sent to the British Museum. The Ugogo people—or Wa-gogo—have not a good reputation among travellers; but Hannington's party did not suffer so much from them as from bad water and fever. When Hannington reached Uyui on the fourth of September, he was seized with dysentery, and lay for ten days at the very door of death. It is pleasing to record that the Jesuit priest at Unzamzembe (celebrated as the place at which Livingstone and Stanley parted) was very kind to him, and even prescribed medically for his ailment. Meanwhile, the rest of the party went forward, and Hannington, hardly better of the dysentery, was again struck down with rheumatic fever, from which it seemed at one time as if he would never recover, and he even selected a spot for his grave. But he did recover, and was already slightly better when the caravan returned to Uyui, having been prevented from reaching the lake by the old route owing to the large demands of the natives for "hongo," or way-leave. It was then determined to try another route, and Hannington resolved to go forward with them this time, even although he had to be carried in a hammock. On the twenty-fifth of October Msalala was reached, and they were now in a country which had only been touched before by one white man—Speke. Although still very weak, Hannington's health went on improving, and he was enabled to resume his botanical studies. Finally, in November, the shores of Victoria Nyanza were reached, at a point to the west of Kagei and Jordan's Nullah, from which they despatched messages to Uganda, asking the Mission there to send canoes for them. Meanwhile, as the rainy season was on, they had to build huts in which to encamp until assistance came.

But here the party had to separate—two of them having to take up their residence at Uyui, and another having to return to the coast.

One thing which eminently fitted Hannington for the work of African explorer was his extreme coolness and courage. A couple of incidents will suffice to illustrate these traits; and they are interesting in themselves.

One day, he and his boy, Duta, were trying to stalk some antelopes—Hannington never shot for the mere sake of "sport," but only for the purposes of the larder or in self-defence—when he saw something dark beyond the high grass through which they were creeping. It turned out to be a black rhinoceros. Hannington has thus himself described what followed:

"Back we darted into the thicket and took a large circuit, coming out again on the edge of the plain just in time to see a cow rhinoceros, with her calf, retiring slowly in the jungle. Quietly we crept back and again emerged, this time about twenty yards from her. Her head was turned from us, and on her back were a number of yellow 'rhinoceros birds.' These flew up with a screech, and apprised her of her enemy. Before she could spring round, I fired. As the bullet struck her, she uttered a fierce and screaming grunt, and, in a moment, about ten yards from where I stood, there rushed from the jungle a bull and another cow rhinoceros, bellowing most furiously. Happily for us, they did not see us, as the vision of the rhinoceros is very limited, and we were to leeward, so that they could not get our wind. But when about thirty yards distant, some whiff of our wind must have reached them, for they wheeled round and charged furiously toward us.

"'Fire, Bwana, fire!' excitedly cried my boy; and, as he ceased speaking, I could hear his heart thumping violently.

"'Be still,' I said. 'Stand perfectly still;' and the lad, to his honor be it said, was brave enough to obey. When about ten paces distant, seeing that we remained motionless, they came to a halt and eyed us, fiercely pawing the ground and snorting defiance. It was an embarrassing situation. The eye wandered round for a tree up which to climb; but there was not one within reach. We

were standing in dense mimosa tangle about chest-high; flight through this was impossible. I thought, should I fire? But I determined not to do so, for even if, by the greatest good fortune, I brought one to the ground, there were still the other two. They themselves at last took the initiative. The cow, which I had wounded, stole away across the plain. I decided at once to follow her and get another shot. The other two stood gazing at us until they saw that she had outdistanced us, and then they quietly turned and disappeared in the jungle."

This was a daring enough exploit; but nothing to another, somewhat later.

One day, in December, Hannington went out for a stroll, in search of botanical specimens. About a mile from camp he saw something moving in the scrub, and, firing, killed what proved to be a large lion's cub. His gun-bearer then fled in terror, shouting: "Run, Bwana, run!" At the same moment Hannington heard a double roar. He was face to face with the bereaved parents! With long, bounding steps the lion and lioness were coming toward him, with their horrid growls. Instead of turning to run, as anybody else would have done, and have, therefore, been destroyed, Hannington deliberately faced round upon the enemy.

"The enraged lions were distant but a few paces, but they suddenly checked, and both stood, as though transfixed, glaring upon him. So they remained for some time, till Hannington, placing one foot behind the other, and still keeping his eyes fixed upon the yellow orbs, before him, gradually increased his distance, and having placed about a hundred yards between himself and the monsters, quietly walked away."

But this was not all, although more than enough to content most people. Hannington wanted to secure the skin of the cub he had killed, so he determined to return through the waning light.

"When near enough to observe their motion, he could see that the lion and lioness were walking round about their cub, licking its body and filling the air with low groanings. At this moment an unknown flower caught his eye. He plucked it, took out his note-book,

pressed it between the leaves, and classified it as far as he was able; then, with coolness perfectly restored, he ran forward a few paces, threw up his arms and shouted! Was it that the lions had never encountered so strange an antagonist before? At all events, they looked up, then turned tailed and bounded away. He dragged the cub for some distance, till, having left the dangerous vicinity, he shouldered it and brought it into camp."

Such an exploit as this was bound to give him immense influence with the men, who learned not only to regard him as invincible, but also dreaded opposing his expressed will.

Meanwhile affairs had gone badly with the messengers, and it seemed evident that, to get out of Msalala, Hannington would have to obtain boats somehow himself. For this purpose he resolved to visit Romwa, the King of Uzinza, whose "capital" was a few days' journey from the encampment, which was now almost denuded of cloth—the currency of the country—and was getting short of needful supplies. Part of the journey to Romwa's had to be performed by canoe, which was hired from some natives. But on the second day the weather became very wet, and the men began to turn the head of the canoe toward land again, with the expressed determination of going no further, in spite of their bargain. Hannington asked, "Should we find canoes there?"

"No."

"Was it far from Romwa's?"

"Yes; altogether out of the way."

"Why, we shall die if we are left in this way."

"Well, Mzee (the captain) says he will not go on."

"Then," I said, in a firm, clear voice, "give me my gun."

I deliberately proceeded to load it, and, pointing at Mzee, at about a yard distant from his chest, I said:

"Now will you go on?"

"Yes, Bwana, yes! Don't fire!"

The effect, adds Hannington, was magical, the canoe was slung round, and sped over the waves in the right direction, and, moreover, he found from that moment that he was master.

After much difficulty with Romwa, who was superstitious, and must consult

the "medicine men," and was then greedy for larger presents of cloth and guns than Hannington could give, a canoe was at length provided for the conveyance of Hannington alone and his two boys to Uganda, the others to remain behind. But he got no farther than Kagei, for there, obtaining assistance to bring on the rest of the party, he returned by land to Msalala to accelerate the movements. Attacked with dysentery and violent pains on the road, he had to walk with his hands tied to his neck, to prevent his arms moving, as the least motion of them gave him intense agony. When he reached Msalala he was completely done. "Racked with fever, torn by dysentery, scarce able to stand upright under the grip of its gnawing agony, the bright and buoyant figure which had so often led the caravan with that swinging stride of his, or which had forgotten fatigue at the close of a long march, and dashed off in pursuit of some rare insect; his beard a foot before him, and his hair a yard behind, was now bent and feeble, like that of a very old man." He, therefore, after arranging the plans, and assigning the duties of his companions, made his way slowly and painfully to the coast carried in a hammock, reached Zanzibar in May, 1883, and in a few weeks more was again among his friends in England—an apparent wreck.

When his health was fully restored, Hannington was offered, and accepted, the Bishopric of Eastern Equatorial Africa, an office which, it was said, demanded "a man of dauntless courage, tact, spirituality of mind, and prompt business-like habit." Hannington had shown all these characteristics, and the doctors declared that his health was again such that he might return to Africa and labor there for many years without danger. He was consecrated on the twenty-fourth of June, 1884, and left England on the fourth of November following, with a commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury to first visit Jerusalem and confirm the Churches on the way out. After completing his work in Palestine the Bishop reached Mombasa on the twenty-fourth of January, 1885, and at once entered upon the work of his diocese. With this, however, we are not at present concerned, further

than to say that the whole working-staff consisted of twelve clergy, priests and deacons, eleven laymen, and four ladies—in all twenty-seven persons—scattered over an enormous extent of country.

Shortly after his arrival, the Bishop, after consultation with Sir John Kirk at Zanzibar, determined to push the Mission to Taveita and the Chaga country; that is to say, right up to the base of Kilima-Njaro, where Johnston, not long before, had been residing.

In prosecution of this design, the Bishop set out to cross that dreary intervening wilderness, which both Thomson and Johnston found so trying and discouraging. The terrible journey across the Taro Plain almost finished Johnston and his party. This is how the Bishop traversed it:—

"On the morrow we started for the dreaded Taro Plain; nor did we make a very happy commencement; for soon after leaving camp down came the rain in a perfect deluge, so that in a very short time the ground was covered with an inch or two of water. Cloth, rice, and other loads were soaked, and their weight much increased for the poor men. We did not find the right track till nightfall, and halted to wait for the men. At one a.m. we made a move . . . and went on till nightfall. Had to camp without water. Off again at two a.m., and by nine a.m. we reached Maungu, after one of the most trying marches I ever remember. The road is most dismal. It passes through closely-packed thorn bushes, under, over, or through which you have to go. They tear your clothes and flesh without affording a particle of shade. . . . I retched with the intense heat. The sun literally seemed to bake one through."

After another day's march they reached Taita, an outlying Mission station in charge of Mr. Wray, who was found to be in a state of semi-siege, the Wa-Kamba having burned the villages around. The Bishop deemed it advisable to transfer Mr. Wray to another station, and passed on toward the Chaga country. Two days later: "After a short climb over a steep, rugged track, we reached the headland of the Bura Mountains, and crossed the beautiful Pass of Kilima-Kibomu. As we topped a rise, suddenly before our astonished

gaze flashed Kilima-Njaro in all his glory! How lovely the great mountain looked—all radiant with the rays of the rising sun. We had, by the best fortune, arrived at this point of vantage just at the hour of sunrise, when the vast silver dome for a short time shakes aside the mist-wreaths, which, during the rest of the day, so frequently enswathe his snow-crowned summit. The sight was so surpassingly beautiful that it called forth long and loud exclamations from the stolid Africans around us, many of whom had accompanied Thomson or Johnston, some both, and who were well acquainted with the snow giant. . . . We at once called a halt, and, as long as time permitted, we feasted our eyes on snow under the burning sun of Africa."

Travelling now became easier until Taveita is reached—that spot of Arcadian beauty so glowingly described by Mr. Johnston. But Hannington says: "This is not the place for a European missionary. Travellers who recommend it have probably not seen it as we did, in the depth of the rainy season, when the rich, black vegetable soil constantly exudes poisonous vapors. . . . so that beautiful as the place is, we were uncommonly glad to be out of it." There are always two sides to every picture—especially in Africa.

Moshi was duly reached, and Mandara sent presents to the party, although he was disposed to be sulky at the manner in which Mr. Johnston had eluded him when he made his famous ascent of the mountain. Mandara complained bitterly of the way in which he considered he had been treated, and told Hannington that he would have no more white visitors, although he would receive a resident teacher. "To the end," said Hannington, "Mandara maintained the same princely bearing and gentlemanly conduct. With the exception of Mirambo, I have never met in the interior a shrewder or more enlightened chief." The country, too, reminded the Bishop, as it did Johnston, of Devonshire.

Besides prosecuting his inquiries toward establishing a chain of Mission stations westward to the lake, the Bishop did not neglect his tastes for collecting, and ascended some distance up the

mountain. He sent home a box of butterflies and mosses, gathered on the slopes, for the British Museum.

Toward the end of April, 1885, the Bishop reached Mombasa again, possessed with the great idea of pushing through to the Nyanza, from the north end, as Thomson had done. The more he thought about it, the more feasible did the plan appear, and he set to work to mature it. This route would be considerably shorter, much healthier, and through a country thoroughly suitable for European residence. True, there are the warlike Masais; but Mr. Thomson had shown that it was quite possible to pass through the country of these warriors without greater danger than is incidental to nearly all Central African travel. Hannington saw no great difficulties in the way of establishing a chain of Mission stations from Mombasa, through Taita or Chaga, by Lakes Nainasha and Baringo, right on to Uganda. But what the Bishop was not aware of was, that already great suspicions were being attached by the Uganda people to all who approached them from the north-east. The rumors of German annexations had extended to them, and excited all sorts of vague fears. Mtesé was dead, and Mwanga, his son and successor, had been incited by the chiefs to repel any attempt of any white men to enter his kingdom by the "back-door" of Kavirondo. Nor did either Sir John Kirk, Consul Smith, and others, at Zanzibar, whom the Bishop consulted, have any suspicion of the real dangers; and all agreed with Hannington on the propriety of his scheme.

Prior to embarking on it, the Bishop made another expedition to Taveita, in convoy of two missionaries, whom he was despatching to take up their quarters in Chaga. Returning to the coast again by forced marches, he eclipsed Thomson's great feat, and covered the distance between Taveita and Rabai at the rate of forty miles a day—accomplishing one hundred and twenty miles in three days and half-an-hour.

Within a month he had begun his ill-fated journey, to open up a new route to Uganda, through Masai-land. On the twenty-fifth of July, 1885, he set forth at the head of a caravan of two hundred porters, and accompanied by



one native clergyman, Mr. Jones, who describes him as: "Arms swinging, eyes ever on the alert to notice anything new or remarkable. Now a snatch of song; again a shout of encouragement; a leap upon some rare flower or insect; the very life and soul of his company; while ever and anon his emphatic voice would be raised in the notes of some old familiar tune, and the wilderness would ring to the sound of a Christian hymn."

The last letter to his wife was dated the eleventh of August, 1885, and was written at Kikumbuli, not in the best of spirits at reports which had come in from ahead, but concluding, "We will trust and not be afraid." Not until the first of January, 1886, did the news come home that Bishop Hannington had been taken prisoner by Mwanga, when within two days' march of Uganda. Some months later his pocket-diary was purchased by a Christian lad at Rubaga from one of the murderers, and was sent to the coast.

Mr. Jones, the native clergyman who accompanied the Bishop as far as Kwa-Lundu, has narrated the history of the expedition up to that point. All the dangers which Thomson escaped had been escaped by them, and the Marai were found even hospitably inclined. Lake Naivasha was safely reached, although after much toil and difficulty; then the volcanic country near Lakes Elmeteita and Nakuro was passed, and a new lake was discovered which Thomson had not seen. Then they lost their way through some error in the map, but in time they reached Thomson's resting-place, Mkuyu-ni, and gained their course again. Not, however, to prolong a narrative which can only be marked by unfamiliar names, it must suffice to say that Kavirondo was reached on the eleventh of October, and at Kwa-Sundu, a village in the country, a halt was made. Then the Bishop decided to go on to the lakes alone, with an escort of fifty porters, and to leave Mr. Jones behind in charge of the caravan. He intended to cross the lake from Lussala or Mas-sala, to Uganda, and thus reach the station at Rubaga, from whence he would despatch some one to take the caravan back to the coast, his own intention being to return by the old route, via

Unyamwezi, so as to visit the Missions to the south of the lake.

On the twelfth of October the Bishop left Kwa-Sundu, and Mr. Jones heard nothing from or about him until the eighth of November, when two natives brought the news that the Bishop and his party had been killed.

The Bishop's own diary in the little book so curiously recovered, is from the twelfth of October to the twenty-ninth of the same month. On the seventeenth is the record: "We are in the midst of awful swamps, and mosquitoes as savage as bees; the Lord keep me from fever!"

The eighteenth: "I can hear nothing about the Nile. . . . The nearer I get the more anxious I seem to be about arriving."

The twentieth: "I fear we have arrived in a troublesome country."

The twenty-first: "I climbed a neighboring hill, and to my joy saw a splendid view of the Nile. . . . Suddenly twenty ruffians set upon us, violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. . . . They forced me up and hurried me away. . . . until we came to a hut, into the court of which I was forced. . . . and I learned that the Sultan meant to keep me prisoner until he had received word from Mwanga."

The twenty-second: "I found myself in bed in a fair-sized hut, but with no ventilation, a fire on the hearth, no chimney for smoke, about twenty men all round me, and rats and vermin *ad lib.*; fearfully shaken, strained in every limb; great pain and consumed with thirst. I got little sleep."

We pass on to October the twenty-eighth (seventh day's prison): "A terrible night: first with noisy, drunken guards, and secondly with vermin, I don't think I got one sound hour's sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, have mercy upon me and release me. I am quite broken down and brought low. . . . Evening, fever passed away. Word came that Mwanga had sent three soldiers, but what news they bring they will not let me know."

The last entry in this pathetic journal is as follows: "October twenty-ninth (Thursday, eighth day's prison): I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A

hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."

What followed has been learned from the four men who escaped from the massacre of his little party. He was conducted to an open spot in the village and placed in the midst of his own men. Then, "with a wild shout, the warriors fell upon them, and their flashing spears soon covered the ground with the dead and dying. In that supreme moment we have the satisfaction of knowing that the Bishop faced his destiny like a Christian and a man. As the soldiers told off to murder him closed round, he made one last use of that commanding mien which never failed to secure for him the respect of the most savage.

Drawing himself up he looked around, and, as they momentarily hesitated with poised weapons, he spoke a few words which engraved themselves upon their memories, and which they afterward repeated just as they were heard. He bade them tell the King that he was about to die for the Wa-Ganda, and that he had purchased the road to Uganda with his life. Then, as they still hesitated, he pointed to his own gun, which one of them discharged, and the great and noble spirit leaped forth from its broken house of clay and entered with exceeding joy into the presence of the King."

Thus died the latest martyr to civilization in Central Africa.—*All the Year Round*.

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## PAUL BERT'S SCIENCE IN POLITICS.

### A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

BY MME. JULIETTE ADAM.

#### I.

It was a dictum of Auguste Comte that a State should be governed by men of science. No falser theory of government ever entered into a wise man's head.

There are two castes whose action is fatal in public affairs—the religious and the scientific. Equally sacred, they must be equally excluded from all participation in politics. Incapable, both of them, of regarding law under any but a dangerously abstract conception, they must always be urging society toward one extreme or the other—a superhuman idealism or an exaggerated materialism. The modern State cannot and must not impose on its subjects either a State religion or a State science. Both tend to the same absolutism, the same intolerable oppression of reason or of conscience.

I would have these two castes recognized and maintained on a precisely similar footing—the one in its laboratories, the other in its places of worship. I would have them encouraged to test each other's conclusions, and to rival each other's efforts. And I would honor

them both for the moral and material benefits they confer; for both exist for the good of society—the one to diminish the sum of human misery, and the other that of human wickedness.

The equilibrium of a society depends on the equal proportion of the scientific and the religious element in it. When the priests tip over the balance on their side, society suffers in its material needs, and is impoverished; when science gets ahead of religion, society grows rich, gives itself up to luxury, and soon becomes corrupt.

The men of science sacrifice everything to the play of forces, the acceleration of movement. Reason and logic are the only compass they steer by, and their ideal for the individual is the forcing of the faculties and the achievement of success. But in all this, goodness (which is instinctive religion), heroism, self-devotion, the love of one's neighbor, go for nothing. They are useless factors. Woe to those who cross the line when once the engines are in motion; all that can be done for them is to warn them off by a shrill signal, or a signpost which they must have learnt to read.

There is a spiritualization of the social as of the individual life—a religion which urges to self-sacrifice, to self-forgetfulness. This religion is the love of country. But the national soul is no more capable of demonstration than the individual soul; and the mechanism of a society founded on experimental science can take no account of an ideal. And yet, where shall we look for the greatness of a nation, if not in its patriotism; or where for the greatness of the individual, if not in what M. Paul Bert would call his altruism?

When the materialists—or, rather, the men of science, as they prefer to call themselves—attempt to exclude the religious or spiritual idea, they are but acting as the Church acted when it tried to quench science and keep the world from going round. A Pope denied the movement of the earth. M. Paul Bert denied the divine in man. Those who feel the stirrings of a soul within them may answer in their turn, "*E pur si muove.*" You cannot rob man of his spiritual nature. The relations of pity, of charity, of devotion, of self-surrender—the native and noble aspiration which leads to these relations—cannot be codified in any "experimental method;" they dogmatize themselves in a religion.

A finer adjustment of interests, a better regulation of needs, a completer acquisition of positive knowledge, the conscientious observation of facts and their improved classification by the light of the experimental method, together with an ever-advancing material progress—what will it all avail to do away with the inequalities of condition, of capacity, and of powers? So long as inequalities of natural capacity exist, so long as education, far from levelling them, tends rather to enhance them, the amount of suffering remains the same, and secular society affords no remedy for it. How are you to appease the envy of the inferior mind by explaining that another's better fortune is due to his higher intelligence? With what instrument do you expect him to determine the truth of what you say? He has not the faculty. To him it is nothing but accident, the partiality or caprice of Fortune—that is to say, an abuse which ought to be done away with.

But the soul is the soul's equal. It knows no standards of measurement, no differences of condition. It may be poor in the greatest, and great in the humblest. Give the poor man spiritual wealth, and you have brought him the supreme consolation which poverty cannot invade, nor ignorance impair, nor incapacity defeat.

You must have moral as well as material good. A Government which aims only at the one and forbids the other, is a bad Government. The science which forces itself, absolute and unintelligible, on the ignorant, is not one whit better than the obscurantism which tries to force itself on the enlightened. When science claims to be all-sufficient, she makes an empty pretension. She is but one fold of the veil of Isis—the fold that sweeps the ground.

It is the business of the man of science to observe the conditions of matter. It is the business of the priest and the moralist to observe the conditions of spirit. Each of them seeks to utilize a given force for the material or moral benefit of man. If the scientific man has sometimes to remind the priest of the conditions of physical existence, the priest in his turn has to remind the scientific man of the conditions of moral life.

These are some of the reflections which occurred to me one day in thinking of Paul Bert, scientist and statesman, and especially of his experiments in vivisection.

It occurred to me, moreover, that the cycle of human action must be a curiously small one, since this atheist, this implacable enemy of all religions, is found reviving, so to speak, the practices of the Inquisition. Paul Bert tortured the lower animals with the so-called higher aim of benefiting humanity, just as the inquisitors tortured the human being with the so-called higher aim of saving the soul; and science absolves the new inquisitor, as the Church absolved the old. And in the same way, as if in every epoch the appetite for cruelty were destined to find its development, we find some among our scientific inquisitors, like some among the inquisitors of religion, taking pleasure in witnessing the thrill of agony; and we see the brute instinct of crime,

hardly lulled to sleep in the human breast by the religious and moral education of centuries, coming to life again under the ægis of the infallibility of science.

## II.

It was at Auxerre that I first made up my mind against Paul Bert, and first perceived how baneful was his influence on my political friends.

Spuller, Laurent-Pichat, Scheurer-Kestner, Adam, and I went down with Gambetta, who was to make his great speech at Auxerre. We were all to stay with Lepère, who was delighted to have us, and had been pulling down partitions and enlarging his little house in order to fill it with friends.

After a journey which we had all been doing our best to enliven with our wit, we stopped at the town of Auxerre. I forget whether Lepère had gone down with us or met us at the station.

But there was Paul Bert, with his erect figure, his imperious air, the haughty lip and nostril, and that intentional perpetual smile in the eyes which I never liked. He took Gambetta aside at once, and drew him away to a considerable distance from the rest of us on the platform. We could see that what passed between them was animated enough, and Gambetta was visibly embarrassed, and seemed to be defending himself. Whether anything had been agreed between them beforehand I do not know; but I think not, as I remember Gambetta's air of vexation. But the end of it was, that Paul Bert came back along the platform with the friend we had brought down, and proceeded to chisel us out of him, calling out to us in his trenchant tone:

"You know I'm going to have him."

Gambetta passed his arm through Lepère's and drew him off a little. Lepère told us a few moments later what he said to him.

"My dear Lepère, you know Paul Bert. He says he won't be at the banquet at all unless I go and stay with him. He even threatens to prevent his friends from coming. I must divide my favors a little, so as not to injure Paul Bert's position, which has been attacked, and which it is the interest of all of us to defend."

Lepère made no answer, but we could see the tears in his eyes, and a look of disgust, of which Paul Bert felt the consequences a little later at the elections.

We were all of us hurt by Paul Bert's unreasonableness in thus depriving us of the friend we had come down with, and for whose sake we had come down; it turned us all against him, and made us feel what an absorbing personality it must be which could so influence the mind of Gambetta, who was sacrificing us all without scruple to a mere wish of his "dear Professor," as he once called him in my presence.

"I am going to talk science to him," said Paul Bert to me with an air of triumph, his eyes smiling their full smile.

"Science in politics is politics in science," I said; "and a very bad thing too, warping the mind twice over."

Spuller, trying to console us, said in his cordial tones:

"Science! science! I would give it all to see God one moment face to face!"

Spuller is really a religious man, and I have more than once heard him maintain that we ought to encourage a national clerical spirit in France.

We avenged ourselves the next day by mercilessly chaffing Gambetta about Paul Bert's discoveries. The rat's trunk gave us a hook to hang plenty of wit on. I developed the scientific theory of animal grafting applied to a new industry—that of politics.

"What a capital experiment it would make," I said, "to graft the motor nerves of M. de Cassagnac on the sensory nerves of M. Schoelcher, and the sensory nerves of M. Brisson on the motor nerves of M. Clémenceau!"

Gambetta laughed heartily, called me very malicious, and begged me to soothe Lepère, who was still out of humor, and even more grieved than offended.

"No," I said; "I take his part against Paul Bert. I am thoroughly up in the controversy, and I have chosen my side. Paul Bert is as untrustworthy as his own experiments."

It was to Paul Bert that Gambetta owed all the formulæ of his scientific politics. Allying himself more and more closely with him as time went on, he soon consulted no one but his Pro-



fessor on all questions of education, and of the anti-clerical movement. He supported, and admired, and developed, with his own marvellous faculty of assimilation, all Paul Bert's projects with regard to public instruction. He took the same view of educational reform.

It was Paul Bert who let us in for education to the uttermost, without moral preparation, without any process of successive experiments of acclimatizing such a multitude of foreign germs.

Having made up his mind that men had better enjoy the benefits of education, he determined that they should enjoy them all at the same time, and all without delay. He expected of a single generation an amount of comprehending and assimilating power which it would take several generations to produce; and on that one generation he accordingly imposed an amount of taxation which three or four would have found it difficult to meet.

He would have no instruction but what was given by his means, and according to his programme; he was for breaking every mould that did not bear his individual stamp. Hence his hatred for the religious educational establishments. The only religious communities he really cared to destroy were the educating communities.

If Paul Bert had been content to remain a man of science, and nothing else—if he had not wanted to pose as a statesman among men of science, and a scientist among statesmen, he might have left a great memory; all the greater if the processes of his intellect, grafted on that of Gambetta, had not diverted the faculties of the latter from their true development, transformed a living power into a mechanical force, and changed the man of impulse, the poet, the orator, the genius, into a strategist, an idolator of facts, a calculator of results.

### III.

Paul Bert was the real inspirer of Article 7 of the decrees of the 29th of March, the originator of an anti-clerical policy which has all along been wanting in just that element in which his scientific experiments have been wanting too—success; for you cannot reckon among the assured acquisitions of science, dis-

coveries which are neither incontestable nor uncontested.

The scientific reputation of Paul Bert rests mainly on three things. The first of these was a series of operations in animal grafting—a reproduction of the experiment so often practised by the Zouaves in Africa, of cutting off the tip of a rat's tail and grafting it on to its own forehead. Paul Bert utilized the experiment as a fresh demonstration of the property possessed by the sensory nerves of transmitting an excitation in both directions, toward the centre and toward the circumference.

A more serious inquiry was that into the action of high atmospheric pressures on the animal organism. His numerous and varied experiments in this field, extending over several years, form the staple of his contributions to modern science. They are set forth in several big volumes, and the *Académie des Sciences* rewarded them with one of its best prizes. The most striking thing in these experiments was the apparently paradoxical conclusion Paul Bert deduced from them—particularly with regard to oxygen, which, when employed in large doses, he found to be a dangerous poison. But more recent experiments, made in M. Paul Bert's own laboratory and with his own apparatus, together with a careful examination of his memoirs, have enabled M. de Cyon to prove that the experiments of M. Paul Bert were very carelessly conducted, and that the means he employed did not even admit of the introduction of large quantities of oxygen into the blood; and finally, that the effects observed by M. Paul Bert on his animals were due, not to the supposed accumulation of oxygen, but partly to carbonic acid poisoning, and partly to the mechanical action of sudden changes of barometric pressure. The tragic death of the two *aéronauts*, Crocé-Spinelli and Sylva, who, trusting to M. Paul Bert's researches, ventured to attempt the higher altitudes provided with balloons of pure oxygen, shows that the mechanical action of sudden modifications of atmospheric pressure on the body is dangerous in itself, quite apart from any changes in the gases of the blood.

There remains, therefore, of this, the chief work of Paul Bert, nothing but the

remembrance of grave errors of observation, and the most unpardonable hardihood in putting forward pure hypotheses as ascertained scientific truth.

What then is left standing of the scientific structure erected by Paul Bert? His proposal for utilizing, as an anæsthetic for patients under surgical operations, a mixture of protoxide of nitrogen with air at a high pressure. Whether this mixture does or does not possess the qualities attributed to it by M. Paul Bert we cannot undertake to say; but as its use would require that the operation should be performed in a special chamber under a very high atmospheric pressure, the suggestion is clearly without any practical value.

The fact is, that Paul Bert succeeded in passing himself off as a statesman on some men of science, and as a man of science on some statesmen. He knew how to find his advantage in maintaining this double character.

To the policy of our party Paul Bert was simply fatal. My opinion on this point has never varied; I have asserted it again and again, and even to Paul Bert himself, telling him that I was his adversary and his enemy, in spite of my esteem for him as a writer and speaker, and the regard I had for his *latent* scientific value.

The men of science may say what they please; the character of our race, taken as a whole, is not materialistic. Our great historical developments, our great national actions, bear the stamp, not of self-interest, but of idealism and of chivalry. To attempt to turn France into a country ruled and regulated by a sort of scientific absolutism, where every manifestation of public feeling shall be logically calculated, and shall have for its immediate object a result which can be discounted beforehand, and for its final end the mere increase of our wealth and power, is to take from us all that makes our greatness in the world's history—our independence, our spontaneity, our generosity.

Gambetta, who knew how to interpret so grandly the noble sentiments and large aspirations of the French people, perverted his genius and frustrated his own career when he allowed himself to be led by the positive science of Paul

Bert, with his pet formula, "a policy of results."

Results? What results? Tonquin, with its train of political dissensions and a deficit. Tonquin, which has killed Paul Bert.

Gambetta was greatly amused at my hostility to Paul Bert; he told me it was very feminine and very illogical; and on the rare occasions when we met, toward the close of his life, in the days when those who surrounded him had already come to calling him "the Dictator," he never failed to speak of Paul Bert, and burst into admiring ejaculations about everything he did.

I saw Gambetta at Saint Cloud the Sunday after the mishap at Charonne. He had just been taking the chair at the Château d'Eau, at an anti-clerical meeting of Paul Bert's.

He came in a little late to dinner. Some dozen of us were already assembled on a flight of steps at the bottom of the garden when he appeared. He spied me at once, across the green lawn and a vase of tall fuchsias, and called out in his sonorous voice:

"Admirable! superb! extraordinary! Never since Voltaire has such an irrefutable indictment been brought against the clergy! And what a style! What consummate art!"

"And what bad policy!" said a great banker who was with us, in a low voice, to me.

Gambetta went on as he approached us:

"And such an immense success—beyond anything that could be imagined! Ten thousand enthusiastic cheers."

"The ten thousand and first would not have come from me," I said as we greeted one another.

"You yourself," cried Gambetta, "you yourself, I tell you, would have been carried away, if not by the ideas, by the genius lavished in propounding them."

At dinner the conversation turned on Charonne.

"You remember Auxerre," I said; "you who have the most prodigious memory in the world?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because you have been trying to cut off the tail of our party, and graft it

on again by the Paul Bert process. But the tail declines to be cut."

"The Charonne people," answered Gambetta, "are no better than so many ship-rats on their way to New Caledonia."

As a colleague of Gambetta's in his great ministry, Paul Bert soon showed that he did not know what he wanted. He brought forward project after project, experiment after experiment, and succeeded in none of them, and then was furious at finding no immediate solution. He shut himself up, and never emerged but in a passion. Exacting, imperious, autocratic as he was, he found time, in sixty days of power, to unsettle everything, to turn everything upside down, to provoke opposition to his projects on all hands, and to produce nothing but embarrassment in the public services and consternation among his friends. With his mania for experiment, and with all his scientific merits turned to political defects, what could he be in politics but a disturbing force?

Heartily approving the Tonquin expedition at its outset, he gradually separated himself from his friends because they would not carry out his theories of colonization; for this determined centralist, this rampant supporter of governmental omnipotence, went in for local government in the colonies. Having no personal opinions, nothing but his habits of observation, the actual demonstration of facts had had great weight with him. He had travelled in Algeria. He had lived among the Arabs. He therefore accepted colonial autonomy. He wrote an interesting pamphlet on the subject, and sent it to me with the superscription: "To my enemy, Mme. Adam;" and as it was really a striking pamphlet, and afforded an opportunity for favorable criticism, I wrote and gave him his due.

Paul Bert had long been worrying the Chamber to send out a civil governor to Tonquin. When it was decided that the thing should be done he found himself very naturally designated for the post, and he consented to fill it.

The *Figaro* published an account of a conversation which took place before he left between him and a member of its editorial staff. The conversation is curious, and shows him to have been in

earnest in a talk he had with me, which I will give further on.

"I have no illusions," he said, "as to the difficulties of the mission intrusted to me, but I could not refuse it. My position in fact was a delicate one. It was I who had advised Gambetta to annex Tonquin; I considered it a necessary dependency. Since then I have been always combating the policy adopted there; I deplored the mistakes committed by leader after leader; and both in the Chamber and in the Press I was always urging the appointment of a civil governor. Now they come to me and ask me to be that civil governor, to try the system I have been advocating, to take the responsibility of carrying out my own colonial theories. Well, I have accepted it, and I am off. I start to-morrow with all my family. . . ."

"Besides, I confess that I do expect to render some real service to my country. I have long been a student of this great question of colonial policy, which everybody is now so full of. I have spent part of my life among the Arabs; I have investigated their character and customs; I have noted the defects of our system of conquest. Since my return to France, not a single book on the East has appeared that I have not thoroughly mastered, and, as it were, dissected. And if, as I admit, the Annamite is a new subject with which I have never yet had to deal, at least I fancy I shall understand the Annamite a good deal better than people who have never seen him.

"And so, notwithstanding my age and my family, and the daily drudgery of my political and scientific work, I have consented to go into this distant exile. . . ."

"And then, believe me," he concluded, as we parted, "people have an absurdly exaggerated idea about difficulties and diseases. You may be very sure Tonquin is not at all what we imagine it."

On the thirtieth of last January I was sitting at my writing-table, when, without knock or announcement of any sort, Paul Bert walked in. With that assurance, that audacity—that really courageous audacity—of his, he had forced his way in, paying no attention to my servant's remonstrances.

"What are you here for?" I said, rising in anger; "and with no sort of announcement."

"You would not have received me."

"I certainly should not. But why did you wish it?"

"Well," he said, "I, Paul Bert, free-thinker as I am, I have a touch of superstition about you. I want you to give me your good wishes for my voyage."

"No, not I. On the contrary, I promise you a storm, which my gods, if

they hear me, shall stir up for you as you pass the shores of Greece."

"You will allow me at least to plead my cause."

I let him sit down, and I listened.

Instead of defending himself, he began by attacking others, which he knew very well would come to the same thing, knowing, as he did, my grievances against my old friends, who were also his. However, he made one exception, which I hasten to take note of.

"But I admire Gambetta all the same," he said. "I have kept my affection for him intact."

"You owe him that much for the harm you did him by your advice."

He went on without answering—

"I would have his memory yet more glorious than it is, and I shall do everything in my power to make it so; I shall contribute all I can to it. But what are his friends doing? They are defacing his monument, crumbling it, destroying it. How they have all rushed off in a body to swell the *cortège* of Ferry, who is no better than a caricature of him!"

"Ferry is the most to blame," I said.

"Yes—a thousand times yes. There we are quite agreed."

"Agreed now," I said; "but you, too, did not you join the *cortège*?"

"What Ferry is responsible for is nothing short of crime," slowly enunciated Paul Bert. "And it is lucky for me that I am going away, so that I shall not be mixed up any more with that man's policy."

"But why did you not rather withdraw from political life? In going out there as governor, you are still mixed up with it. You might have applied for a great scientific mission, and gone out to Tonquin as a scholar, a man of erudition. You might have made yourself very useful among the Mandarins. You are made for observation, for research, and not for action."

"I know my life has been a failure in many ways, and that I have often been mistaken," answered Paul Bert sadly. "So now I am going to gather myself together, to concentrate my faculties on a distinct and definite point, from which I shall not diverge. I am going to gather up all my forces for it. See here, give me credit for a little bit of good intention; encourage me a little. You have

good luck or ill luck at your beck. It is not a question of Paul Bert, whom you abominate, but of a Frenchman who is going far away to try and get a little good out of the enormous sacrifices that have been made. Look you, Madame le Grecque, will you not put up a little prayer to Neptune for the voyager?"

"What are you going to do out there?" I asked. "What is your programme? What are your plans? Opportunists don't have any, generally speaking. You have something of the Saint-Simonian about you; you can find the progressive element easily enough in a fact which comes ready to hand, but you can do nothing till you have got the fact—a capital principle when you are in opposition, because then your adversaries have to find the facts; but a wretched principle for a Government, which has to produce the fact itself."

"I am going to try to conquer the Annamites," answered Paul Bert, "not to conquer Annam. I am going to study their race, their ritual, the habits of thought of the literary caste, of the Mandarins."

"There, you see," said I, "an academic mission would have served your purpose completely. The man of science is uppermost in you still. Your character as Governor will alienate the Mandarins; that of a delegate of the Institute would have attracted them."

"But I wish to raise the people. I wish to rescue them from the domination of the Mandarins. To do that, I must be in power."

"And there is a contradiction to begin with, for you cannot both protect the people and please the Mandarins. Whatever you do, don't go expecting to find a solution all at once. In a country like that, where the very smallest custom has lasted for centuries, don't begin by upsetting everything, as you generally do. And you must not think there is nothing but Annamites in Annam; there is a whole Oriental atmosphere, in which dangers of all sorts are constantly brewing for the colonist or the conqueror. I still fear that if we should get involved in any European complications, China will after all possess herself of those tempting provinces on which we have spent so much."

"China," said Paul Bert, with his



superb assurance, "China is no enemy of ours. She is too much afraid of England and Germany and Russia. I shall try to convince her that it is her interest not to add us to the list of her enemies."

"And the climate? What are you going to make of that terrible climate, that Minotaur which devours our children and wastes our strength—that accursed possession, that graveyard of Frenchmen?"

"The climate?" said Paul Bert, smiling. "I shall treat it with contempt. I do not think it dangerous. You see I do not, for I am taking my wife and children with me to Hué. Besides, on all that stretch of coast, I shall easily find a healthy place. There must be one somewhere."

"Take care. That coast has many windings, and you may light on the unhealthy spot instead of the healthy."

"I believe in my mission," he answered sharply. "Besides, I am going to be very prudent. I shall keep in mind what Claude Bernard used to say to me—'When you make a discovery, be your own first critic.' You will see. I shall win over the Tonquinese people to the French cause; I shall free them from their oppressors; and I shall find means to satisfy the oppressors themselves, besides."

"It will take you twenty years," I said, "to produce a single one of these results."

"Twenty years! It will take me six months."

"I am sorry for you. You are always the same. You think you can graft reforms, like rats' tails, on the living flesh. Catherine the Great said a fine thing in one of her letters to Voltaire: 'My dear philosopher, it is not so easy writing on human flesh as it is on paper.' You are going to make laws, to suppress abuses, by proclamation. You ought rather to be preparing time to produce, and custom to undergo, a process of slow but sure modification."

"The conquest is made, and it involves a system. I shall make the system sit as easy as possible. I will do my best at riding your favorite hobby of decentralization—which is my hobby too, in the colonies."

He rose to go, saying again as we shook hands—

"Make your divinities be favorable to me."

"I will try to do so," I answered, but without ardor. "Invoke the divinities yourself, as you pass the shores of Greece; and, above all, pay attention to the auguries."

This is the letter that came from Paul Bert on the twenty-sixth of February:

"Résidence Générale  
de la République Française  
en Annam et au Tonkin.

"Cabinet du Résident Général.

"ADEN, Feb. 26, 1886.

"The ancients, when they were engaging in a great work, sacrificed a white kid to the propitious divinities, and a black kid to the unpropitious.

"I came to you to ask you of which color I was to choose my kid, and, like a good Greek and a good Frenchwoman, you told me white.

"May the sacrifice bring me good luck, and the divinity continue favorable to me. For the rest, fortunate winds have brought me so far, except on your Greek coast, where the honey is so sweet and the wave so rough. At the mouth of the Emilian Gulf we had the weather Horace wished for Virgil.

"Is this a good omen, or only the victim's wreath? In either case, I am not one of the submissive, and the Calchas who means to cut my throat had better look out for himself.

"I have not Iphigenia's vocation.

"Happily for many reasons, I have no longer an enemy except among the men with yellow skins and half-shut eyes. And even them I hope soon to reduce to friends.

"I say reduce them, for I cannot hope to charm them into friends.\* That is a gift I was not born with, and for long years I have stupidly wasted my opportunities of taking incomparable lessons.

"If I come back from the yellow hemisphere, I shall try to make up for lost time.

"Respectfully yours,

"PAUL BERT."

He seems to have struggled, manfully and wisely, to be worthy of the mission he had wished for and accepted. He found death in a path which was not his own path; but no one now can blame him for having followed it. The debt one pays with one's life cannot be owing still. Let his memory be lightened of one, at least, of the responsibilities he incurred—the fatal conquest of Tonquin.

But has he not, in dying, opened the way for others? Out there, face to face with that negligible quantity, the

\* Fr. Je dis réduire et non séduire.

Chinese Empire, in that climate where, under the Ministry of M. Ferry, the public health was repeatedly found to be so perfect, should not some one of

those who have got France into the most perilous of all her scrapes be ready to relieve guard at the dead man's post.  
—*Contemporary Review*.

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THE PROGRESS OF SAVAGE RACES.

WE wish Sir John Lubbock, or some other man with the necessary knowledge and lucidity of expression, would deliver a special lecture on the *rate* of savage progress. He might be able in the course of it to resolve one or two problems presented by savage life which are, to us at least, grave perplexities, weakening the hold on us of the general theory of progress. Sir John holds, as we understand his writings and his abominably reported lecture of Saturday at Toynbee Hall, not only that some savages have progressed, which is past question, many peoples now civilized being the descendants of true savages, but that all savages, like the rest of mankind, tend to progress. Now, is that quite true, or being true, is the rate of progress such that man has any right to hope that savages will, during any period about which it is profitable to speculate, become civilized human beings? Sir John Lubbock tells us that modern savages are not like primitive savages, modern savages having placed themselves in many cases under the yoke of elaborate and complex customs which are signs in their way of progress. We suppose the deduction is true, for though civilized man shows a tendency to abandon custom, or to hold it lightly, semi-civilized man clings to it as his sheet-anchor, the Chinese, for instance, obeying certain rules with a rigidity equal to that of the modern savage. If, therefore, the Chinese were ever savages, which on the theory is certain, their devotion to rigid custom is either a sign of progress or a corollary of it. It is not a sign of rapid progress, devotion to custom being merely a rude way of preserving the accumulated result of experience or the ideas held to be true; but still, it is a sign of advance beyond the true child-like stage. The Chinese certainly have progressed, and as certainly are custom-worshippers. But why is Sir John

Lubbock so sure of his datum that primitive savages were less under the yoke of custom than modern savages are? How do we know what savages were like in those early times, when observers could distinguish nothing except the broadest facts, and travellers described a savage tribe much as English sailors would now? May not an aboriginal race of B.C. 2000 have been governed by a clan system as elaborate as that of Australia, no trace of which has come down to us? It is not likely; but the wisest know nothing about it, and in building a theory on primitive absence of restraint, we are building in reality on a plausible assumption. Then is it clear that the progress, if there is progress, goes on at a rate which affords any hope of great advance during the lifetime of man upon the planet? Take Sir John's Australians, for example. He knows better than we do the nearly irresistible evidence which exists—and was published by ourselves some two years ago—for the antiquity of the Australian aborigines. Either the mounds of clam shells on his coast were put there by some tricky spirit intent on deceiving *savants*, or the native must have lived where the mounds are, fishing and eating, breeding and dying, for some thousands of years. If that savage has progressed, why has his progress been so purposeless, or his rate of progress differed so much from the rate recorded in European and Asiatic annals? To all appearance, he would not become civilized at that rate in scores of thousands of years, and why should he become civilized at all? Because there is a law of progress? Well, grant it as regards certain races, where is the positive evidence of it as regards others? May not the Veddahs be old? It is difficult to argue without going behind history; but does Sir John Lubbock see proof, unquestioned proof we mean, that the black races of Africa

have progressed—except, of course, under conquest—throughout the history of man? As it seems to us, there are grounds for the belief that they have not, that the law of progress as regards the Negro is either non-existent or dependent upon this,—that he shall come in contact with some more progressive and more vigorous of the tribes of men. The Arab, who gives him Mahommedanism, improves him, and so does the Anglo-Saxon, who gives him Christianity; but left to himself, the Negro, to the human eye, remains where he was, or, as in Haiti, retrogrades. It is distinct retrogression, and not mere pause, for a race which had abandoned cannibalism to go back to it; and Vaudooism is at least as low as fetichism. We do not see in the Negro the operation of any self-generated law of progress, or in the Red Indian. It may be there; but where is the proof of it so strong that we should build on it a theory of the world? We wish to believe in permanent progress and self-generated progress, for that would make many theological difficulties much less; but as yet the facts seem to show that two or three families of men, notably the Aryan, Arab, and Mongol, have advanced up to a point—a point in the Aryans' case still susceptible of further progress—and have compelled or persuaded other families to advance with them; but that these others, if left alone, either do not advance, or advance by gradations so like those of glaciers that the historian cannot follow them, and that the observer has little right to be certain that they occur at all. There are black tribes in the Upper Valley of the Nile, described by the surgeon Werne, who certainly are no advance on the blameless Ethiopians of whom the Greeks knew, or thought they knew. It may be that conditions have been unfavorable; but then, that answer is an answer also to the general theory of progress, which ought to be possible under any conditions not fatal to human life. Besides, what are the conditions which make Tasmania, with its English climate, so unfavorable to progress, that while the Pict developed into a civilized man, the Tasmanian did not develop at all, but remained always a little higher than the monkey, till God

in his mercy ended the effort and his race?

It seems to us that modern cheeriness has slightly infected scientific men, and that in their eager hope to show that natural science presages a great future for man, they leave out of view some unpleasant facts which militate against their theory. They take time into their account at one point, and not at another. They will assert that the development of man from a monkey, or a reptile, or whatever is the latest theory about his ancestor, must have occupied cycles of centuries, and that cycles more passed before man could use tools or make fire; and then they expect, or write as if they expected, another enormous advance within some trumpery period marked in recorded history,—for example, some two or three thousand years. Why? Where is the evidence that the man of the Niger would not take a million or so of years before he, unassisted, attained to civilization, especially if he passed through that period of "arrestment" which has certainly struck some races, and the duration of which is as uncertain as the duration of the world? Scientific men are conscious of the greatest of the marvels of the universe, the astounding way in which productive or creative energy is wasted, generations of creatures perishing uselessly before the creature to survive is born, and forests decaying that a few trees may live; but they seem unwilling to expect such waste of men. Why not? Is it because of the value of sentient beings in the economy of the universe? If humanity all perished tomorrow through some vast calamity, say, by the emission from all volcanic regions of some poisonous vapor—a thing believed to have occurred on a minute scale—the loss would be far less than the loss of babies which has occurred since the beginning of the world, and would be less, indeed, than the loss of stillborn children only. If Nature, or Law, or Providence can afford to waste human beings, even Aryan beings, at that prodigious rate, why should it not waste whole races of savages? It has wasted two within quite a short period, the Caribs of Cuba, and the Tasmanians; and it is wasting two more quite visibly, the Australians of the

mainland and the Maories. Why should it not waste the remainder, leaving the world altogether to men of some higher type, or other type, as has happened with some animals? We do not see, we confess, though we wish to see, why, on the scientific theory of the universe, we should expect so much progress in savages, or why a Digger Indian, say, should gradually advance until he can count up to the numbers which astronomers are accustomed to use. Why should he not perish, or, if his vitality is strong, as is the case with some Negro tribes, why should he not survive as a kind of half-developed man? He has done so for ages in Australia, and why should the ages end? We can see a

hope for him in the Christian theory, which assigns to the Negro, as to Newton, two lives; but on the scientific one, we see nothing for him, if he remains unconquered and of unmixed blood, except a doubtful probability of advance at a rate which the human mind can scarcely discern, and which, as a factor in history, it is useless even to consider. Judged by Christianity, the savage has a future; but judged by history and science, the best thing that could happen to him would be to disappear as rapidly as possible, and make room for the useful peoples, who two centuries hence will have scarcely room to breathe.—*Spectator.*

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#### ABOUT FICTION.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE love of romance is probably coeval with the existence of humanity. So far as we can follow the history of the world we find traces of it and its effects among every people, and those who are acquainted with the habits and ways of thought of savage races will know that it flourishes as strongly in the barbarian as in the cultured breast. In short, it is like the passions, an innate quality of mankind. In modern England this love is not by any means dying out, as must be clear, even to that class of our fellow-countrymen who, we are told, are interested in nothing but politics and religion. A writer in the *Saturday Review* computed not long ago that the yearly output of novels in this country is about eight hundred; and probably he was within the mark. It is to be presumed that all this enormous mass of fiction finds a market of some sort, or it would not be produced. Of course a large quantity of it is brought into the world at the expense of the writer, who guarantees or deposits his thirty or sixty pounds, which in the former case he is certainly called upon to pay, and in the latter he never sees again. But this deducted, a large residue remains, out of which a profit must be made by the publisher, or he would not publish it. Now, most of this crude mass of fiction is

worthless. If three-fourths of it were never put into print the world would scarcely lose a single valuable idea, aspiration, or amusement. Many people are of opinion in their secret hearts that they could, if they thought it worth while to try, write a novel that would be very good indeed, and a large number of people carry this opinion into practice without scruple or remorse. But as a matter of fact, with the exception of perfect sculpture, really good romance writing is perhaps the most difficult art practised by the sons of men. It might even be maintained that none but a great man or woman can produce a *really* great work of fiction. But great men are rare, and great works are rarer still, because all great men do not write. If, however, a person is intellectually a head and shoulders above his or her fellows, that person is *primâ facie* fit and able to write a good work. Even then he or she may not succeed, because, in addition to intellectual pre-eminence, a certain literary quality is necessary to the perfect flowering of the brain in books. Perhaps, therefore, the argument would stand better conversely. The writer who can produce a noble and lasting work of art is of necessity a great man, and one who, had fortune opened to him any of the doors that lead to ma-



terial grandeur and to the busy pomp of power, would have shown that the imagination, the quick sympathy, the insight, the depth of mind, and the sense of order and proportion which went to constitute the writer would have equally constituted the statesman or the general. It is not, of course, argued that only great writers should produce books, because if this was so publishing as a trade would come to an end, and Mudie would be obliged to put up his shutters. Also there exists a large class of people who like to read, and to whom great books would scarcely appeal. Let us imagine the consternation of the ladies of England if they were suddenly forced to an exclusive fare of George Eliot and Thackeray! But it *is* argued that a large proportion of the fictional matter poured from the press into the market is superfluous, and serves no good purpose. On the contrary, it serves several distinctly bad ones. It lowers and vitiates the public taste, and it obscures the true ends of fiction. Also it brings the high and honorable profession of authorship into contempt and disrepute, for the general public, owing perhaps to the comparative poverty of literary men, has never yet quite made up its mind as to the status of their profession. Lastly, this over-production stops the sale of better work without profiting those who are responsible for it.

The publication of inferior fiction can, in short, be of no advantage to any one, except perhaps the proprietors of circulating libraries. To the author himself it must indeed be a source of nothing but misery, bitterness, and disappointment, for only those who have written one can know the amount of labor involved in the production of even a bad book. Still, the very fact that people can be found to write and publishers to publish to such an unlimited extent, shows clearly enough the enormous appetite of readers, who are prepared, like a diseased ostrich, to swallow stones, and even carrion, rather than not get their fill of novelties. More and more, as what we call culture spreads, do men and women crave to be taken out of themselves. More and more do they long to be brought face to face with Beauty, and stretch out their arms toward that vision of the Perfect, which we

only see in books and dreams. The fact that we, in these latter days, have as it were macadamized all the roads of life does not make the world softer to the feet of those who travel through it. There are now royal roads to everything, lined with staring placards, whereon he who runs may learn the sweet uses of advertisement; but it is dusty work to follow them, and some may think that our ancestors on the whole found their voyaging a shadier and fresher business. However this may be, a weary public calls continually for books, new books to make them forget, to refresh them, to occupy minds jaded with the toil and emptiness and vexation of our competitive existence.

In some ways this demand is no doubt a healthy sign. The intellect of the world must be awakening when it thus cries aloud to be satisfied. Perhaps it is not a good thing to read nothing but three-volumed novels of an inferior order, but it, at any rate, shows the possession of a certain degree of intelligence. For there still exists among us a class of educated people, or rather of people who have had a certain sum of money spent upon their education, who are absolutely incapable of reading *anything*, and who never do read anything, except, perhaps, the reports of famous divorce cases and the spiciest paragraphs in Society papers. It is not their fault; they are very often good people enough in their way; and as they go to church on Sundays, and pay their rates and taxes, the world has no right to complain of them. They are born without intellects, and with undeveloped souls, that is all, and on the whole they find themselves very comfortable in that condition. But this class is getting smaller, and all writers have cause to congratulate themselves on the fact, for the dead wall of its crass stupidity is a dreadful thing to face. Those, too, who begin by reading novels may end by reading Milton and Shakespeare. Day by day the mental area open to the operations of the English-speaking writer grows larger. At home the Board schools pour out their thousands every year, many of whom have acquired a taste for reading, which, when once it has been born, will, we may be sure, grow apace. Abroad the colonies are

filling up with English-speaking people, who, as they grow refined and find leisure to read, will make a considerable call upon the literature of their day. But by far the largest demand for books in the English tongue comes from America, with its reading population of some forty millions. Most of the books patronized by this enormous population are stolen from English authors, who, according to American law, are outcasts, unentitled to that protection to the work of their brains and the labor of their hands which is one of the foundations of common morality. Putting aside this copyright question, however (and, indeed, it is best left undiscussed), there may be noted in passing two curious results which are being brought about in America by this wholesale perusal of English books. The first of these is that the Americans are destroying their own literature, that cannot live in the face of the unfair competition to which it is subjected. It will be noticed that since piracy, to use the politer word, set in with its present severity, America has scarcely produced a writer of the first class—no one, for instance, who can be compared to Poe, or Hawthorne, or Longfellow. It is not, perhaps, too rash a prophecy to say that, if piracy continues, American literature proper will shortly be chiefly represented by the columns of a very enterprising daily press. The second result of the present state of affairs is that the whole of the American population, especially the younger portion of it, must be in course of thorough impregnation with English ideas and modes of thought as set forth by English writers. We all know the extraordinary effect books read in youth have upon the fresh and imaginative mind. It is not too much to say that many a man's whole life is influenced by some book read in his teens, the very title of which he may have forgotten. Consequently, it would be difficult to overrate the effect that must be from year to year produced upon the national character of America by the constant perusal of books born in England. For it must be remembered that for every reader that a writer of merit finds in England, he will find three in America.

In the face of this constant and ever-

growing demand at home and abroad writers of romance must often find themselves questioning their inner consciousness as to what style of art it is best for them to adopt, not only with the view of pleasing their readers, but in the interests of art itself. There are several schools from which they may choose. For instance, there is that followed by the American novelists. These gentlemen, as we know, declare that there are no stories left to be told, and certainly, if it may be said without disrespect to a clever and laborious body of writers, their works go far toward supporting the statement. They have developed a new style of romance. Their heroines are things of silk and cambric, who soliloquize and dissect their petty feelings, and elaborately review the feeble promptings which serve them for passions. Their men—well, they are emasculated specimens of an overwrought age, and, with culture on their lips, and emptiness in their hearts, they dangle round the heroines till their three-volumed fate is accomplished. About their work is an atmosphere like that of the boudoir of a luxurious woman, faint and delicate, and suggesting the essence of white rose. How different is all this to the swiftness, and strength, and directness of the great English writers of the past. Why,

"The surge and thunder of the Odyssey"

is not more widely separated from the tinkling of modern society verses, than the labored nothingness of this new American school of fiction from the giant life and vigor of Swift and Fielding, and Thackeray and Hawthorne. Perhaps, however, it is the art of the future, in which case we may hazard a shrewd guess that the literature of past ages will be more largely studied in days to come than it is at present.

Then, to go from Pole to Pole, there is the Naturalistic school, of which Zola is the high priest. Here things are all the other way. Here the chosen function of the writer is to

"Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of art."

Here are no silks and satins to impede our vision of the flesh and blood beneath, and here the scent is patchouli.

Lewd, and bold, and bare, living for lust and lusting for this life and its good things, and naught beyond, the heroines of realism dance, with Bacchanalian revellings, across the astonished stage of literature. Whatever there is brutal in humanity—and God knows that there is plenty—whatever there is that is carnal and filthy, is here brought into prominence, and thrust before the reader's eyes. But what becomes of the things that are pure and high—of the great aspirations and the lofty hopes and longings, which *do*, after all, play their part in our human economy, and which it is surely the duty of a writer to call attention to and nourish according to his gifts?

Certainly it is to be hoped that this naturalistic school of writing will never take firm root in England, for it is an accursed thing. It is impossible to help wondering if its followers ever reflect upon the mischief that they must do, and, reflecting, do not shrink from the responsibility. To look at the matter from one point of view only, Society has made a rule that for the benefit of the whole community individuals must keep their passions within certain fixed limits, and our social system is so arranged that any transgression of this rule produces mischief of one sort or another, if not actual ruin, to the transgressor. Especially is this so if she be a woman. Now, as it is, human nature is continually fretting against these artificial bounds, and especially among young people it requires considerable fortitude and self-restraint to keep the feet from wandering. We all know, too, how much this sort of indulgence depends upon the imagination, and we all know how easy it is for a powerful writer to excite it in that direction. Indeed, there could be nothing *more* easy to a writer of any strength and vision, especially if he spoke with an air of evil knowledge and intimate authority. There are probably several men in England at this moment who, if they turned their talents to this bad end, could equal, if not outdo, Zola himself, with results that would shortly show themselves in various ways among the population. Sexual passion is the most powerful lever with which to stir the mind of man, for it lies at the root of all things human; and it is im-

possible to over-estimate the damage that could be worked by a single English or American writer of genius, if he grasped it with a will. "But," say these writers, "our aim is most moral; from Nana and her kith and kin may be gathered many a virtuous lesson and example." Possibly this is so, though as I write the words there rises in my mind a recollection of one or two French books where—but most people have seen such books. Besides, it is not so much a question of the object of the school as of the fact that it continually, and in full and luscious detail, calls attention to erotic matters. Once start the average mind upon this subject, and it will go down the slope of itself. It is useless afterward to turn round and say that, although you cut loose the cords of decent reticence which bound the fancy, you intended that it should run *uphill* to the white heights of virtue. If the seed of eroticism is sown broadcast its fruit will be according to the nature of the soil it falls on, but fruit it must and will. And however virtuous may be the aims with which they are produced, the publications of the French Naturalistic school are such seed as was sown by that enemy who came in the night season.

In England, to come to the third great school of fiction, we have as yet little or nothing of all this. Here, on the other hand, we are at the mercy of the Young Person, and a dreadful nuisance most of us find her. The present writer is bound to admit that, speaking personally and with humility, he thinks it a little hard that all fiction should be judged by the test as to whether or no it is suitable reading for a girl of sixteen. There are plenty of people who write books for little girls in the school-room; let the little girls read them, and leave the works written for men and women to their elders. It may strike the reader as inconsistent, after the remarks made above, that a plea should now be advanced for greater freedom in English literary art. But French naturalism is one thing, and the unreal, namby-pamby nonsense with which the market is flooded here is quite another. Surely there is a middle path! Why do *men* hardly ever read a novel? Because, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it

is utterly false as a picture of life; and, failing in that, it certainly does not take ground as a work of high imagination. The ordinary popular English novel represents life as it is considered desirable that school-girls should suppose it to be. Consequently it is for the most part rubbish, without a spark of vitality about it, for no novel written on those false lines will live. Also, the system is futile as a means of protection, for the young lady, wearied with the account of how the good girl who jilted the man who loved her when she was told to, married the noble lord, and lived in idleness and luxury forever after, has only to turn to the evening paper to see another picture of existence. Of course, no humble producer of fiction, meant to interest through the exercise of the intelligence rather than through the senses, can hope to compete with the enthralling details of such cases as that of Lord Colin Campbell and Sir Charles Dilke. That is the naturalism of this country, and, like all filth, its popularity is enormous, as will be shown by the fact that the circulation of one evening paper alone was, I believe, increased during the hearing of a recent case by 60,000 copies nightly. Nor would any respectable author wish to compete with this. But he ought, subject to proper reservations and restraints, to be allowed to picture life as life is, and men and women as they are. At present, if he attempts to do this, he is denounced as immoral; and perchance the circulating library, which is curiously enough a great power in English literature, suppresses the book in its fear of losing subscriptions. The press, too—the same press that is so active in printing “full and special” reports—is very vigilant in this matter, having the *Young Person* continually before its eyes. Some time ago one of the London dailies reviewed a batch of eight or nine books. Of these reviews nearly every one was in the main an inquiry into the moral character of the work, judged from the standpoint of the unknown reviewer. Of their literary merits little or nothing was said. Now, the question that naturally arose in the mind of the reader of these notices was—Is the novelist bound to inculcate any particular set of doctrines that may at the moment be favored by authority?

If that is the aim and end of his art, then why is he not paid by the State like any other official? And why should not the principle be carried further? Each religion and every sect of each religion might retain their novelist. So might the Blue Ribbonites, and the Positivists, and the Purity people, and the Social Democrats, and others without end. The results would be most enlivening to the general public. Then, at any rate, the writer would be sure of the approbation of his own masters; as it is, he is at the mercy of every unknown reviewer, some of whom seem to have peculiar views—though, not to make too much of the matter, it must be remembered that the ultimate verdict is with the public.

Surely, what is wanted in English fiction is a higher ideal and more freedom to work it out. It is impossible, or, if not impossible, it requires the very highest genius, such as, perhaps, no writers possess to-day, to build up a really first-class work without the necessary materials in their due proportion. As it is, in this country, while crime may be used to any extent, passion in its fiercer and deeper forms is scarcely available, unless it is made to receive some conventional sanction. For instance, the right of dealing with bigamy is by custom conceded to the writer of romance, because in cases of bigamy vice has received the conventional sanction of marriage. True, the marriage is a mock one, but such as it is, it provides the necessary cloak. But let him beware how he deals with the same subject when the sinner of the piece has not added a sham or a bigamous marriage to his evil doings, for the book will in this case be certainly called immoral. English life is surrounded by conventionalism, and English fiction has come to reflect the conventionalism, not the life, and has in consequence, with some notable exceptions, got into a very poor way, both as regards art and interest.

If this moderate and proper freedom is denied to imaginative literature alone among the arts (for, though Mr. Horsley does not approve of it, sculptors may still model from the naked), it seems probable that the usual results will follow. There will be a great reaction, the *Young Person* will vanish into space



and be no more seen, and Naturalism in all its horror will take its root among us. At present it is only in the French tongue that people read about the inner mysteries of life in brothels, or follow the interesting study of the passions of senile and worn-out debauchees. By-and-by, if liberty is denied, they will read them in the English. Art in the purity of its idealized truth should resemble some perfect Grecian statue. It should be cold but naked, and looking thereon men should be led to think of naught but beauty. Here, however, we attire Art in every sort of dress, some of them suggestive enough in their own way, but for the most part in a pinafore. The difference between literary Art, as the present writer submits it ought to be, and the Naturalistic Art of France is the difference between the Venus of Milo and an obscene photograph taken from the life. It seems probable that the English-speaking people will in course of time have to choose between the two.

But however this is—and the writer only submits an opinion—one thing remains clear, fiction à l'Anglaise becomes, from the author's point of view, day by day more difficult to deal with satisfactorily under its present conditions. This age is not a romantic age. Doubtless under the surface human nature is the same to-day as it was in the time of Rameses. Probably, too, the respective volumes of vice and virtue are, taking the altered circumstances into consideration, much as they were then or at any other time. But neither our good nor our evil doing is of an heroic nature, and it is things heroic and their kin and not petty things that best lend themselves to the purposes of the novelist, for by their aid he produces his strongest effects. Besides, if by chance there is a good thing on the market it is snapped up by a hundred eager newspapers, who tell the story, whatever it may be, and turn it inside out, and draw morals from it till the public loathes its sight and sound. Genius, of course, can always find materials wherewith to weave its glowing web. But these remarks, it is scarcely necessary to explain, are not made from that point of view, for only genius can talk of genius with authority, but rather from the humbler standing-

ground of the ordinary conscientious laborer in the field of letters, who, loving his art for her own sake, yet earns a living by following her, and is anxious to continue to do so with credit to himself. Let genius, if genius there be, come forward and speak on its own behalf! But if the reader is inclined to doubt the proposition that novel-writing is becoming every day more difficult and less interesting, let him consult his own mind, and see how many novels proper among the hundreds that have been published within the last five years, and which deal in any way with every-day contemporary life, have excited his profound interest. The present writer can at the moment recall but two—one was called "My Trivial Life and Misfortunes," by an unknown author, and the other, "The Story of a South African Farm," by Ralph Iron. But then neither of these books if examined into would be found to be a novel such as the ordinary writer produces once or twice a year. Both of them are written from within, and not from without; both convey the impression of being the outward and visible result of inward personal suffering on the part of the writer, for in each the key-note is a note of pain. Differing widely from the ordinary run of manufactured books, they owe their chief interest to a certain atmosphere of spiritual intensity, which could not in all probability be even approximately reproduced. Another recent work of the same powerful class, though of more painful detail, is called "Mrs. Keith's Crime." It is, however, almost impossible to conceive their respective authors producing a second "Trivial Life and Misfortunes" or a further edition of the crimes of Mrs. Keith. These books were written from the heart. Next time their authors write it will probably be from the head and not from the heart, and they must then come down to the use of the dusty materials which are common to us all.

There is indeed a refuge for the less ambitious among us, and it lies in the paths and calm retreats of pure imagination. Here we may weave our humble tale and point our harmless moral without being mercilessly bound down to the prose of a somewhat dreary age. Here we may even—if we feel that our wings

are strong enough to bear us in that thin air—cross the bounds of the known, and, hanging between earth and heaven, gaze with curious eyes into the great profound beyond. There are still subjects that may be handled *there* if the man can be found bold enough to handle them. And, although some there be who consider this a lower walk in the realms of fiction, and who would probably scorn to become a "mere writer of romances," it may be urged in defence of the school that many of the most lasting triumphs of literary art belong to the producers of purely romantic fiction;

witness the "Arabian Nights," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and other immortal works. If the present writer may be allowed to hazard an opinion it is that, when Naturalism has had its day, when Mr. Howells ceases to charm, and the Society novel is utterly played out, the kindly race of men in their latter as in their earlier developments will still take pleasure in those works of fancy which appeal, not to a class, or a nation, or even to an age, but to all time and humanity at large.—*Contemporary Review*.

#### NOTES ON NEW YORK.

BY G. W. SMALLEY.

##### I. ON SOME PHYSICAL CHANGES OF THE LAST TEN YEARS.

IT was early on a gray October morning of 1886 that the "Celtic," her funnel well frosted with the salt of the Atlantic surge, steamed up New York harbor to the city. In the ten years that had passed since I had seen harbor or city, there had been many changes in both, some of them such as no one could miss. Mr. Bartholdi's singular statue of Liberty, stood there on Bedlow's Island, waiting to be dedicated to her mission of enlightening the world, not the least considering whether the world might not prefer its own darkness to the Frenchman's electric beams. Brooklyn Bridge spanned the East River; its two huge piers brought well into proportion with the two cities it unites; the delicate arch of the floor and the curves of its suspension cables a triumph of architectural design as well as of sound engineering. The lower end of New York City, which meets and parts wedgelike the waters that encompass it, seemed to have been lifted bodily upward. The new Produce Exchange stands a fortress in its four-square solid brick walls and square tower. The Washington Building, the Mills Building, and many others rise ten stories from the ground. The domes of the Post Office, and the adjacent pinnacles and spires, crown the view. But the spires have ceased

to be the most conspicuous features of this section of New York. I remembered the remark of a distinguished Englishman with whom ten years ago I had looked upon this scene from the deck of another White Star ship. Even then the spires were dwarfed by the towers of a telegraph office and a newspaper building. "Nothing could be more striking," said he. "The first things you see as you approach America are centres of intelligence." They are still there, but the centres of commerce, of business, of finance, rise, if not to an equal height, yet in a greater bulk, and press upon the vision of the incoming stranger. I will not dwell on the more familiar features of this entrance to New York; often described, never too much praised. It was natural that the autumn-clad shores of Staten Island should be more thickly covered with villas, and that Brooklyn streets should have stretched afield. Early as it was, all New York was awake, the innumerable ferry-boats were crowded; the smoke floated away before the east winds from every visible chimney; not the smoke known to the Londoner, but that lighter product of anthracite combustion which goes its way skyward instead of clinging to earth, to poison the inhabitants thereof.

I wish I could say that the docks and wharves of New York have been rebuilt, but it is a matter of conscience to

confess that the traveller still enters this city over a threshold which is a stumbling-block of rotting wood, and through sheds which are as shabby as they are spacious. The American finds that he can get ashore, and that there is room for the custom-house officers to do their work, and he asks no more. As nothing has been more abused than the New York Custom House—unless it be the Boston—let me say that the examination of luggage was done quickly and civilly. We were one hundred and fifty saloon passengers. Within ten minutes after the ship was at the dock, port-manteaus and boxes were ready for inspection, and I judge the business was over in an hour. Returning to Liverpool, the other day, the number of passengers was but thirty, yet it was an hour before the first package was opened, and every package was looked into rather more sharply than at New York, but not less civilly.

Nor is it possible to assert that the paving of the streets of New York is much better than of old. This queenly city is not careful to put her best foot foremost, or set what an American might call her front door-step in order. The traveller still emerges from the steamship warehouse upon a broad, neglected, squalid thoroughfare. He still drives through streets some of which are charming in their quaint suggestion of a Dutch antiquity, over roadways which are equally good tests of the springs of his carriage and of his power of refraining from profane language. On the busiest part of Fifth Avenue, which is not only the most fashionable street but one of the great arteries of travel, the pavement was up, the foundation of the road laid bare, and the sidewalks piled high with granite blocks. "Sidewalks," I know, is an Americanism, but I respectfully commend the word to the English public for convenience' sake. "Pavement" has more than one meaning, and "foot-path" belongs to the country. The Avenue—we now call it "the" Avenue, just as you call Hyde Park "the" Park—was impassable for a third of a mile. It remained so for a month; it had been so, I was told, for a month before, perhaps longer. The London vestries who yearly upturn Pall Mall and the Strand

could hardly show a more serene indifference to the necessities of the community whose servants they are supposed to be. There had been a quarrel between the New York contractors and the authorities. An arbitration was proceeding, in the usual leisurely fashion of such things. The public meanwhile submitted to the obstruction with that patience which seems, I believe, to Englishmen one of the most puzzling characteristics of the American. On our way from the dock to the house, my host took me through some of the worst and some of the best streets in New York. His brougham was well hung, and his coachman a good whip, but the worst pavements gave one the sense of being driven down the boulder-strewn bed of a mountain torrent, and the best were very like what Oxford Street was when it was paved with cubes of stone to which long wear had given a rounded surface.

The Macadam pavement, it is said, will not answer in New York, on account of the dust; wood is condemned; asphalt melts in the summer heat. A friend took me one day to Fleetwood Park—a private course for trotting. We drove along Seventh Avenue, by which Jerome Park also is approached, certainly one of the chief roads for pleasure-driving, crowded that afternoon with trotting wagons, and lying an inch or two deep with mud. Yet the macadamized roads in Central Park, and for nearly the whole length of the incomparable Riverside drive, are well made and in good condition.

This is a topic, I know, as well worn as the streets themselves, but it is one which cannot be left wholly untouched by any one who deals with the physical aspect of New York city. And it is of course the physical aspect which first impresses itself on the newcomer. It is certainly one which the New Yorker himself is determined nobody shall overlook. Said my host to me, "You shall have your breakfast, then you must go down-town and see New York at once. You have not the least idea what the New York of to-day is like." I humbly admitted I had not. We went down by one of the elevated railroads. There are six of these, and they have altered some of the main conditions of life in

New York. Before the first of them was built, in 1872, the New Yorker was wandering away to Brooklyn, or Williamsburgh, or Jersey City, in search of a home. The central part of the island was already crowded, and the distance to the upper part too great to be travelled twice a day by stage or street-car, or, as would be said here, by "bus" or "tram." Now, it is possible to go in less than half an hour from Wall Street to Central Park. When the late Mr. Stewart built his white marble house at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue it was thought to be too far up-town. When the Vanderbilt houses, perhaps five years ago, were built a mile beyond, people said they were too far down. Central Park begins at Fifty-ninth Street—we reckon twenty blocks or streets to the mile—and already it is difficult to get a good vacant lot for a house on its eastern side. From statistics of every kind I abstain, but it needs no statistics to show that the facility and rapidity of communication between the two great divisions of New York have greatly augmented the value of land up-town, where men live; if not down-town, where they do business. The value of business sites increases fast enough from other causes. I was shown a small estate on the corner of Wall Street and Broad Street which had recently been sold at a price higher per square foot, said my friend, than had yet been given for land in the city of London. Whether he was accurate or not I cannot say, but there is a difference between superficial area and frontage which it is just possible he did not take into account.

The elevated railroads of New York have been compared before now with the underground in London, and not to the advantage of the latter. From the passenger's point of view, it is certainly pleasanter to journey through the upper air than through a hole in the earth. The privilege of staring into second-story windows as he rushes by adds but little to the interest. The pace is too great. I reckoned a mile in five minutes, stops included, to be the average. The cars are, of course, on the American plan, large and airy, well-fitted, and clean, but overcrowded morning and

evening. There is no pretence of restricting the number of passengers. The seats once full, the centre aisle is packed, as it is in the cars on the surface roads, by people who do not object to travel perpendicularly, holding fast to straps which the company, ever considerate of the comfort of its patrons, provides without extra charge. This, however, is less inconvenient to the seated passenger than to make one of fourteen in an English compartment constructed to hold six. There is ventilation, partly the result of design, partly of open doors and the exit of passengers at each station. As the stations are not more than a minute and a half apart, the air-supply on the elevated roads at their worst is never so foul as on the underground at its best. Accidents are unknown. I do not expect this assertion to be received with entire confidence, but I will quote from an official statement covering the operations of all the elevated lines down to October 1, 1886. "Since the opening of the roads, only one passenger has lost his life after being on board the cars, and that was due to his own carelessness. This fact is without an equal in the history of railways." I should suppose it was.

The same page contains an array of figures which tempts me to depart for one moment from my self-denying ordinance in respect to statistics.

The elevated system began with three and a half miles of road in 1872, and during nine months of that year ending September 30, the number of passengers was 137,446. In 1880 the mileage had increased to 32, where it remains, and the number of passengers to 60,831,757. In 1886 the number was 115,109,591, the daily average being 315,369. The whole number of passengers transported during fourteen years has been 692,929,878. If we take the population of New York at a million and a quarter, we may say that during these fourteen years every man, woman, and child in the city has been carried up or down the elevated roads more than 500 times. The number travelling on the surface roads last year was 195,165,035. From all which it may perhaps be inferred that the inhabitants of New York spend no small part of their time in



journeying to and fro within the limits of the city. There is no other city in which the movement of the population seems so incessant; perhaps none where, cheap as the fares are, the sum paid is so great in proportion to number. The gross receipts of the elevated roads only have been \$48,502,420.86; in round numbers 10,000,000/. The stock of the Manhattan Company is at 166, the par being 100.

Now I beg the Presidents of the Metropolitan and District Railways to note one fact. On all the elevated railways of New York city there is for all distances a uniform fare of five cents, which is the American equivalent of twopence-halfpenny. For this sum the New Yorker may travel from the extreme southern to the extreme northern limit of his city. The rule is the same on all surface cars and in all omnibuses, and there can be no doubt that this simplicity of finance is one cause of the enormous traffic. No complicated scheme of varying fares to perplex the passenger; no wrangles with conductors; no disputes at booking offices; no abstruse calculations of competing tariffs as between different lines; no hesitation whether to stop at this corner or that. The New Yorker gets in where he pleases, gets off where he pleases, and the only problem that can possibly present itself to his mind is whether he has or has not the "nickel," as he calls it, which is equally good for his fare from one block to another, or from the Battery to Harlem.

Perhaps these distinguished Presidents might note another fact. The working staff of the elevated roads is but a fraction of the number employed on the underground. A clerk in the ticket-office, a man to see that passengers drop their tickets into a glass box as they arrive on the platform, a third on the platform itself, whose function seemed to be to answer the questions of European or country cousins,—that is all the visible human apparatus. There is a conductor at each end of each car, who throws open the collapsing iron gates for egress and ingress when the trains come in. No army of door-slaming porters; no examination of tickets, no inspectors, no rushing about of guards. Here, as in every American

contrivance, economy of labor is carried as far as it can be carried. I am far from expecting that Sir Edward Watkin, or Mr. Forbes, should consent to the Americanization of their roads, even for the sake of better dividends and a higher quotation of the stock. The simplification of the system depends possibly to some extent on the abolition of classes, and classes are unknown on these New York lines, where the millionaire banker and the bank-porter, who is seldom a millionaire, may be seen sitting side by side in the same car; neither of them the worse for this democratic proximity. I do not know which of the two would be the more surprised by a suggestion that either was out of his place.

The Englishman who meditates, as I believe most Englishmen do, a journey next year to what they oddly call "The States," may be relieved to know that the cab service in New York is improved. The cabs are better and the fares are less. I do not wish to generalize too broadly from an experience not very long, but I think it may also be said that the cabmen are more civil. An English friend who has of late seen New York oftener than I have, gave me before I went an alarming account of the matter. "It does not signify," said he, "what you give; you must give more than the fare, and you are sure to be insulted besides." Perhaps they are more tender to their fellow-countrymen than to the Briton, whose frequent mistake is to forget that the idea of equality is rooted deep in the American breast, and still deeper in the breast of the immigrant who landed day before yesterday. But I may testify that in none of my dealings with the drivers of vehicles plying for hire was I insulted. I did not hear a rough word from any one of them, and there was no dispute about fares. I found I could now "ride"—which is not only good American but good English—any reasonable distance in a hansom for half-a-dollar, or two shillings. The cabs are well horsed, well turned out, clean, and not badly driven. The four-wheeler of London can claim no real relationship with his kin beyond the sea; nor his driver. The New York four-wheeler is a smart brougham, superior in every respect to

the brougham let out for hire by a London job-master. If taken at a railway station, the fare will never be less than four shillings, but neither will it be more, and there is no charge for luggage. The tariff for day or evening work is four shillings an hour. That remarkable product of free institutions known as the "hack," with two horses, has not disappeared. It has lately been of service in conveying to jail some of the aldermen who corruptly chartered a railroad on Broadway to compete with it. The hack is, however, being elbowed slowly and surely off the streets; not by street cars, but by better and cheaper vehicles. New York, it must be added, has not, and never will have, a cab service so general as that of London. A hansom is not to be found at every corner, nor is one needed. Nine times out of ten, the car or the stage takes people where they wish to go, and everybody uses the cars and stages, ladies included. Let an English visitor take the new Fifth Avenue line, and as he passes on he will see the doors of palaces open, and mother and daughter—*matre pulchra filia pulchrior*—trip down the steps and get into the stage. And he will be the only person who will think it remarkable that they should do so.

Business of certain kinds has followed the movement up-town. The lower part of Fifth Avenue had long been a favorite site for shops and stores. The invasion has been pushed till the middle portion is now pretty equally divided between stores and private houses. Fashion now ordains that her votaries shall live at one of the extremes: at the very bottom, beginning with the scene of Mr. Henry James's vivid study of local color, Washington Square; or above Thirty-Fifth Street. Fashion is not omnipotent even in New York, and many of the best houses and best people remain outside her jurisdiction and disregard her edicts. Nor can she say that any single district owns her sway. She can protect none of the precincts she would fain call her own. A huge grocery store has taken possession of the very corner of the Fifth Avenue which lies opposite to the entrance to Central Park. Two of the finest hotels in New York, or in the world, are on

the Avenue, between Fortieth and Fiftieth Streets. New York has no such lawgiver among her landowners as the Duke of Westminster, to determine what sort of building shall or shall not be erected in a given territory. The Astors? Yes, but the landed possessions of the Astors are scattered, and that powerful family is not powerful enough to prevent stores from being opened in the immediate neighborhood of its own residences. Nor do the New Yorkers care as much about this mixture of stores and houses as people seem to in London. The sacred seclusion of Grosvenor Square or Park Lane is not so much their model as the Avenue des Champs-Élysées in Paris—the finest street in Europe, with some of the finest houses, and by the side of them, or even on the ground floor, the warehouses of carriage-makers, restaurants, and I know not what else.

The changes down-town are perhaps more remarkable still. Pre-eminently a commercial city, New York has created a building type of her own for commercial purposes. When it became evident that Wall Street must remain the financial centre and financial exchange, not of New York only but of all America, the bankers and brokers looked about them in despair. Where were they to find, on this narrow strip of land, room enough for banks and offices within the rigidly limited district whence alone the Stock Exchange and great moneyed institutions of the city are instantly accessible? But one day some architect of brains bethought himself of the legal maxim, *cujus est solum ejus est usque ad cælum*, and began to build toward the skies. No doubt there were old-fashioned people who shook their heads, and asked who was going to do business in sixth-story offices? But whoso mounts to-day to the upper floors of the best buildings in New York may look down, far down, on the roofs of these six-story structures. Nine or ten floors are the rule. This fashion had begun more than ten years ago, but ten years ago it was an experiment; to-day New York, from the City Hall downward to the Battery, is crowded with these lofty structures.

One of the first was the *Tribune* building, which, since I last saw it, has

more than doubled its size, and has perhaps the finest architectural exterior of them all. The largest of all is the Mills Building, with a double front of red brick, on Broad and Wall Streets. The reputed cost of this single edifice is three millions of dollars. The Mutual Life Insurance Building in Nassau Street is another of the show structures which the stranger has to admire. They are finished and furnished with a splendor which I have no space to describe in detail; one of them, with staircases and corridors wainscoted in panelled walnut and cherry; the other in white marble. This lavishness has become a matter of course, and luxury now goes to the making of money as well as to the spending of it. What makes it possible to build to such a height is the system of elevators or lifts, one of the rare instances in which the American uses a longer word than the English. The American elevator, however, is very unlike the English lift. The London machine climbs heavenward as slowly as an unrepentant sinner; the New York elevator shoots upward so swiftly and smoothly that it is easy to see why the lofty upper floors are preferred to the lower. There are six elevators in the Mills Building ceaselessly ascending and descending; four, I think, in the Mutual Life, two on each side of the hall, where stands a liveried porter, silently motioning to right and left the stream of entering visitors.

From any of the upper floors to the rear, enchanting views of the East River and of Brooklyn are to be had; less complete, however, than those from the *Tribune*, or from Mr. Cyrus Field's building at the lower end of Broadway, which he has modestly named after Washington instead of himself, as the fashion runs. I know nothing to equal the landscape which lies beneath and about the spectator who is privileged to place himself at the best windows of this edifice. The blue waters part or meet under his eyes; North River and East River flow together past him as he looks straight down on them, sparkling in such sunlight as you only pray for in England, blue with the azure of the Mediterranean, buoyant with commerce, foreign and domestic. The loveliness of the harbor is never so alluring as

when it is seen on intimate terms, and here the gazer is so near that he might plunge into it. The city lies at his back; Brooklyn is to the left, with her heights and her broad lowlands of warehouses; Governor's Island is in the central foreground; the guarded and fortified Narrows far to the south; Staten Island lifting its long slopes on the right; the majesty of the Hudson, with its measureless tide, dividing him from the New Jersey shores. These last he will think are considerably less majestic, unless perchance the Pennsylvania Railroad station or the ferry-houses strike him as remarkable for a dignity which the most enthusiastic American scarcely discovers in them. But he may look beyond them to the purple summits of the Orange Mountains which indent the far horizon.

The substance of these buildings is equal to the show, or more than equal. They have a mediæval solidity and thickness of wall, and are in fact, as well as in name, fireproof. They seem built for immortality. Mr. Lowell told us the other day, at Harvard, that not one of our older buildings in America is venerable, or will ever become so. "Time refuses to console them. They all look as though they meant business and nothing more." There can be no question that these newer ones of New York mean business, and he might be a rash man who should predict that they, any more than the more ancient structures to which Mr. Lowell refuses to do homage, will ever become venerable. They are part of the machinery of money-making. Mr. Ruskin is reported to have said that he would like to pull down the New Town in Edinburgh and rebuild it, and pull down New York and not rebuild it. If he were called upon to excuse this outburst, he would be able to urge with truth that he had never seen the city he would so cheerfully annihilate. Should he see these more recent efforts toward a right architecture, he might not approve them; he would at least admit that we do not, as he complained in respect of the newer portions of London, model our gin-shops after the Doge's Palace at Venice.

There are few signs in New York of that purely imitative purpose which has presided over the later efforts of Lon-

don and provincial architects. Gothic, Lombardo-Venetian, Queen Anne, and the more whimsical creations in red brick with drawbridges and postern-gates which diversify the dullness of the West End, have never become the vogue in New York. They are styles which might not survive the voyage across the Atlantic. I do not mean to deny that we are imitative, but we have gone elsewhere for models. The *Tribune* building would never have been what it is had there been no Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, nor Mr. Vanderbilt's house what it is if Mr. Richard Hunt's imagination had not been kindled by loving study of some of the historic châteaux of France. Mr. Richardson's great pile at Albany certainly owes something to the authors of the French Renaissance. This really fine structure has not cost less than four millions sterling—all that for the Capitol of a single one of the thirty-nine States of the Union. There is a legend—the movement is so rapid that the story of last year becomes the legend of this—that so long ago as the days of our Civil War there was a New Yorker faint-hearted enough to believe in the triumph of the Rebellion and the ultimate formation of a Northern confederacy. But he was capable of looking ahead, though not around him, and he laid the foundations of this edifice at Albany broad enough to support a National Capitol. His idea was that when Congress came northward, New York State should be able to offer it a home, and that Albany would thus become the chief city of a divided Union. That dream is dispelled forever, but the vision of the dreamer has taken shape and substance in stone, and New York gets her legislation done in marble halls that are, to say the least, a monument of the architect's genius.

The impartial critic—I am neither a critic nor impartial—might, for aught I know, say of New York that, with all its magnificence, it wants *ensemble*. Go where he may in the business parts of the city, he will find buildings to admire, but the number of streets which are altogether admirable is limited. There may be moments in his stroll when he wishes that some beneficent tyrant of an edile, like Haussmann, had had the ordering of the whole business.

He might as well wish the lesser Napoleon had set up his Third Empire in Manhattan. New York as it stands is an expression of the American spirit, of its force, its individuality, its inventiveness, its courage, and also its impatience of control. Precedent, which counts for so much in England, counts for little with us outside of the courts of law. Mr. Ruskin long since proclaimed that never can there be a sixth order of architecture—that no man is capable of inventing one. The American listened to the edict, and said he guessed he would try. He would be the last person to say he has succeeded, but he will point out, and not without pride, some of his experiments toward novelty. Where he has borrowed, he has adapted. Where he has given the reins to his fancy, he has produced something which is at least an illustration of his favorite doctrine of freedom from servitude to European traditions. He certainly never would have submitted to be Haussmannized, and well for him it is that he would not, for his Haussmann might have been named Tweed and his municipal guidance have found its source in Tammany Hall.

A dozen nationalities have wrought, each after its own soul, and all sorts of influences have left their mark on the streets of New York—not to say its pavements also. But the spirit of independence when expressed in brick and mortar is only too apt to become a spirit of lawlessness. The New Yorker is not devoid of respect for regularity, but he thought he had paid it a sufficient tribute when he had distributed his island, or all the upper part of it, into rectangular parallelograms duly numbered in arithmetical sequence. All these great buildings which I have mentioned are the work either of single men or of corporations, subject to no other restriction, so far as I know, than those imposed for sanitary reasons, or for security. Certainly there is no authority in New York which presumes to ordain that every new building on a corner should be rounded off at its extremity in order not to obstruct the vision of the approaching cab-driver. The truncated edifices which have become common in London may console us in New York for the want of a Metropolitan



Board of Works—anything is better than a monotonous mistake all over the city. We have mistakes, but we have variety. Some day we shall perceive that a street in which magnificent buildings occur is not necessarily a magnificent street. An idea of harmony, of symmetry, of friendly relations between buildings that are neighbors, will in due time make its way. We shall make our toilet. We shall very soon put underground those telegraph wires which Lord Brassey truly described as unsightly. I even think it possible that something may be done to reduce the number of the gilt signs which vulgarize Broadway. A proportion far greater than formerly bear names which are certainly not American, and are very often those of the German Hebrew. There are so many of them to each separate front, each advertiser striving to surpass his rival, that they only confuse the customer or client, and cease to be a guide to him. It is idle to spend money on architecture if the sign-maker is to cover it all up.

We are a practical people, and the practical objections to some of our present methods will by and by insure a reform. Whether sooner or later, matters but little to a city with the future before it which New York has. The future will take care of itself, and the present is splendid enough to dispense with panegyric. A photograph is all the panegyric the New Yorker need desire for the metropolis of which he is so justly proud. Yet I thought him almost too familiar with his own town to do full justice to those qualities which are most characteristic. To me, its growth during ten years seemed the work of fifty. There is much to speak of besides the purely material side of New York life. But I may assure my English reader that he must see New York for himself if he cares to get an adequate impression of its brilliancy, its animation, its energy, its immense activities, and, amid all the cosmopolitan confusions so often described, its profoundly American character.

## II. ON CERTAIN MOVEMENTS IN OPINION AND THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE TO EUROPE.

Yes, profoundly American in character. It is the fashion, it has long

been the fashion, to speak of New York as a cosmopolitan city. There is a sense in which the adjective is accurate enough, but most of the facts on which this attempt to denationalize the chief city of America is based seem to me superficial and not essential. It is, we are told, the first Irish and the third German city in the world—has a larger Irish population than Dublin, and a larger German than any German city but Berlin and Vienna. As to the German contingent, the most striking fact of all is the existence of a newspaper printed in German, with a circulation of 40,000 copies daily—an able, prosperous, powerful journal. That supplies a better measure of the Teutonic element in New York than any number of lager-beer shops, or even than the ever-recurring German signs in the Bowery and in Broadway. The presence of the Irish has made itself felt in a different way. The Irish have, I think, no daily paper; they prefer to edit ours. If they do not edit them, they swarm on the various editorial staffs of the New York press. They are clever and versatile, and their cleverness is in nothing more plainly seen than in the bent they often give to what passes for American opinion. Whenever an Irish question is uppermost in England—and when is it not?—the cable supplies the English public with what is here supposed to be an expression of American opinion on these Irish matters. The American himself distinguishes readily enough between the American accent and the Irish brogue. But how should the readers of English journals detect the difference? It does not always exist. There are journals in New York which speak with no foreign tongue. They may have aliens on their staffs, but the deciding voice is of the soil. I could name, nevertheless, a New York paper which reckons among its editors the correspondent of an important journal in London. He, naturally enough, gives a large space in his telegrams to the opinions of his own sheet, though one of small circulation; but I do not know that he has yet found time to mention the fact that its editor-in-chief is an Irishman. The Irish are, in fact, acquiring on the New York press a position which may by and by become al-

most as influential as that which the Jews, and especially the German Jews, have long since secured on the continental press of Europe, and, to some extent, on the English press. They have not the financial control—it was Macaulay who remarked that the Irish are distinguished by qualities which tend to make men interesting rather than prosperous—but they have their pens, and they use them. I am not blaming them, far from it: I state the fact. It is a form of influence which may become not less potent than that other form of influence the Irish have for more than a generation wielded in New York politics; in municipal politics, in state politics, and in national politics. That is a subject already so well understood here that I need not enter upon it, and it is far too large for merely incidental treatment. The Irishman's earth hunger is washed out of him by his Atlantic voyage; he steps on the Hudson River dock a new man. The first sight of the city dazzles him; the vision which he saw from his squalid cottage at home of millions of untilled American acres has vanished; agricultural life has lost its charm for him; instead of "squatting" on a prairie claim in the Far West, he squats in New York; he applies his energies to political problems, and he does us the honor to govern us. I will not undertake to determine the exact proportion in which he is responsible for the reputation New York long since acquired—that of being the worst governed city on the face of the earth. Tammany Hall in its most evil days was not exclusively peopled by Irishmen, nor was the Tweed Ring wholly un-American. We will take our share of the blame. Nor is New York the only city where Irishmen have made politics a successful profession. If there be one spot on the North American continent where Americanism in politics might be expected to be in the ascendant, it is Boston. Twenty years ago the districts were few in which an Irish candidate for the humblest municipal office would have had a chance of election. When I was there last November the mayor of this Puritan city was an Irish Roman Catholic; and he has since been re-elected for another year.

It is not because I ignore the Irish element and the German element, or because I think no account ought to be taken of the mixed multitude of nationalities grouped in picturesque confusion in New York city, that I nevertheless describe it as American, and profoundly American. They are all there and all to be reckoned with, and each one has its influence on the whole. But not one of these nationalities is quite the same as at home. If in the mass they act powerfully on the greater mass about them, the reaction of the whole on each component part is more powerful still. The blending of races has hardly begun, but the mere presence and contact of all these dissimilar atoms has resulted in an amalgam which itself is American. What is called the American idea may be seen perhaps in fuller development elsewhere than in New York. If a foreigner wants to study American politics, New York is not the place I should recommend to him. If he is in search of a key to the Republican system of government, he will find it in the towns and town meetings of New England, and of the West, where the political ideas of New England have taken root afresh and sprung up in larger growths. He will find in New York what we call the machine in full political activity and with all the latest improvements. He will find also that politics are not to the New Yorker a matter of such absorbing interest that the best people devote to them their best energies. They are but an item in the life of the city, and by no means the most important to the New Yorker, who wonders—when he happens to hear of it—at the degree of importance which the English press seems to attach to them. The last thing the English traveller is likely to hear discussed, unless he happens to make his visit about election time, is politics. They may almost be left out of the question if he is concerned to form to himself an estimate of New York in the sense in which the American speaks of it as the chief American city.

It is American in this if in nothing else, that it is a city, and not, like London, a topographical expression or a huge aggregation of little villages. Its municipal life is homogeneous, organic, complete. The eight or nine hundred

ballot-boxes in which the New Yorkers deposit their votes on each election day find their way at last to a single centre, and give forth a single expression of the popular will. It has a regular form of government, and though it may not be always well governed, the citizens have, if they think themselves ill governed, a single set of functionaries directly responsible to their constituents. The American would be impatient of this congeries of vestries which the Englishman has tolerated so long. The sense of citizenship exists—does it exist in London outside of the narrow limits of the city proper? The city is a creation. The New Yorker has fashioned it to his own mind, instead of allowing it to spread abroad and grow hither and thither at the will of individual fractions of the community. If nature would not supply right angles he drew them for himself. If, however, local interests or corrupt influences hindered the prosperity of the city, or hampered its government, he turned without hesitation to the State. The Legislature at Albany offered him a better police, and he accepted it gladly. The City Hall ring stole too freely, and the citizens formed a committee which presently expelled the ring and restored order to the city finances. We have in New York, as elsewhere, some of that taste for political precision which the French have, and the English have not. We have not lost that liking for phrases and formulas which Jefferson is supposed to have acquired from Rousseau. But when we find formulas and facts opposed to each other, we do not, like our French friends, say, So much the worse for the facts. It is the formulas which go to the wall. Three generations of Americans were educated in a reverence for the Constitution which might almost be called superstitious. To call in question the Wisdom of the Fathers was almost as much an offence as to hint a doubt of the scientific accuracy of the Mosaic cosmogony. None the less freely, when the Rebellion broke out, did we put aside parchment guarantees of the forms of freedom in order to make sure of the substance. Mr. Wendell Phillips said of President Lincoln that from April to July 1861 he hardly did a constitutional act. It was said

too broadly, but it was meant as a eulogy, not as a reproach. It is in the same spirit that the New Yorker goes, if necessary, outside his municipal charter when in search of efficient protection for municipal rights and interests. But these excursions have never impaired the solidarity of his civic existence, or the symmetry of his municipal organization. And when he speaks of New York as typically American, one of the things in his mind is this flexibility in adapting means to ends, this practical good sense in dealing with complicated problems. It may be part of our English heritage, like the common law and popular belief in parliaments; full, however, "of most excellent differences."

More American still is the spirit which underlies what I have called the immense activities of New York—a spirit of which proofs are to be seen in every department of life, commercial, literary, social, and the rest. The note, as we are apt to think, of English life, is Lord John Russell's "Rest and be thankful." No American could have uttered that phrase. New York has long been a prosperous community; wealth has been heaped up there in greater masses, and these masses in the hands of single men, than anywhere else. To no New Yorker, to no American, would that seem a reason for folding his hands. The millionaire can no more escape the influence of the atmosphere which surrounds him than the youngster whose first dollar is yet to make. It may not be a high ambition to die richer than one's neighbor, but it is an ambition, and it is typical of many better ambitions. The stream bears on with equal velocity the most richly freighted of its burdens and the emptiest hull. And the velocity has no European parallel that I know of. The roar of traffic in the City of London fills the ear and the imagination, but there is something in the movement of the streets of New York which takes away the breath,—I do not say of him who joins it, but of him who looks on. London is like her own Thames, that mighty flood which, with all its irresistible volume, flows seaward so quietly. The current of New York life sweeps onward with the rush of the rapids above Niagara. It may be said

that a man who launches out on that stream must go over the falls below, and so he does sometimes. The descent might be fatal elsewhere; there it is but a prelude to a fresh start. The American who sits down under discouragement or disaster is not an American. His buoyancy is born with him; in Wordsworth's phrase, he "is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath." The most wonderful thing about New York is not its present splendor; it is the New Yorker's clear vision of a future incomparably more splendid.

What seemed to me the greatest single change in the New Yorker was the change in his estimate of his own position and his attitude toward foreign opinion; and this is a statement which need not be limited to New York. The desire of the American for foreign approval was for more than half a century the stock taunt of the very curious company of note-taking and book-writing tourists who went from England to the United States. The American who met the freshly landed Briton with the question, "What do you think of our country?" is a frequent, not to say continual, figure in this sort of literature. He was accepted as a type, and he passed into literature of a much less flip-pant and fugitive kind.

"How much more amiable," wrote Coleridge in 1830, "is the American fidgetiness and anxiety about the opinion of other nations, and especially of the English, than the John Bullism which affects to despise the sentiments of the rest of the world!" Amiable or not, this American anxiety about the opinion of other nations has diminished, and is diminishing. The reason of the diminution is not far to seek. American solicitude about foreign opinion dates from a period when it was still possible to regard the American Republic as an experiment. The Civil War or—as we Northerners still call it—the Rebellion, followed by the decisive triumph of the Union, marked, to our minds, the close of the experimental stage. The result is one on which much remains to be said, but I refer to it only as one explanation of the altered tone which is to be noticed to-day.

The change did not come in a moment. The growth of the new feeling

was gradual at first. It might long have passed unobserved; but nobody who now visits America can fail to be struck by it.

If it be still a disputed point whether a republican form of government based on universal suffrage has in it the elements of permanence, the sceptic may best be referred not to an American, but to an English authority, Sir Henry Maine, whose competence and impartiality are beyond question. Nothing can be more piquant, nothing can be more flattering to American vanity, if vanity we still have—nothing more consoling to what I prefer to think the just pride of Americans in American institutions, than Sir Henry Maine's book on *Popular Government*. I speak of it as a whole, and as a whole it is a protest against Democracy, and a panegyric on Democracy in America. A generation ago we should have welcomed his tribute with grateful enthusiasm. We received it last year with interest, certainly with admiration, but as for the certificate which Sir Henry Maine awarded us, we took it, I fear, very much as a matter of course. The too few, but delightful, pages which Mr. Froude incidentally allowed us in *Oceana* were read in much the same spirit. It is certainly more difficult to bear praise than blame, and I lay no great stress on the equanimity of temper with which, for example, the animadversions of Sir Lepel Griffin were endured. They first appeared in a London review. They were republished in a New York newspaper without a word of comment. When they came to be discussed, the tone—not a very respectful one to an able and distinguished man—was one of banter, and some of Sir Lepel's errors were such as to provoke a good-natured query whether he had really been in America, and, if so, into whose hands he had fallen, and whether he could really have believed all the things said to him, which he had reproduced with this diverting seriousness of manner. When Mr. Matthew Arnold attacked that doctrine of majorities on which our political system rests, and invited us to lay the foundation of a new faith in Plato's remnant of honest followers of wisdom, we listened with attention to what most of us considered a brilliant paradox.



The analogies he fain would have drawn from the Athenians and Hebrews seemed to us too remote; not by lapse of time, but by diversity of circumstances, and, of course, because the Athenian and Hebrew communities, arithmetically considered, were too insignificant to serve as precedents. But the criticism on Mr. Arnold was never resentful. The hard doctrine, as he himself called it, of the unsoundness of the majority, and the certainty that the unsoundness of the majority, if it is not withstood and remedied, must be our ruin—this hard doctrine we certainly thought too hard. But we abated none of the cheerfulness with which ten years before we had celebrated our centennial, and nobody else has yet advocated the substitution of the idea of the minority—or, as Mr. Arnold more delicately puts it, of the remnant—for the idea of the majority. An amendment to the Constitution in that sense has yet to be proposed. The very minority to whom Mr. Arnold looks for our ultimate salvation are content to see the destinies of their country in the hands of the greater rather than of the lesser number. We all thought his opinion a pious opinion, and we liked him none the worse for holding it, and for explaining to us with all his inimitable sweetness of manner that our success was, or was likely to become, a failure.

There is a well-known passage in Tocqueville which describes with cruel particularity such traits of what he called national vanity as attracted his notice in the United States. Writing only four years later than Coleridge, the Frenchman remarks:—

The Americans in their relations with foreigners seem to be impatient of the least censure, and insatiable of praise. The most trivial eulogy they are ready to accept; the greatest seldom satisfies them; they tease you at every moment to extol them; if you don't yield to their wish they extol themselves. One is inclined to say that, from sheer distrust of their own merit, they wish to have some mirror of it constantly before their eyes.

Tocqueville, whose *Democracy in America* remains, after more than fifty years and in spite of some blemishes and errors, the most truthful, the most instructive, the most penetrating of all books on the United States, divined at once the secret of the restlessness to

which so many observers then bore witness. It was from distrust of themselves and their country that the Americans of 1830 tormented the traveller for his testimony to their greatness. There is a tradition, now grown dim, that in those days the too observant Briton in his travels beyond sea sometimes perceived in his American kin something which he called swagger. That too, if it existed, was only another form of self-distrust. It may have been heard in young America, just as it may be heard to-day in the playing-fields of Eton, or, if I dare say so, in the quadrangles of Oxford and Cambridge. It was not peculiar to America, it is a characteristic of youthfulness, whether in national life or individual life.

The pendulum has now swung the other way. If there be one thing which I thought more impressive than another in New York, it was the note of confidence, of security, of independence of all external judgment which made itself continually heard. Lest I should miss it, I was told, or I may say warned of it on first landing. I had heard of this new diapason from Americans visiting Europe, so that the effort to adjust one's self to it was less difficult. But I had been told also, and by men whose testimony was decisive, that no one could know what America was like who had not seen it within a very few years; so that I well understood how much I had to learn. What I had to master first of all was this radical alteration in the attitude of the American mind toward the European world. It was not an attitude of hostility, still less of reproach, but of indifference or, as I said, of independence. What will England think, or Europe? is a question which no American, it would seem, or few Americans, cared now to ask. We have grown into the state of mind which Coleridge calls John Bullism, a state in which, to quote a none too lenient critic, "the blame of foreigners does not disturb him, and their praise scarcely flatters him. He holds himself in face of the whole world in a reserve full of disdain; full also," adds this severe observer, "of ignorance;" which seems harsh. We are not likely to admit that we have in this matter imitated you or borrowed from you. We speak of it,

when challenged, as a state of natural growth, as an inevitable incident of that immense development, that marvellous prosperity, which during the last ten years has become more marvellous than before. The American looks about him and sees what he himself has done, what his country has become, what a nation this confederacy of States has become; and he hears from every European, and reads in every European journal, that the United States must be reckoned among the Great Powers of the world. This last acknowledgment he accepts once for all, and he says to himself that henceforward what concerns him is American judgment upon things American, and that only. He has no need to appeal to a foreign tribunal.

Possibly I state this too strongly, when my only aim is to state it briefly. But I may mention an incident of my first day's visit which will serve as an illustration. Mr. Henry George had lately been nominated, or had nominated himself, for mayor of New York city. A dozen men, many of whom might be called representative men, were sitting round a table and discussing his chances. I said that nothing which could happen in New York would make a deeper impression, or a worse impression, on European opinion than the election of Mr. George. My remark fell entirely flat and elicited no response. At the end of the evening my host said to me: "You were the only person in the room who had ever thought or cared what view people in Europe might take of George's election."

I may instance also a criticism I heard made on an American Minister who had served abroad with distinction to himself, and credit to his Government. A certain measure of undeserved unpopularity was his reward at home, and when I asked the reason the answer was, that X. had sought to cultivate the goodwill of the people among whom he lived rather than of his own. In vain I asked whether this was not one of the objects for which we sent envoys into foreign parts. The inexorable patriot with whom I was conversing replied sternly that the first duty of a public servant was to be acceptable to the public whom he served. I did not pursue the con-

troversy, but I may say here that I do not think this a true account of the matter. The American public knows very well that the first condition of efficiency in a Foreign Minister is ability to get on with the officials and the people among whom his lot is cast. Nor is our diplomatic service arranged on a principle likely to expose a Minister for too long a period to the corrupting influences, if such there be, of life in European capitals. We have, however, not yet come to the point of electing our diplomatists by popular suffrage, nor are their relations to the community quite the same as those of an alderman to his constituents.

There are, in fact, many limitations upon the universality of this purely American standard which a portion of the American public seem disposed to set up. I should do them injustice if I likened it to that obsolete form of public spirit which expressed itself in the muscular exercise known as waving the Star-spangled Banner. We ourselves have laughed that out of fashion. It is, I think, in political circles above all others that the disposition exists to judge men and things with exclusive reference to what they call a national standard. The American who is not immersed in affairs sees very clearly that nothing in the long run could be less beneficial to his country than a line of thought or condition of mind which leads straight to provincialism. He has no wish to shut out foreign influences; he is confident that, in competition with domestic influences, they will speedily find their level. He has before him the example of France, which, more than any other European nation, except perhaps Spain, has taken local opinion as a sufficient guide in politics and everything else. He does not think the god Chauvin a desirable deity, nor is he disposed to set up any similar image, or to fall down and worship it should anybody else set it up. He is not ready to admit that any large number of Americans are disposed, like the Chinese, to look upon Europeans as foreign devils, or to build a Chinese wall along the Atlantic coast.

Nothing, indeed, could be more remote from the Chinese idea than the spirit of eager receptiveness which,

though we do not all admit it, is now more than ever an American characteristic. We borrow, and borrow freely, elsewhere than in the money market. There is hardly a limit to our interests in European matters. I must pass on with the merest allusion to social influences from abroad, and to the actual social condition of New York, which deserves to be studied at some length. That our private galleries are filled with masterpieces from every European studio—the English, alas! excepted—that English and French actors tread the American stage; that German opera is the only opera which pays—facts of this kind, too, significant as they are, I have no space to discuss. If we are less sensitive than formerly to the English verdict upon an American book, we read more English books, and judge them for ourselves none the less freely because we occasionally omit to recognize the author's right to payment in something more substantial than popularity. As this seems to touch that long-vexed question of international copyright, let me say in passing, that while American publishers once opposed such a measure, it is now the English publisher who stands between the English author and American copyright—he and the American free-trader who has joined hands with him in favor of the foreign manufacture of books for American circulation. The newspapers which are loudest in the assertion of what they call the American principle in politics and other matters are those which print the greatest amount of European news. That is one of those facts—they might be called phenomena—which present themselves most conspicuously to the traveller in the United States. Never has the space devoted to foreign news been so great. The cheapness of cable rates has, no doubt, much to do with the recent increase; but if foreign despatches could be had for nothing they would not be printed unless there was a demand for them—a public that wanted to read them. Nor is it in the New York papers only that they are to be found. Cincinnati and Chicago and St. Louis are rivals to New York, and, so far as mere quantity goes, some of the Western papers surpass those of the Atlantic seaboard. When Mr. Glad-

stone's speech on introducing his Home Rule Bill was cabled to America, some surprise was expressed in England that so much money should be spent, and so much space given to a speech dealing with the details of a complicated measure. It was not the first instance, and certainly will not be the last.

The course of English politics is known in America almost as accurately as here; and of many things besides politics. The leading figures in English public life are not less familiar to the newspaper reader of New York than to him of Manchester or Edinburgh, and it may safely be said that the successive phases of the Cabinet crisis which began with the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill have been followed in detail in the newer Western States, the very names of which would puzzle an English audience. It is easy to retort that we care for personalities more than for principle, and for gossip rather than facts. A foreigner in a querulous mood might apply Walpole's story of Wilkes to some of the wilder spirits of Western journalism. The Governor of Calais asked Wilkes how far the liberty of the press extended in England. Wilkes answered, "I cannot tell, but I am trying to know." The Kentuckian complains of what seems to him a certain stiffness of deportment in English journalism—not by any means in all of it—and insists that decorum is only another word for dulness. This is an opinion which may have nothing but audacity to recommend it; but it is an opinion, and may be recorded as such, and taken for what it is worth.

On the whole, it may be said that the American view of British affairs is often sympathetic, sometimes humorous, seldom indifferent, never ignorant. I will leave it to the Englishman himself to determine how much of this description would apply to his knowledge of what goes on in America. The American who visits this country is prone to contrast the meagre telegrams from home in the English papers with the copious despatches from Europe in his own press; and to make reflections upon the want of enterprise and want of interest in things American which he thinks he discovers in London. The word "insularity" sometimes falls from his lips,

which I am told ought never to be used. Illustrations of this American openness of mind might be multiplied indefinitely; but I have perhaps said enough to show that, if we choose to judge events from our own point of view, it

is not because we are unacquainted with other points of view. The last thing we are likely to do is to close our ears to the stir of the European forces whence issued no long time ago our own world.  
—*Nineteenth Century*.

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STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE.

BORN A.D. 1818. DIED 1887.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

GENTLE in fibre, but of steadfast nerve  
Still to do right though right won blame not praise,  
And fallen on evil tongues and evil days \*  
When men from plain straight duty twist and swerve,  
And, born to nobly sway, ignobly serve,  
Sliming their track to power through tortuous ways,  
He felt, with that fine sense that ne'er betrays,  
The line of moral beauty 's not a curve.  
But, proving wisdom folly, virtue vain,  
He stretched his hands out to the other shore, †  
And was by kindred spirits beckoned o'er  
Into that gloaming Land where setteth pain,  
While we across the silent river strain  
Idly our gaze, and find his form no more.

—*National Review*.

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THE DEATH OF FRANÇOIS DE SENAC.

BY S. BARING-GOULD.

IN 1712 there lived in a country mansion near Marseilles at Saint Barnabé a gentleman named François de Senac, his wife and three sons. The family was large. M. and Mme. de Senac had had in all eleven children—six boys and five girls—but they had lost one son and three daughters by death, and the two other daughters, finding home very unhappy, had become nuns. The eldest son, Antoine, was in the navy, and was an ensign in the vessel of M. Cassell. The fourth son, Etienne-Gayet (Stephen Cajetan), was sub-lieutenant in an infantry regiment, and was, as well as his eldest brother, absent on service.

M. de Senac was badly off. He belonged to an ancient and noble family,

but his income was derived entirely from his pay as Captain of the Galleys, and his pay did not arrive very regularly. The family was, accordingly, somewhat straitened in circumstances. When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window. Mme. de Senac had long ceased to love her husband. They had been married in 1681, when he was aged forty and she eighteen. As far as can be judged from what transpired later, he was not an agreeable man; at the time he was seventy-one, and had become old and querulous. Mme. de Senac was a woman with a violent temper. She had never forgiven him his want of success in life; when she married him she had,

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\* . . . Though fallen on evil days,  
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.

† *Paradise Lost*, Book VII., v. 25-6.  
Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.—*Æneidos*, Lib. VI., v. 314.



perhaps, been led to believe that he was on the highway to promotion, and that he had a private fortune. His want of energy, and perchance of talents, had stood in the way of his advancement.

Mme. de Senac complained to her children of their father. If they were pinched, it was his fault; he was too lazy to exert himself. If no prospects opened before them, who was to blame but their father, who had dropped all his influential acquaintances? The habit of grumbling against her husband had become inveterate with Mme. de Senac; she placed no constraint on her tongue, and encouraged her children to despise their father, and regard him as the bane of their existence.

Of late Jean-Baptiste, the second son, had greatly annoyed his father by marrying the niece of the parish priest; but the old man forgave him, and in token of forgiveness invited him to dine with him at the country-house on October 16, 1712, which was the day of the village *vol* or fête. All the party went to church in the morning, then returned to the little château, or *bastide*, as a country-house is called in the south of France, for an early dinner, after which the young people intended to go to the fair and merry-making.

The old gentleman was attended by a Turkish servant named Assan-Ali, who had been taken from the galleys and had been with him as valet for some years. The family kept a single female servant, Suzanne Borelli, but she was away that day, she had obtained leave of absence. Besides Jean-Baptiste, his brothers François-Guillaume and Louis-César dined at home. The youngest was a boy of thirteen.

After dinner the second of those at home, François-Guillaume, a young man aged eighteen, asked his father to give him some money wherewith he could amuse himself at the fair. The old man fumbled in his pocket and produced five sous. He was not in the habit of keeping money about him, he gave up all he had to his wife. The young man was angry at being offered so small a sum, whereupon the old gentleman gave him ten sous. François flew into a rage, and swore at and grossly insulted his father; at the same moment his mother came out of the ad-

joining room and added her voice to that of the young man. She took his part, and poured forth a torrent of abuse against her husband, who, she said, had never exerted himself to obtain for his sons the means of subsistence, and begrudged them every pleasure. François, excited by his mother's violence, lost all control over himself; he planted himself in the doorway, and, drawing his sword, vowed he would make his father suffer if he did not at once furnish him with money sufficient to enable him to enjoy himself that evening at the fair.

The old man called to Assan-Ali to go downstairs and saddle his horse. He threatened to ride at once to Marseilles and complain to the magistrates of the conduct of his sons. He launched his threat at both, because the elder, Jean-Baptiste, had now mingled his voice with that of his mother and brother in abuse of their father.

This threat excited the rage of Mme. Senac beyond all bounds, and she screamed to her sons, "If you let him do this you are ruined for life."

Then she flew upon her husband, seized him by his hair, and flung him down on his back. Jean-Baptiste seized his father by the throat, threw himself on him, and as he held him François struck him on the temple with his sword, which he had sheathed.

All the while the little boy, Louis-César, stood crying and wringing his hands in a corner, and Ali, the Mussulman, stood paralyzed with horror, without offering help to his unfortunate master. It does not seem that Mme. de Senac or her sons intended to kill the old man, but they did kill him; the blow on the temple after the violent fall, when pulled backward by his hair, sent the feeble life out of him. The wife and sons did not realize at first what they had done, but fancied he had fainted. When, however, all their efforts to restore life proved unavailing, the horror of their crime, and dread of the consequences, seized them.

Mme. de Senac alone retained her presence of mind. She insisted on her son François going to the fair and amusing himself there, or pretending to do so. She gave him a crown, and bade him go and put on a face of jollity.

Then she sent the boy Louis-César for the curé, M. Sénélon, whose niece was the wife of her son Jean-Baptiste. While he was gone, Jean-Baptiste and the Turk carried the body upstairs to the old man's bedroom, locked the door, and Mme. de Senac took the key.

Presently the curé arrived, and heard with dismay the frightful story. They had no scruple in confiding it to him, as he was linked with them in interest to keep the matter quiet. After some consideration, he advised that the body should be thrown out of the upstairs window, that the handle of a cage in which was a linnet should be passed over the dead man's hand, and that it should be announced that M. de Senac had been leaning out of the bedroom window to get the cage to feed his bird, when he had overbalanced himself and fallen. He added that he could not bury the old man, when he had died a violent death, till the proper magistrate had inspected his body and given him a warrant of interment. Then the curé left to say vespers.

His crafty counsel was followed; but Jean-Baptiste was so overcome with terror that it was only at the repeated urgency of his mother that he helped to execute the plan mapped out by M. Sénélon. Mme. de Senac killed a fowl on the place where the dead man was to be flung, to make believe that he had lost there a good deal of blood.

As soon as the corpse was precipitated from the window, a great commotion was excited. Mme. de Senac screamed, went into hysterics, and fainted. People came up, and helped to carry the dead man upstairs. Jean-Baptiste, overcome by terror and self-reproach, fell into a fit.

The Lieutenant-Criminel, to whom a message was at once sent, hastened to the spot and ordered surgeons to examine the body. This was done in a perfunctory manner. The blows on the head which had caused death were satisfactorily accounted for by the fall. The magistrate signed the order, and M. de Senac was buried. Not the smallest suspicion was roused in any breast that the poor old man had met with foul play.

Jean-Baptiste wrote to his uncle, the Count de Senac, his father's brother, to

announce the death, with all the circumstances as arranged to be given to the world, and told him that he, his brother and mother, were left destitute, as all they had to live on had been their father's pay. The Count at once applied for a pension for the widow and children, and obtained one for them of six hundred livres, or about 25*l*.

The only persons who were not satisfied with the account of the death were the two innocent brothers, who were absent, Antony and Stephen-Cajetan. They made further inquiries; they questioned Louis-César, and finally discovered the horrible truth. The guilty parties were not uneasy at the secret being shared with them, for the other brothers were equally interested in keeping it from the world. How the truth came out in the end is one of the most curious stories of the discovery of a great crime that is on record.

Etienne-Gayetán was displeased with the way in which the pension was disposed of. He objected to his mother having the dispensation of it, and as his eldest brother Antony would have nothing to do with it, he demanded that the pension should be dispensed through him. To this Jean-Baptiste objected; he was aged twenty-five, and older than Etienne. Angry letters passed between the brothers, and Stephen devised a means of frightening Jean-Baptiste into submission. He wrote a letter to the Marquis de Montolien, a friend of his father, detailing the crime, and he showed it to Louis-César, when the boy visited him, telling him that he intended to post it. He had not the least intention of doing this, but he thought that the fear of the crime being revealed would make his brother give way. When Jean-Baptiste heard of what Etienne had done, he was filled with terror, and supposed that his only safety lay in also writing to the Marquis, and throwing all the blame on his brother Guillaume-François. This he did. In the mean time Mme. de Senac heard from the boy of the threats of Stephen, and in a fit of terror she also wrote an account of the crime to her brother-in-law, the Count, throwing all the blame on Jean-Baptiste.

When the Count received his sister-in-law's letter, he was horror-struck. But he was a shrewd man, and too pru-

dent to take a hasty and perhaps a false step ; so he sent her back the letter, enclosed within one of his, to this effect :—

"My dear Sister,—I return you a letter I have received with your signature. You have some enemy who has so cleverly copied your handwriting as to almost deceive me. Burn the letter when you have received it, and be careful to so conduct yourself as not to attract the ill-will of any one. I have written to my poor brother's old friend M. de Montolien, who will be so kind as to see that my nephews want nothing."

The letter of Jean-Baptiste to the Marquis de Montolien filled him also with dismay, and he considered what had best be done. He resolved that chastisement of some sort should fall on the culprits, and he concerned himself to discover a means whereby they might be punished without the crime being divulged, and the scandal affecting the family name.

Thus, the letters of Mme. de Senac and of her son produced very different effects from what they intended.

The Marquis de Montolien, finding himself in need of advice, wrote to his intimate friend, the Marquis de Cavoy, told him the whole story as it was known to him, and impressed on him the necessity of separating the guilty parties from the society of their fellows, and suggested that this might be effected by obtaining lettres de cachet from the king consigning them to the colonies, or to prison.

M. de Cavoy at once called on the Count de Senac, and asked him what he thought of this proposal. The Count replied that he did not believe it was practicable. The king would never sign a lettre de cachet unless he was fully satisfied as to the particulars of the case which called for it. Then he undertook to write to the Marquis de Montolien, to set his conscience at ease, and advise him to leave the chastisement of the guilty in the hands of God. On one thing both were heartily agreed—that the matter must be hushed up, as the family of Senac was one of position and connections ; and, in all probability, there it would have ended, had not the hand of Providence interfered

at this juncture, in a remarkable manner, to bring the truth to light.

On leaving the Count's house, the Marquis de Cavoy put the letter he had received from de Montolien in his pocket ; where he had other papers relating to some affair in which he was concerned, which he wished to remit to M. de Pontchartrain, who was then minister. On leaving the Count, the Marquis went to the office of M. de Pontchartrain, and handed him his papers. The minister told him that the hour was late, and he was overwhelmed with business, and could not go into them at the moment, but asked the Marquis to leave them with him over-night, and he would consider them later. The Marquis consented, gave him the bundle of papers, and left. On his return home, he felt for the Marquis de Montolien's letter to burn it, as he had been advised by the Count. To his dismay he could not find it, and conjectured that it had slipped in among the other papers. When he hurried back to the minister's office, it was closed, and he had no resource but wait till next morning, in the hope of his bundle of papers being left unread.

But M. de Pontchartrain fulfilled his promise. In the evening he untied the bundle, and at once the letter fell out. Instead of reading the papers he took up the letter, read it, and at once went to the king with it in his hand.

When the Marquis de Cavoy called next morning he learned, to his dismay, that the fatal letter had been submitted to his Majesty, and that M. de Pontchartrain supposed that it had been purposely thrust among the other papers, because the Marquis felt bound in conscience to reveal the crime, yet scrupled to be the denunciator, or appear as such. To this the Marquis could only bow and oppose his silence.

The king sent for his minister and ordered him at once to write to M. le Bret, president of the parliament of Provence, and to M. de la Garde, procureur-général, to arrest the guilty parties, and to proceed to try and sentence them with the utmost promptitude.

M. de la Garde was at supper with the president when the courier arrived. M. le Bret opened his letter at table,

was thunderstruck at the contents, and passed it over to the procureur-général. Neither spoke of the matter before the company at table, but after supper they retired together to discuss it. M. de la Garde pooh-poohed the story. The count, he said, was misinformed. The family was most respectable, well connected, and could not possibly have committed such an atrocious crime; besides, eight months had elapsed since the death of M. de Senac. When he died the proper magistrate and several surgeons had inspected the deceased and saw nothing to arouse suspicion that he had not died by accident. Some enemy of the family had made a false accusation against a worthy woman and her sons.

No sooner had M. de la Garde reached home than he found a letter awaiting him from M. de Pontchartrain, in which all the circumstances of the crime were detailed as far as could be gathered from the letter that had fallen into his hands.

The procureur had no option in the matter. His orders were precise, and he gave instructions for the arrest of Mme. de Senac and her sons. The officers at once surrounded the country-house of the Senacs and arrested Guillaume-François and Etienne-Gayetan, who were within. From them they learned that Jean-Baptiste and Louis-César were living in lodgings together in Marseilles. The head of the police required Guillaume-François to write to his brothers and ask them to come to him. Then, furnished with this letter, the police visited the lodgings of the brothers in Marseilles. When they refused to go to their brothers at St. Barnabé, the police secured them; and all four were thrown into prison.

Madame de Senac was living at Aix, in the house of a M. Ailland. The police went to Aix, and the head, M. Bonnet, entered the room where the wretched woman was. The moment she heard that she was placed under arrest she was as one frantic. She refused to leave, she clung to one of the bed-posts, and had to be wrenched away and carried out of the house by main force. In the street was a sedan-chair, in which she was transported to prison, and thence conveyed to Marseilles, where

she was confined in the same cell with her four sons.

When the king received notice that the family was arrested, he reiterated his orders that they should be speedily tried.

It is curious that so ordinary a precaution as to confine the prisoners in separate cells was neglected. The result was, that the mother and brothers had time to concert among themselves the defence they designed to make. Assan-Ali was called as witness. He declared that M. de Senac had died of a fall from his window. He pretended that he knew nothing of a quarrel between the mother, her sons, and M. de Senac. Immediately after Ali had given his evidence, an officer of the galleys, a friend of the family, spirited him away, and concealed him among the convicts, as he feared his constancy under cross-examination. Consequently, when Ali was next asked for, he was not to be found. After some time and much search, he was discovered, and then imprisoned. Suzanne Borelli, the maid-servant, was likewise arrested, though she had not been in the house on the day of the murder since early morning. When she was questioned she threw no light on the crime; she had believed, along with the public, that M. de Senac had fallen out of a window and died of the consequences.

The Turk was not placed in solitary confinement, but where he could communicate with the rest; he was ordered to be kept on bread and water till he gave true evidence. After a while this meagre diet told on him, and he volunteered to tell the whole circumstances. He accused Guillaume-François of parricide; the mother of having urged him to it; Jean-Baptiste, he said, had little to do with the matter. Then each was placed in a separate cell. After five months had elapsed Ali made a fresh confession. He charged Jean-Baptiste with the crime, and exculpated the other two.

Thereupon Madame de Senac was subjected to interrogation. She charged Jean-Baptiste with having murdered his father. She and her other sons had been so bewildered by his attack on the old man that they had lost all presence of mind, and he was dead by the time



they flew to his assistance. Then she was shown the letter she had written to M. de Montolien in which she accused Guillaume-François. She was thrown into confusion, and did not know how to reconcile the charges. Then she was confronted with Jean-Baptiste. When his mother's deposition was read over to him, he burst forth into recrimination: "What! mother! you make me the sole author of the murder, when you know it was François who struck his father with his sword, and it was you who pulled him down by his hair? It was you who urged me to clutch his throat and strangle him." Then he asserted that he had not throttled his father, but had put his hand over his mouth to stifle his cries, and that he was horror-struck when his brother struck the old man on the head with his sword. He said that he had done his best to stay the flow of blood from his temple with his cravat and handkerchief.

Then the two other brothers were questioned, Guillaume-François and Louis-César, the guilty and the innocent spectator. They united to exonerate their mother and make Jean-Baptiste guilty.

On February 10, 1714, the court pronounced sentence:—

"Jean-Baptiste is convicted of parricide; wherefore he is condemned to be tortured with red-hot pincers, to have his hands cut off, to be broken alive, and to expire on the wheel, after which his body is to be burned and his ashes scattered to the winds.

"Guillaume-François is condemned to have one hand cut off, to be broken alive, and to expire on the wheel, after which his body is to be burned and the ashes dispersed.

"Louis-César is condemned, for not having raised his hand in his father's defence, to be present at these executions, and after that to be banished the realm for life.

"Madame de Senac, convicted of having had a hand in the murder of her husband, is condemned to execution by the sword.

"Assan-Ali, for not having come to the succor of his master, is sentenced to be whipped.

"Stephen - Cajetan and Suzanne Boreli acquitted."

Those condemned at once appealed against their sentence to a superior court at Aix, and this necessitated the rehearing of the case at Aix. It was requisite to remove them; but as the authorities obtained wind of a meditated attempt at rescue, and as the family was influential and ramified through the province, and was alarmed at the scandal which would ensue, staining their name were any members executed, the police had to make feints, and smuggle the criminals away on February 14, which was Ash Wednesday, when none in the plot were prepared to rescue them. They were conveyed in safety to Aix, and there lodged in prison, in separate cells.

As the de Senacs were nobles, they demanded to be heard by the Grand Chamber. Their object was to obtain time, so that their relations might wrest a pardon from the king on Good Friday, a day on which he was wont to grant remissions of sentences.

On March 16 the trial began, but was arrested by a protest lodged by Madame de Senac against the authority of the court on certain frivolous grounds which, however, had to be examined and upset before the course of justice was cleared. At length the trial came on, on April 17, and sentence was given on the following day, April 18, 1714, by four judges and ten counsellors who sat with them. It confirmed the former sentence in most particulars. Guillaume-François was, however, to have his head struck off after the loss of his right hand. Ali was sentenced to be hung by the wrists for two hours, and then to be sent to the galleys. Louis-César and Stephen-Cajetan were discharged.

The execution took place the same evening. When the executioner entered the prison for François he fainted. The criminals were conveyed in carts to the place of execution, which was in front of the church of Saint Sauveur. The Turk wore a scarlet, Madame de Senac a black dress.

They had been sentenced before execution to make "amende honorable" on their knees; that is, to ask pardon of God and the king, holding torches, barefooted and in their shirts; but they were all in a condition of prostration,

which made them unable to comply with the sentence, and a capuchin performed it for them.

Madame de Senac knelt between the wheel and the block; her sons knelt beside her; then the chaplain of the prison called to the vast crowd that had assembled to see them die, "This unfortunate family asks your prayers."

Then fell on the concourse a sudden hush, which was broken when Madame de Senac stood up and approached the block. Her black hood was removed and the handkerchief that covered her throat. When the executioner put his hand to her white cap, "My friend," she pleaded, "leave me that," and he consented. Her eyes were bandaged. She knelt down and laid her head on the block with singular calmness, and in a moment, at the first blow, her head was severed from the trunk. François, in the mean time, was engaged in prayer. He heard the blow, and asked if his mother was dead. He could not see her because of those who stood between. He asked to be allowed to do so. Then those who intervened opened a path, and he looked at his mother's corpse. While so doing a bandage was put over his eyes, and then he was conducted to the block, where his right hand was cut off. The first blow was ineffectual, but it was amputated at the second. Then he laid his head on the block, and it fell like his mother's.

It was now the turn of Jean-Baptiste. He was stretched on a cross shaped like an X. First one hand was cut off, then the other. Then the executioner with an iron bar broke his legs just below the knees, then above, and lastly gave him strokes across the neck and stomach which despatched him. His body was then detached from the cross and interlaced on the wheel which was

erected, with the corpse on top, horizontally. The next to suffer was the Turk, but his was not a capital sentence.

At nine o'clock the bodies were removed, and at ten those of the two brothers were burned. Such was the tragic end of Madame de Senac, who died at the age of fifty-one, and of two of her sons, one aged twenty-six, the other twenty.

Antony was forced by the disgrace to leave the navy, and François his regiment. A small pension was obtained for them by M. de Pontchartrain.

During the trial it came out that Madame de Senac had on more than one occasion sent her sons to apothecaries to purchase poisons, and it was strongly suspected that she had intended to remove her husband by that means. The apothecaries in every case had refused to supply her with what she wanted.

Madame de Senac had been brought up piously by parents who spoiled her. She had been flattered as a young girl, because she united considerable beauty to unusually brilliant parts. Her features were regular, and her shape graceful. She had made several conquests before she married M. de Senac; the bitter disappointment she felt at his want of success in life, and the narrowness of the means at her disposal, gradually ruined all the elements of good in her disposition. Her mind harped on her grievance till her jaundiced eye viewed her harmless husband with hatred, and this hatred indulged in involved her in a terrible unpremeditated crime, which brought herself and two sons to a shameful death, ruin and disgrace to her other sons, and covered both her own and her husband's family with ignominy.—*Belgravia*.

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## THE MIR AND THE POLICE.

BY STEPNIAK.

As soon as the Russian Government had earnestly set its mind to emancipate the serfs, the great question had to be faced, how to manage and keep in order those millions of newly made citizens;

and in the first instance how to make them pay the redemption money to their seigneurs and the ordinary taxes due to the State. The bureaucratic commission appointed for the settlement of the

great emancipation problem decided at first, with true bureaucratic foresight and profundity, that the former seigneurs of the serfs should be entrusted with all administrative and judicial functions in the rural districts as well as with the entire control of the police. This would have been in itself a restoration, in another form, of serfdom, thus making the emancipation a farce, which would have been all the more dangerous because there were only too many other points in which bitter disappointment on the part of the people was to be anticipated. But the Government gave ear to the wiser counsels of the local committees and the press, which pointed to the village commune as an institution natural and long established throughout the country. Accordingly the village commune was preserved, and the open-air meeting of all the peasants, the *Mir*, was acknowledged as the chief authority, both in the village commune and in the rural *volost*, or district, an administrative unit comprising several village communes. But here most puzzling questions of detail presented themselves to the minds of the St. Petersburg legislators. Notwithstanding the benevolent regard for the peasants which prevailed in the highest governmental spheres, they could not admit the notion of leaving the *Mir* just as they found it. It was more than the most robust bureaucratic mind could digest. How to reconcile the *Mir* with the *tchin*?—that was the problem. It was as if two cultures, two different worlds, or rather two different types of human nature, as strongly individualized as they were antipathetic, had suddenly come face to face. What is a *tchin*? Perhaps this institution is most easily described in the person of its presiding genius the *tchinovnik*. The *tchinovnik* is a being convinced that, were it not for his "prescriptions," his "instructions," and his "enjoinments," the world would go all askew, and the people would begin all at once to drink ink instead of water, to put their breeches on their heads instead of their legs, and to commit all sorts of incongruities. As he passes his whole life, from his earliest youth, in musty offices, amid heaps of scribbled papers, completely out of touch with real life, the *tchinovnik* un-

derstands nothing, has faith in nothing, but these same scribbled papers. He is as desperately sceptical about human nature as a monk, and does not trust a whit to men's virtue, honesty, or truthfulness. There is nothing in the world which can be relied upon but scribbled papers, and he is their exponent. Such an institution as the *Mir*—a self-governing collective authority, with no trace of hierarchy or distinction of classes, an authority with an almost unlimited sphere of action, and which at the same time kept no record of its proceedings, putting its trust only in the good faith and the collective conscience and wisdom of the community—must have appeared to the mind of a *tchinovnik* not only incoherent and incomprehensible, but almost contrary to the laws of nature. Manifestly it was his most sacred duty to bring order into this chaos.

Every Russian village commune elects its own elder or mayor, who is spokesman and delegate of the commune before the authorities. In the village itself the elder is neither the chief nor even the *primus inter pares*, but simply the trusted servant of the *Mir*. The *Mir* discusses and regulates everything coming within its sphere of action, leaving hardly anything to the discrimination and judgment of its executive agent. So simple and subordinate are the elder's duties, that each peasant, provided he is not a drunkard or a thief, can fill the post. In many villages, in order to avoid discussions, the office of elder is filled in turn by all the members of the *Mir*. As the eldership puts the peasant in frequent, almost every-day, contact with the administration, thus involving him in no end of trouble and annoyance, the peasant shows very little ambition to obtain this office. Much persuasion, sometimes scolding and bullying, are necessary to force this honor upon an honest peasant who has not in view the feathering of his nest at the expense of the commune. Some writers—Mr. Mackenzie Wallace among them—in describing the Russian village life wonder at this strange lack of political ambition in our peasantry. We at home think it only too natural; our *moujiks* have not studied the history of Rome, Athens, and other republics, nor do they so much as suspect the existence

of great municipalities such as those of London, Paris, or New York. Their obsequious imagination does not suggest to them any flattering analogies, and they cannot see that the proffered dignity is anything but a double servitude—to the *Mir* on the one hand, and to the administration on the other, with no room whatever for the proud self-assertion which is the charm of office for more ambitious souls. The office of elder appears to them a burden and a public labor, differing from those of mending the roads, digging wells, or transporting government freights only in being more trying and troublesome. Now, in modifying the system of rural self-government, the St. Petersburg *tchinovniks* had the inspiration of transforming this very modest and humble village elder into a diminutive *tchinovnik*, created in their own image and likeness. The task was not without its difficulties. The elder, as a rule, was deficient in the most essential qualification for his profession—he could not even write or read; he was totally illiterate. It was necessary therefore to provide him with a secretary, who had to undertake all the correspondence, his chief merely affixing his seal or his cross. This important person—the clerk—was a perfect stranger to the village, a man picked up from the street. As the law must needs give him extensive powers, it was all the more necessary to make him easily controllable. Our legislators were quite equal to the task; they blessed the villages with a system of chancery proceedings which would do honor to much bigger places. To give an idea of the system, suffice it to say that the clerk of the *volost* is bound to keep in his office no less than fifty-four different register books for recording the fifty-four different papers he has to issue daily throughout the year. In somewhat bigger *volosts* one man cannot suffice for the task, and the peasants are compelled to maintain two or even three clerks. Need it be added that such a complication of chancery business could in no way keep in check an adroit clerk, or prevent him from abusing his power; rather the reverse. The figure which the *pissar* or clerk cuts in the history of our new rural self-government is a most unseemly one. In its

early period it was decidedly the blackest spot in the whole system, and the Government has undoubtedly contributed to make the *pissar* as disreputable a character as possible, by expressly prohibiting, out of fear of revolution, the employment on this duty of men of good education. All those who have completed their studies at the gymnasiums (colleges), much more those who have been in high schools, were excluded from this office. Only the more ignorant—those who have been turned out of the colleges, or have never gone further than the primary schools, were trusted to approach the peasantry at such close quarters. Being generally self-seeking and not particularly high-minded people, they turned easily to their advantage the peculiar position in which they were placed. The *pissar*, the interpreter of the “law,” and generally the one not wholly illiterate man in the rural administration, could practically do whatever he chose. The elder, his nominal chief, in whom the word “law” inspired the same panic as in every other peasant, and who was quite bewildered by the bureaucratic complication of his administrative duties, was totally helpless in the *pissar*’s hands.

But the elders could find ample consolation for this sort of involuntary dependence in the consciousness of the power granted to them over the rest of their fellow-villagers. At present they are chiefs and, in the Russian sense of the word, masters, into the bargain. The elder of either category received the right of fining up to one rouble at a time, imprisoning, or imposing compulsory labor, up to two days at a time, on every member of his commune or *volost*. These penalties are inflicted, at their own discretion, and without appeal, for any word or act they may consider offensive to their dignity; indeed, in some instances it has been enough to be convicted of neglecting to uncover the head in their presence. Nor are the elders’ rights to be trifled with in their relations with the *Mir* as a whole. They are invested with the exclusive right of convening meetings of the commune or the *volost*. A meeting held without their authorization is declared illegal, its resolutions void, and its conveners amenable to severe penalties. In



withdrawing from the meeting, the elder can break it up, whenever he thinks that the debates are taking an unlawful direction. Thus the elected elder, when once confirmed in his office, becomes for all practical purposes the master of the body which elected him. A strange sort of self-government, certainly, though by no means an exceptional one in an autocracy. The self-government granted to our provinces in 1864, and to our towns in 1871, is modelled exactly on the same pattern: in each the chairman has more power than the body he presides over, an arrangement which has, as is well known, deprived both provincial and municipal self-government of all vitality.

It is interesting to observe that in the villages the same trick produced no such effect. Here the legislature found within the masses an ancient habit of collective communal life and self-government which no *ukaz* could root out. True, in the last twenty years great corruption has appeared in the village self-government also; but this has been due to the interior economical decomposition of the village commune itself, which has divided the village into two camps, the one of the rich, the other of the poor. The machinery of the law has evolved various anti-social elements, but it is not their direct cause. So long as the process of the economical disintegration of the peasantry is in its latent period, the bureaucratic prescriptions of the law remain a dead letter. The *Mir* keeps to the traditional forms of self-government; the elders, who are imbued with these traditions, just as much as the other peasants, never think of making use of the strange powers given to them by the law; they remain in the subordinate and modest position assigned to them by the customary law; and they are the "*Mir's* men," to use the people's expression.

It has fared much worse with the other series of manipulations of rural self-government, which makes the natural supplement of those just spoken of. The village administration has to be subordinated to the whole of the administrative machine of the State. After having created in the midst of the formerly democratic villages a sort of *tchin*, it was necessary to find another

*tchin* to whom to subject the newly-created one. The Government, in the honeymoon of Liberalism, acted with some sense and discretion in trusting this function to the *Mediators*, officers appointed conjointly by the nomination of the Ministry and the election of the citizens. These *Mediators*, elected from among the Liberal and really well-intentioned part of the nobility, exercised their authority with moderation and wisdom, not so much for the control of the *Mir*, which was perfectly equal to its task, but to protect it from the abuses and malversations of the local police and administration. Since 1863, the year of the Polish insurrection, which marks the point at which the Government embraced reaction, the state of things has changed considerably. At that period the Government threw all the weight of its authority into the balance of the party of the "planters," as the obdurate defenders of the maintenance of serfdom were christened in 1861. The whole administration changed color, and since that time Russia has frequently seen *Mediators* who used their power for compelling the peasants to do gratuitously all sorts of work on their estates, who publicly flogged the elders, and who mocked the law which exempted them from corporal punishment, by degrading them before the flogging, and restoring them the attributes of their dignity when the flogging was over. The regular enslavement of the *Mir* began, however, a few years later. From 1868 up to 1874, when the office of the *Mediators* was entirely suppressed, the *Mir* gradually passed under the supreme command of the *ispravniks*, or superintendents of local police. The peasants' bitterest enemy could not have made a worse choice.

A police officer—we are speaking now of the common police, charged with the general maintenance of order and the hunting down of common offenders—is a *tchin* in the administrative hierarchy, like all the others; but between him and the paper-scribbling *tchin* of the numberless offices there is as much difference as between a decent, peaceful Chinese votary, who owns subjection to his ten thousand commandments, and a brutal and fierce Mogul of Jenghiz, though both have beardless faces and

oblique eyes. With the police *tchin* the instrument of command is not the pen, but the rod. As regards the people's property, the *tchins* of all denominations have the same somewhat strange ideas. But while the *tchin* of the bureau cheats and swindles, the police *tchin* practises wholesale robbery and violence like an Oriental pasha. In dealing with the *moujiks* of the villages, who will suffer to the utmost of their phenomenal patience before "going to law," the police can indulge in anything short of open homicide. The function of tax-collectors alone, entrusted to them after the emancipation, offered a vast field for that interference, abuse, and oppression, of which the early *Zemstvos* so often complain. When the *ispravniks* were charged with the control of the whole rural administration, and could at their pleasure indict, and fine or imprison, by way of disciplinary punishment, both the district and communal elders, the peasants' self-government as such was practically abolished, it could exist only as far, and in so much as the police chose to tolerate it. "The *ispravniks*, thanks to the power they have received, have transformed the elected officers of the rural self-government (the elders) into their submissive servants, who are more dependent on them than even the soldiers of the police stations." The above is the statement of the most competent authorities on the subject, the members of the *Zemstvos* (*Russian Courier*, November 8th, 1884). The village communes soon became for the country police a source of permanent income, levied often in a way which reminds us forcibly of the good old times of serfdom. Thus, in the circular of the Minister of the Interior, of March 29th, 1880, we find the admission that, "according to the reports accumulated in the offices of the Ministry," the country police officers, profiting by their right of having *one* orderly to run their errands, were in the habit of taking from the communes under their command up to forty and fifty such orderlies, *whom they used for their house and field labor*. Sometimes the communes, instead of this tribute of gratuitous labor, paid a regular tribute of money (called "*obrok*" by former serfs), amounting in some provinces—according to the same

authority—to from 40,000 to 60,000 roubles per province.

A *Mir* which could be subject to such tyranny, which could have elders imposed upon it who were notorious thieves and swindlers, as was too often the case, such a *Mir* had only the shadow of self-government. Yet the peasants had a refuge still in their homes. The *ispravniks*, and even the *stanovois*, were persons too great and too distant to interfere with the private affairs of the peasantry. But the time was at hand when the police intruded even into this last refuge.

When in the years 1875-6 the Nihilist rebellion burst forth, it assumed at first the aspect of a vast agrarian agitation in favor of the restitution of the land to its tillers. As the same aspirations, though obscured by the mist of monarchical superstitions, were smouldering among the whole of our agricultural class, the Government took alarm. Fierce Nihilist hunting began at once throughout all Russia. The peasants did not rise in arms at the voice of the agitators, perplexed and bewildered as they were by the unheard-of appeal to arms; but in the relentless chase after the Nihilists they kept aloof, and often assisted the propagandists to escape from the hands of their persecutors. The active part in the affair was played by the local officers of the State police, the *stanovois* and *ispravniks*, and the volunteer spies, belonging to the newly born class of rural usurers, plunderers of the people, and upstarts, who were only too ready to fish in troubled waters. But in a well-regulated autocracy nothing can be left to private initiative, least of all the spy's craft. As to the local agents of the State police they were overcharged with so many other duties, and had under their superintendence districts so vast as to render an effective and minute survey on their part impossible. In 1878 the rural constabulary was created and the Russian peasant's Babylonian captivity to the police began.

Functionaries called *ooriadniks* were instituted for strengthening the rural police, headed by the *ispravniks* and their assistants the *stanovois*. The *ooriadniks* are under the command of these officers, in their quality of agents of general police. But like the gendarmerie

created by the Emperor Nicholas I., for the benefit of the townspeople, the rural gendarmerie is placed in a peculiar position. The *ooriadniks'* duties are extensive and manifold. They may be called the masters of the village communes in the same sense as the governors are called the masters of their respective provinces. In addition to the functions of chiefs of the communal police, they unite in their persons those of sanitary inspectors, inspectors of roads and buildings, statistical agents, etc. They must needs interfere in everything, prying into private households, and enforcing various regulations which the active bureaucratic imagination has invented for the benefit of the *moujik*. Thus, they must see the peasant's house ventilated and the windows opened, even during the winter time when people have hardly fuel for keeping the hard frost outside the door. To maintain the purity of the air they must prevent the keeping of manure in open courts near the houses—while in the whole of Russia no peasant, save the few German colonists, has an artificial dung-pit. The same solicitude for the stupid *moujik* who cannot feel the disadvantage of keeping his cattle in his dwelling, inspired them to forbid that bad practice, though the young cattle would be frozen otherwise in the courts, as the peasants have no warm stables. Neither is the exterior of the village neglected, for the *ooriadnik* must see the street kept clean, though in the villages there is no trace of pavement, and the streets during the spring and the autumn, that is to say for six months in the year, are knee-deep in mud. There are many other equally benevolent but impracticable ordinances which show their utter disregard or ignorance of the conditions with which they have to deal. The more absurd the order is, the easier it is for an *ooriadnik* to convert it into a means of extortion and a source of abuse, owing to the monstrous powers with which he is armed in his capacity of political blood-hound.

Only a despotic government, fully conscious of its many sins, could, in a fit of well-grounded fear, put such powers into the hands of its inferior agents. They can enter at any time of the day or the night anybody's house, examine

everything, and question everybody as to any actions and intentions which they may consider suspicious. They have the right of taking into custody any citizen in the district at their own discretion, without obtaining any special warrant or authorization, while the elders and the communal police are bound to arrest and carry off the prisoners at the *ooriadnik's* bidding.

Now let us ask, What are the moral and intellectual guarantees offered by these people entrusted with powers so extensive over the liberty, the honor, and the property of their fellow-citizens? Whence is this horde of village proconsuls picked up? An *ooriadnik* receives a salary of £20 a year, which would represent £40 at the English value of money. We could not therefore expect to see among them well-educated people, even were the aversion of all decent people to enter the police force less than it is. Moreover, the considerable amount of physical exertion required from the *ooriadnik* excludes the petty *tchinovnik* as a rule. But as the *ooriadnik's* duties imply a considerable amount of judicial chicanery, they cannot be recruited at random among simple people, such as the retired soldiers or non-commissioned officers. As a matter of fact they are recruited chiefly from among the dregs of the officialdom of the towns and the outcasts of the intellectual professions, and are in some instances scribes out of employment, in others petty police officers turned out of their posts for bribery, drunkenness, or other offences. And yet the Government of the Tsar exempted this rabble in a totally exceptional manner from any control whatsoever. The Russian press is not allowed, as it is well known, to indulge overmuch in exposing the abuses and misdeeds of any of the members of the official hierarchy. But to attack a gendarme, a political spy, or any officer connected with the self-defence of the Autocracy against its interior enemies, is considered almost as a personal insult to the Autocrat. The *ooriadniks* in their capacity of rural gendarmes were granted the same immunity; the press was strictly prohibited from publishing any exposure of their abuses. This fact, however strange it may seem, was pub-

licly revealed three years later by several Russian papers.

In the *Zemstro* newspaper of December 31st, 1880, the following details were explicitly stated by the responsible editors: "At the institution of the *ooriadniks* all possible care was taken to present them in the most favorable light to public opinion. To this end the *Official Messenger*, and the official papers existing in every province, published by the orders of the minister a number of reports of their activity, shaped sometimes in the form of epic narratives, sometimes in the form of statistical tables. While, on the other hand, soon after the law of June 9th, 1878 (instituting the *ooriadniks*), came into force, namely, in September of the same year, the editors of all the newspapers and periodicals were ordered not to allow in their respective papers any censure of the activity of the police, nor to discredit that body by exposing any of its abuses; in case of any transgression of this order the delinquents were threatened with the utmost rigor of the law. Thus the *ooriadniks* became quite inviolable persons for the press."

It may be added that the Government had to defend these its Benjamins, charged with protecting it against the agrarian revolution, even against their immediate chiefs, in hierarchical order, the *stanovois* and *ispravniks*. When the herd of these 5,754 brutal invaders, scattered in the villages, began their career, even the not particularly law-abiding gentlemen of the police felt that the Government had overshot the mark. Numbers of *ooriadniks* were turned out, or at least driven from one district to another, by way of disciplinary punishment. In order to suppress this flagrant proof of their worthlessness, the Ministry of the Interior, headed by General Makoff, expressed a significant disapprobation of their conduct to the police authorities whenever there had been frequent expulsions "as likely to diminish the prestige of the *ooriadniks* with the peasantry." No wonder that the *ooriadniks* became so full of their self-importance that in the Province of Poltava, when one of them was fined eleven roubles by the magistrate, he flew into such a passion as to inveigh against

the magistrate in court, and threaten him with a "protocol."

We have dwelt on these details, at the risk of tiring our readers, because they prove to demonstration the fallacy of a very common prejudice concerning the Russian Government. It is supposed that the educated class only are subjected to police tyranny. This is not the case. Our Government is free from any taint of partiality. Whenever it scents some danger to its own skin, all its "dear children" are dealt with in exactly the same way.

The quite anomalous position created for these guardians of the public safety could have only one consequence. The *ooriadniks* have become the scourge of our villages, the terror of the peasants, and the perpetrators of violence and extortion unheard of before. "Being perfect strangers to the village," says the *Zemstro* newspaper, "they despise the peasantry, as all upstarts do. They look on the rustics subjected to their superintendence as invaders do on conquered people, in dealing with whom everything is allowable. The extortions of the *ooriadniks* can only be compared to military contributions in time of war. Not only are private individuals compelled to propitiate the *ooriadniks* with bribes, but whole communes are saddled with illegal tribute. And such things happen, not in the remote corners of our vast Empire, but in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg." In view of these experiences, the *Zemstvos* have repeatedly petitioned for the abolition of the *ooriadniks*. In the sitting of 17th January, 1881, of the St. Petersburg *Zemstvos*, the deputies expressed their opinion in no measured terms. The magistrates Volsoff and Shakeef complained that the *ooriadniks* were simply a curse to the people, and that it was impossible to expect any good from them, since they were recruited chiefly from almost illiterate clerks out of employment, who had no conception of their duty. Baron Korf said that he doubted whether, among those present, there was a man capable of speaking a word about the good done by the *ooriadniks*, while it would be easy to speak of the harm they had done until the following morning. In the short Liberal respite of 1881 there



was hardly one periodical—save the *Moscow Gazette* of M. Katkoff—which did not put before its readers a mass of accumulated facts concerning the exploits of the *ooriadniks*, which abounded in instances of every kind of malpractice, from petty personal annoyance to the most heinous offences.

We will open first a page in the administrative career of a certain Makoorine, *ooriadnik* of the Samora province, a jolly fellow, though somewhat excitable and rough when in his cups. One fine morning in the autumn of 1881 he arrived at the village of Vorony Kust, where it happened a meeting was being held in the Communal house. Here he met with various friends, and among them Chaibool the Rich, a Tartar peasant. Having some business transactions with the *ooriadnik*, Chaibool invited him, together with several mutual acquaintances, to take a drink at his house. The meeting over, they left the house in several cars; but in opening the gate of the house they let out a pig; the animal took it in its head to run after the *ooriadnik*, though Chaibool "tried several times to shout it back." They crossed the village and reached the fields, the pig still running after the *ooriadnik's* car with the evident intention of escorting him up to the house of his host. The rural administrator took this conduct as a malicious insult to his dignity on the part of the pig, and shot it dead. After being hospitably entertained by Chaibool the Rich they returned to the village a little elevated. Here they met with the publican, to whom the pig belonged, and who asked the *ooriadnik* to pay for the animal. At such audacity Makoorine lost his temper, and declared that he, the *ooriadnik*, had the right to shoot not only pigs but men too if he thought fit, in accordance with the law. A retired soldier, John Kirilow, who was present, observed that he had also served the Tsar, but never heard of such a law. Without any further argument the *ooriadnik* flew on Kirilow, knocked him down, dragged him into the court, and, calling to his assistance his coachman, beat him once more. This guardian of public order was condemned to six weeks' imprisonment; but as it was discovered that there were pending against him no less than *fifteen* similar

suits he was put under police supervision pending the verdict on his cumulative offences. Again, the *ooriadnik* of Malo-Archangelsk arrived in the village in carnival time perfectly drunk, and, entering the Communal house, behaved with gross impropriety, not only using the most fearful language to the members, but cutting the tablecloth to shreds with his sabre. When some peasants tried to calm him, he flew on them, brandishing his sabre, and drove them one and all out of the house.

In Jvanovka the *ooriadnik* on entering the house of a peasant "in order to see that it was properly clean," observed in the kitchen a young calf tied to the leg of a table. At such slovenliness the *ooriadnik* lost his temper, and, after having reviled to the best of his ability the women who were spinning in the other room, drew his sabre and cut the calf to pieces.

In Poroobejka an *ooriadnik* came upon a woman making dough. She was in a hurry to make the bread for her family, and had left the floor unswept. Exasperated by this negligence, the *ooriadnik*, after giving the woman a severe scolding, overturned the kneaded dough before the woman's face and spilled it on the dirty floor.

In Dmitrovka the *ooriadnik* Lastochkin met a wedding procession going on its way singing, according to custom, from the house of one relative of the married couple to another. He ordered them to disperse at once, though the elder of the village was among them. One of the guests, Basily Kareff, remonstrated against such interference, explaining that they were celebrating a wedding. The *ooriadnik* in reply struck Kareff twice with his whip. Thereupon the crowd became excited, and, setting upon the *ooriadnik*, began to handle him roughly. He would have fared, perhaps, worse had he not taken refuge in the house of the parson. On hearing of the affair the whole village came together, clamoring that the *ooriadnik* should be delivered up to them. It was only through the soothing influence of the parson that the *ooriadnik* escaped lynching. A protocol was drawn up of the "insult suffered by the *ooriadnik*," and Kareff was condemned to seven days' imprisonment.

All these facts, given by eye-witnesses to a correspondent of the *Zemstro* newspaper, refer to one small district. None of these incidents has of itself any particular importance. But they have much *couleur locale*, and convey a pretty fair idea of the moral physiognomy and distinctive attributes of the new type of our village administrators.

In one place the *ooriadnik* fired on a crowd of unarmed people; in another he charged on horseback with sword and whip a crowd busy in quenching a fire; in a third he demolished a peasant's freshly-built house, under the pretext that it was constructed "not according to the plan;" in a fourth he assaulted and inflicted severe bodily injuries on the churchwarden for not having appeared speedily enough before him when sent for.

In the Mogilev district of the Podol province, Daniel Yasitsky, the *ooriadnik* of the village of Chemeris, after having for a long time distinguished himself with impunity by extortions from innocent people and blackmail from thieves caught in the act, whom he was in the habit of setting free by his own authority, indulged in the following practical joke: by threats and blows he compelled two of his subordinates, peasants, "decurions," to harness themselves in a car and drag him to the town of Bar, distant about four miles. Yasitsky was simply dismissed.

Another still more revolting case was tried before the St. Petersburg tribunal, April 23d, 1886. Herassimoff, the *ooriadnik* of a village called Borki, in the Peterhoff district, was convicted of having put to the torture several peasants, in order to extort confessions about a robbery committed by unknown persons. The peasant Marakine and the two brothers Antonoff were all three kept hanging for several hours on a sort of improvised strappado. They were stripped of their clothes and their hands tied behind their backs by a rope, which was then passed over a rail fixed high in the wall of an ice-cellar. The bodies of the unfortunate men were then raised over the ground, so that they could hardly touch the icy ground with the tips of their toes. The *ooriadnik* appeared now and then, asking for their confessions, and giving them blows on

the head, as they refused to comply with his wishes. One of the three victims, the peasant Marakine, on the way to the torture-chamber, was subjected to no less infamous treatment. The testimony of the elder of the village is particularly noteworthy. "Herassimoff (the *ooriadnik*) came to me and asked whether I could lend him thirty men. 'Why do you require so many?' I asked. 'In order,' said he, pointing to Marakine, 'that I may make this fellow run the gauntlet.'" The witness answered that he would never permit such things to be done with the peasants of his commune; whereupon Marakine had his hands and legs tied, and was fastened by the legs to the back of the car, while his body was allowed to drag upon the ground. The horse was made to run, and Marakine was dragged in the mud for about ten yards. Then Herassimoff said to the elder, "Bring me some straw, burn him a little." But witness refused to bring it to him.

Herassimoff was found guilty, and condemned to one year's penal servitude, so lenient is the Russian law toward crimes against humanity, reserving its severity for those who are working for humanity.

Such barbarities, which would have set on fire European diplomacy had they been committed by a Turkish officer, are of course exceptional, though it would be wrong to suppose them unique. From the opposite end of the Empire we hear of things which are not better, but if anything worse. It was proved by judicial inquiry before the Kisheneff tribunal, that in the Orgheef district the *ooriadniks* and the communal authorities had used for a long time various instruments of torture, one of which, called *bootook*, figured on the table of "material evidences" in the court. It is a wooden instrument composed of two sliding beams, which serve for screwing between them the feet of the culprit. These abominations were not unknown to the police; but the thing was brought before the tribunal only because the authorities arrested the wrong man, on whom they used the *bootook* with such zeal as to make him a cripple.

If this catalogue of horrors has been somewhat long, it is yet by no means

complete. We have spared our readers any reference to outrages of a still more revolting kind, the outrages of the police upon women. It may be said with bitter truth that all classes are treated alike in Russia. The despotism which presses so heavily on the life of the educated Russian is no kinder to the simple peasant. It was justly ob-

served that the peasants were freed from the lordship of the nobility only to be given in serfdom to the administration and the police; for indeed no milder term can give an adequate idea of the relations that subsist between the governed and those who govern in the rural districts of Russia.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## A NAUTICAL LAMENT.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

I ASKED myself the question one day while standing on the bridge of one of the handsomest and stoutest of the Union Company's steamboats, outward bound to the Cape of Good Hope, What has become of the old romance of the sea?

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

It was a brilliant afternoon. The sunshine in the water seemed to hover there like some flashful veil of silver, paling the azure so that it showed through it in a most delicate dye of cerulean faintness. The light breeze was abeam; yet the ship made a gale of her own that stormed past my ears in a continuous shrill hooting, and the wake roared away astern like the huddle of foaming waters at the foot of a high cataract. On the confines of the airy cincture that marked the junction of sea and sky gleamed the white pinions of a little bark. The fabric, made fairy-like by distance, shone with a most exquisite dainty distinctness in the lenses of the telescope I levelled at it. The vessel showed every cloth she had spars and booms for, and leaned very lightly from the wind, and hung like a star in the sky. But our tempestuous passage of thirteen knots an hour speedily slid that effulgent elfin structure on to our quarter, where she glanced a minute or two like a wreath of mist, a shred of light vapor, and then dissolved. What has become, thought I, of the old romance of the sea? The vanished bark and the resistless power underneath my feet, shaking to the heart the vast metal mass that it was impelling, symbolized one of the most startling realities of modern progress. In

sober truth, the propeller has sent the poetry of the deep swirling astern. It is out of sight. Nay, the demon of steam has possessed with its spirit the iron interior of the sailing ship, and from the eyes of the nautical occupants of that combination of ore and wire "the glory and the dream," that ocean visionary life which was the substance and the soul of the sea-calling of other days, has faded as utterly as it has from the confined gaze of the sudorific fiends of the engine-room.

To know the sea you must lie long upon its bosom; your ear must be at its heart; you must catch and interpret its inarticulate speech; you must make its moods your own, rise to the majesty of its wrath, taste to the very inmost reaches of your vitality the sweetness of its reposeful humor, bring to its astonishments the wonder of a child, and to its power and might the love and reverence of a man. "Enough!" cries Raskin to Imlac, "thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet." And I have convinced myself that the conditions of the sea-life in these times prohibit the most ardent of imaginative sailors from the exercise of that sort of divination which is to be found in perfection in the old narratives. The vocation is too tedious, the stress of it too harassing, the despatch insisted upon too exacting, to furnish opportunity for more than the most mechanical motions of the mind. A man is hurried from port to port with railway punctuality. He is swept headlong through calms and storms, and if there come a pause it will be found perilous; and consternation takes the place of ob-

servation. Nothing new is left. The monsters of the deep have sunk into the ooze and blackness of time and lie foundered, waiting for the resurrection that will not come until civilization has run its course and man begins afresh. All seaboard is known; nothing less than an earthquake can submit the unfamiliar in island or coast scenery. The mermaid hugging her merman has shrunk, affrighted by the wild, fierce light of science, and by the pitiless dredging of the deep-water inquirer, into the dark vaults beneath her coral pavilions. Her songs are heard no more, and her comb lies broken upon the sands. Old Ocean itself, soured by man's triumphant domination of its forces, by his more than Duke of Marlborough-like capacity of riding the whirlwind and directing the storm, has silenced its teachings, sleeps or roars blindly, an eyeless lion, and avenges its neglect and submission by forcing the nautical mind to associate with the noblest, the most romantic vocation in the world no higher ideas than tonnage, freeboard, scantlings, well-decks, length of stroke, number of revolutions, the managing owner, and the Board of Trade!

The early mariner was like the growing Boy whom Wordsworth sings of in that divine ode from which I have already quoted—

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy;  
The Youth, who daily farthest from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended.

If I should be asked to deliver my sense of the highest poetical interpretation of the deep, I should point into distant times, to some new and silent ocean on whose surface, furrowed for the first time by a fabric of man's handiwork, floats some little bark with a deck-load of pensive, wondering, reverential men. Yes! you would find the noblest and most glorious divination of the true spirit of the deep in the thoughts which fill the breasts of that company of quaintly apparelled souls. The very ship herself fits the revelation of the sea to those simple hearts who have hardily sailed down the gleaming slope behind the familiar horizon, and penetrated the

liquid fastnesses of the marine gods and demons. Mark the singular structure swinging pendulum-like to the respirations of the blue and foamless swell. Her yellow sides throw a golden lustre under her. Little ordnance of brass and black iron sparkle on her bulwarks and grin along her decks. Her poop and top-lanterns flash and fade with the swaying of her masts. Her pennons enrich the white sails with their dyes, and how long those banners may be let us conceive from that ancient account of the Armada in which it is written: "For the memory of this exploit, the foresaid Captain Banderdness caused the banner of one of these shippes to be set up in the great Church of Leiden in Holland, which is of so great a length, that being fastened to the very roofo, it reached down to the ground." Her men are children, albeit bearded, and not yet upon them have the shades of the prison-house begun to close. Are we not to be pitied that all the glories which enraptured them, the wonders which held them marvelling, the terrors which sent them to their devotions, should have disappeared forever from our sight? We have still indeed the magnificence of the sunset, the splendor of the heavens by night, the Andean seas of the tempest, the tenderness of the moonlighted calm; but these things are not to us as they were to them; for a magic was in them that is gone; the mystery and fear and awe begotten of intrusion into the obscure and unknown principalities of the sea-king have vanished; our interpretation gathers nothing of those qualities which rendered theirs as romantic and lovely as a Shakespearian dream; and though we have the sunset and the stars and the towering surge—what have we not? what is our loss? what our perceptions (staled and pointed to commonplace issues by familiarity) compared with their costly endowment of marine disclosure? You see, the world of old ocean was before them; they had everything to enjoy. It was a virgin realm, also, for them to furnish with the creations of their imagination. The flying-fish! what object so familiar now? The house-sparrow wins as much attention, to the full, in the street as does this fish from the sailor or the passenger as it



sparks out from the seething yeast of the blue wave and vanishes like a little shaft of mother-of-pearl. But in those old times they found a wonder here; and prettily declared that they quitted the sea in summer and became birds. Hear how an old voyager discourses of these be-scaled fowls:

"There is another kind of fish as bigge almost as a herring, which hath wings and flieth, and they are together in great number. These have two enemies, the one in the sea, the other in the aire. In the sea the fish which is called Albocore, as big as a salmon, followeth them with great swiftnesse to take them. This poore fish not being able to swimme fast, for he hath no finnes, but swimmeth with mooving of his taile, shutting his wings, lifteth himselfe above the water, and flieth not very hie; the Albocore seeing that, although he have no wings, yet he giveth a great leape out of the water and sometimes catcheth the fish being weary of the aire."

It is wonderland to this man. He writes as of a thing never before beheld and with a curious ambition of accuracy, clearly making little doubt that in any case his story will not be credited, and that therefore, since the truth is astonishing enough, he may as well carefully stick to it. And the barnacle? Does the barnacle hold any poetry to us? One would as soon seek for the seed of romance in the periwinkle or the crab. Taking up the first dictionary at hand, I find barnacle described as a "shell-fish, commonly found on the bottom of ships, rocks, and timber." But those wonderful ancient mariners made a goose of it; as may be observed in Mr. John Lok's account of his ship which arrived home "marvellously overgrowne with certaine shells" in which he solemnly affirms "there groweth a certain slimie substance, which at the length slipping out of the shell and falling in the sea, becometh those foules which we call Barnacles." Were not those high times for Jack? A barnacle, whether by the sea-side brim or anywhere else, is to us, alas! in this exhaustive age, a barnacle, and nothing more. Or take the maelstrom—a gyration not quite so formidable as the imagination of Edgar Allan Poe would have us believe, but by report exactly one of those features

of the ocean to alarm the primitive fancy with frightful ideas: "Note," says Mr. Anthonie Jenkinson in his voyage to Russia, 1557, "that there is between the said Rost islands and Loo-foot a whirlpoole called Malestrand which . . . maketh such a terrible noise, that it shaketh the rings in the doores of the inhabitants' houses of the sayd islands tenne miles off. Also if there cometh any whale within the current of the same, they make a pitiful crie." And so on. How fine as an artistic touch should we deem this introduction of the whale by the hand of an imaginative writer! The detail to the contemporary readers of Mr. Jenkinson's yarn would make an enormous horror of that "whirlpoole," for what should be able to swallow leviathan short of some such stupendous commotion as would be caused by the breaking up of the fountains of the waters of the earth? Let it be remembered that whales were fine specimens in that age of poetry. They were then big enough to gorge a squadron of men-of-war, ay, and to digest the vessels. We have had nothing like them since—the nearest approach to such monsters being the shark in which, on its being ripped open, there was found one full-rigged ship only, with the captain and the mate in the cabin quarrelling over the reckoning.

The age of marine romance supplied the mariner with many extraordinary privileges. We cannot control the winds as those old people did. There are no longer gale-makers from whom Jack can buy a favorable blast. The very saints have deserted us, since it is certain that—at sea—we now pray to them in vain. Observe that in fifty directions, despite our propellers, donkey-engines, steam-windlasses, and the like, the ancient mariner was out and away better off than we are. Did he want wind? Then he had nothing to do but apply to a Finn, who, for a few shillings, would sell to him in the shape of a knotted handkerchief three sorts of gale, all prosperous, but one harder than another, by which he could be blown to his port without anxiety or delay. Did a whirlwind threaten him? Then read in the Voyage of Pirard in Harris' Collection how he managed: "We frequently saw great Whirl-winds rising at

a Distance, called by the Seamen *Dragons*, which shatter and overturn any Ship that falls in their way. When these appear the Sailors have a Custom of repairing to the Prow or the Side that lies next the storm, and beating naked swords against one another crosswise." Purchas, in his "Pilgrims," repeats this, and adds that this easy remedy of the sword hinders the storm from coming over their ship, "and turneth it aside." Did human skill and judgment fail him? There were the Saints. "Before the days of insurance offices and political economy," writes the author of "Lusitanian Sketches," "merchants frequently insured their ships at the highly-esteemed shrine of Mantozimbo, by presenting a sum equal to the pay of captain or mate, and that, too, without stipulating for any equivalent should the vessel be wrecked." Was it not his custom to carry the image of his patron saint to sea with him, to pray to it, to make it responsible for the winds, and, if it proved obstinate, to force it into an obliging posture of mind by flogging it? Consider what a powerful marine battery of these saints he could bring to bear upon the vexed, refractory ocean and the capricious storming of winds. St. Anthony, St. Nicholas, whose consecrated loaves of bread quelled many a furious gale, St. Ronald, St. Cyric, St. Mark, St. George, St. Michael, St. Benedict, St. Clement—the list is as long as my arm, the number great enough to swell out a big ship's company. Did pirates threaten him? There was no occasion to see all clear for action. He had but to invoke St. Hilarion—who once on a time by prayer arrested the progress of a pica-roon while chasing—and away would scuttle the black flag. Was smooth water required for safely making a port? Then no matter how high the sea ran, all that was needful was first to find a pious man on board, light tapers (where they would burn), bring up the incense, erect a crucifix, read prayers (this being done by the pious man), sprinkle the decks with holy water, and straightway the sea under the vessel's forefoot would flatten into a level lane, smooth as oil, albeit the surges on either hand continued to leap to the height of the maintop. Who now regards, save

with mild curiosity, the corposant—the St. Elmo's fire—the dimly-burning meteoric exhalation at the yard-arm? It is no more to modern and current imagination than the phosphoric flashes in black intertropic waters. But the ancient mariner made an omen of it—a saint—a joy to be blessed; he wrought it into a beneficent symbol, and endowed it with such powers of salvation as comforted him exceedingly while he kneeled on quivering knees in the pale illumination of that mystic marine corpse-candle. Who now scratches the mast for a breeze? Who fears the dead body as a storm-maker? What has become of the damnatory qualities of the cat, and who now hears the dimmest echo of comminatory power in her loudest mew? And most galling of all reflections, into what ocean unknown to man has sailed the Flying Dutchman?

Let it not be supposed, however, that the elimination of poetry from the sea-life by the pounding steam-engine and the swift voyage is deplorable on no further grounds than these which I have named. The utilitarian aspect is not the only one. There was romance and lustre outside those mere conditions of poetic seamanship which enabled the mariner to direct the wind by a knot, to control the tempest by a candle, to put the pirate to flight by an invocation. Emerge with me from the darkness of remote times into the light of the last—yes, and of the beginning of the present—century. Ladies were then going to sea, as they had in remoter times, dressed as men. They do so no longer. Who ever hears now of some youthful mariner with blooming cheeks and long eyelashes exciting the suspicions of his mahogany-cheeked mates by the shortness of his steps, or the smallness of his hands and feet, or a certain unboyish luxuriance of cropped hair? No, the blushing Pollies and Susans of the East End, resolved by love, by betrayal, or by the press-gang, into the shipping of breeks, have had their day. No longer do we read of pretty ship-boys standing confessed as girls. I mourn this departed romantic fore-castle feature. Even in fiction how the imagination is captivated by the clever insinuations of the author in his treatment of the youth whose sex he springs upon us presently

to our glad surprise! The Edwins whom the Angelinas followed were not indeed very engaging people; but even attentive consideration of their rascalities will not neutralize the pleasant poetic bouquet that haunts the old tales of fine-eyed women going to sea for love or vengeance, living among the sailors, eating the bitter bad provisions of the fore-castle, fighting the guns, doing the seamen's work, and remaining for months undetected.

Again, whither has vanished a feature of the old sea-life even yet more romantically interesting than the nautical masquerading of black-eyed Susans and yellow-haired Molls—the flirtation of the long ocean passage? What we call flirtation now at sea is a mere shadow of a shadow as compared with the robust and solid reality of a period when it took a ship four months to sail to Bombay or Calcutta. There is no time allowed in this age for love-making. Before you can fairly consider yourself acquainted with a girl some wretch on the fore-castle is singing out "Land-ho!" I took particular notice of this matter on board the Union steamer in which I made the passage home from Cape Town. It must certainly have ended in a proposal in the case of one couple had the propeller dropt off or a boiler burst and the ship been delayed. They only wanted another week. But the steamer was impertinently punctual, about eight hours before her time: the people went ashore at Plymouth, and, for all I can tell, the young man, in the excitement of landing and meeting his friends and seeing plenty of pretty women about, may have abandoned his intention and ended for the girl a chance that would have been a certainty in the old romantic poetical sea-days. Why, we all know how the British matron used to ship her darlings off in the East Indiamen for husbands in the country with which those vessels trafficked, and how scores and scores of these unsophisticated young ladies would land engaged, having affianced themselves to gentlemen on board in calms on the Equator or in the tail of the south-east Trades, or in a small swell with a moderate breeze off Agulhas, some possibly hesitating as far as the Madagascar parallels. How many

marriages originate at sea in these times of thirteen knots an hour, I wonder? Out of the several million of passengers who are annually sea-borne, how many pledge their vows on board ship, how many fall in love there, how many become husband and wife in consequence of meeting on shipboard? But a few, I'll warrant. But only think of the old East Indiaman; four months for Captain Thunder and Miss Spooner to be together, to start with; four months, and perhaps longer, with possibly Lieutenant Griffin to give a swift maturity to emotion by importing a neat and useful element of jealousy. Oh, if moonlight and music and feeling are one ashore, what are they at sea, on the deck of a sleeping fabric lifting visionary wings to the lovely stars, when the sea-fire flashes like sheet lightning to the soft surge of the ship's bows or counter upon the light fold of the invisible swell, when the westering moon, crimsoning as she sinks, wastes her heart's blood in the deep for love of what she is painfully and ruefully leaving, when the dew upon the bulwarks sparkles like some diamond-encrustations to the starlight, when the peace of the richly-clad night presses like a sensible benediction upon the breathless, enchanted, listening ship, subduing all sounds of gear-creaking in blocks, of chains clanking to the stirring of the rudder, to a tender music in sweetest harmony with the fountain-like murmur at the bows as the vessel quietly lifts to the long-drawn heave there—think of it! was there ever a bower by Bendemeer's stream comparable as a corner for the delicate whispers of passion, for the coy reception of kisses with some quiet nook on the white quarter-deck, shadowed from the stars and protected from the dew by the awning? If you thrill now it is because the whole ship shakes with the whirling and thrashing of those mighty beams of steel below. Emotion must be blatant or it cannot be heard. Not yet has a generation that knows I am speaking the truth in all this passed away. Confirm me, ye scores of elderly master-mariners enjoying your well-earned repose in spots hard by that ocean ye loved and sailed for years! Confirm me, too, ye many survivors of a sea-going time, when the

most blissful hours of your long and respectable lives were passed under the shadow of the cross-jack-yard!

I lament the decay of the old nautical costumes. There was a poetry in the dress of the people who had the handling of the big Indian ships which you will not get out of the brass buttons and twopenny cuffings of the contemporary skipper and mate. Nowadays it is almost impossible to tell the difference between the rigs of the mercantile captain, the dock master, the Customs man, and the harbor master. But what do you say to a blue coat, black velvet lapels, cuffs and collar with a bright gold embroidery, waistcoat and breeches of deep buff, the buttons of yellow gilt, cocked hats, side arms, and so forth? What dress has done for romance ashore we know. Pull off the feathered hats and high boots, the magnificent doublets and diamond buckles of many of these gentlemen of olden times, who show very stately in history, and button them up in the plain frock-coat of to-day, and who knows but that you might not be diverted with a procession of very insignificant objects? In the poetical days of the sea-profession the ships very honestly deserved the dignity they got from the gilded and velveted figures that sparkled on their quarter-decks. Over no nobler fabrics of wood did the red ensign ever fly. They were manned like a line-of-battle ship. Observe this resolution arrived at by the Court of Directors (Hon. E.I.C.) held the 19th of October, 1791: "That a ship of 900 tons do carry 110 men; 1,000 ditto, 120; 1,100 ditto, 125; 1,200 ditto, 130."

Were not those fine times for Jack? How many of a crew goes to the manning of a 1,200-ton ship nowadays? And it is proper to note that of these 130 men, there were only ten servants, *i.e.* a captain's steward, ship's steward, and men to attend to the mate, surgeon, boatswain, gunner, and carpenter. Contrast these with the number of waiters who swell the ship's company of our 5,000-ton mail-boats. Those vessels went armed, too, as befitted the majesty of the bunting under which old Dance had gloriously licked Johnny Crapeau. The bigger among them carried thirty-eight eighteen-pounders;

they were all furnished with boarding-nettings half-mast high and close round the quarters. The chaps in the tops were armed with swivels, musketoons, and pole-axes. In those romantic times the merchantman saw to himself. There were no laminated plates formed of iron one remove only from the ore betwixt him and the bottom of the ocean; he sailed in hearts of oak, and the naval page of his day resounds with his thunder. The spirit of that romantic period penetrated the ladies who were passengers. Relations of this kind in the contemporary annals are common enough:

"Mrs. Macdowall and Miss Mary Harley, who lately distinguished themselves so much in the gallant defence of the ship 'Planter,' of Liverpool, against an enemy of very superior force off Dover, are now at Whitehaven. These ladies were remarkable, not only for their solicitude and tenderness for the wounded, but also for their contempt of personal danger, serving the seamen with ammunition, and encouraging them by their presence."

Again: "I cannot omit mentioning that a lady (a sister of Captain Skinner), who, with her maid, were the only female passengers, were both employed in the bread-room during the action making up papers for cartridges; for we had not a single four-pound cartridge remaining when the action ceased."

The glory and the dream are gone. No doubt there are plenty of ladies living who would manufacture cartridges during a sea-fight with pleasure, and animate the crew by their example and presence. But the heroine's chance in this direction is dead and over. As dead and over as the armed passenger ship, the privateer, the pirate, and the plate-galleon. Would it interest anybody to know that the Acapulco ship was once more on her way from Manilla with a full hold? Dampier and Shelvocke are dead, Anson's tome is rarely looked into, the cutlass is sheathed, the last of the slugs was fired out of yonder crazy old blunderbuss ages ago; how should it concern us then to hear that the castellated galleon, loaded with precious ore minted and in ingots, with silk, tea, and gems of prodigious value, is under weigh again? Candish took her in 1587, Rogers in 1709, Anson in



1742. Supposing her something more substantial than a phantom, where lives the corsair that should take her now? The extinction of that ship dealt a heavy wound to marine romance. She was a vessel of about two thousand tons burden, and was despatched every year from the port of Manilla. She sailed in July and the voyage lasted six months—six months of golden opportunity to the gentlemen who styled themselves buccaneers! The long passage, says the Abbé Raynal, "was due to the vessel being overstocked with men and merchandise, and to all those on board being a set of timid navigators, who never make but little way during the night time, and often, though without necessity, make none at all." Anson took 1,313,843 pieces of eight and 35,682 oz. of virgin silver out of his galleon, raising the value of his cruise to about £400,000, independent of the ships and merchandise. They knew how to filibuster in those days. How is it now? It has been attempted of late and found a glorious termination in a police court.

The buccaneer has made his exit and so has his fierce brother, the pirate. That dreadful flag has long been hauled down and stowed away by Davy Jones in one of his lockers. "The pirates," says Commodore Roggewein in 1721, "observing this disposition, immediately put themselves in a fighting posture; and began by striking their red, and hoisting a black flag, with a Death's Head in the centre, a powder-horn over it, and two bones across underneath." Alas! even the sentiment of Execution Dock has vanished with the disappearance of this romantic flag, and there are no more skeletons of pirates slowly revolving in the midnight breeze and emitting a dismal clanking sound to the stirring of the damp black gusts from which to borrow a highly moving and fascinating sort of marine poetry.

Again, though to be sure it is not a little comforting when in the middle of a thousand leagues of ocean to feel that your ship is navigated by men furnished with the exquisite sextant, the costly chronometer, the wonderful appliances for an exact determination of position, yet there is surely less poetry and romance in the nautical scientific precision

of the age, reconciling as it undoubtedly is—particularly when you are afloat—than in the old shrewd half-blind sniffing and smelling out of the right liquid path by those ancient mariners who stumbled into unknown waters, and floundered against un conjecturable continents with nothing better to ogle the sun with than a kind of small gallows called a fore-staff.

"If," writes Sir Thomas Browne to his sailor son in 1664, "you have a globe, you may easily learne the starres as also by bookes. Waggoner\* you will not be without, wch will teach the particular coasts, depths of roades, and how the land riseth upon several poynts of the compasse. . . . If they have quadrants, crosse-staffes, and other instruments, learn the practicall use thereof; the names of all parts and roupes about the shippe, what proportion the masts must hold to the length and depth of a shippe, and also the sayles."

Here we have pretty well the extent of a naval officer's education in navigation and seamanship in those rosy times. The longitude was as good as an unknown quantity to them. How quaint and picturesque was the old Dutch method of navigating a ship! They steered by the true compass, or endeavored to do so by means of a small central movable card, which they adjusted to the meridian, and whenever they discovered that the variation had altered to the extent of 22 degrees, they again corrected the central card. In this manner they contrived to steer within a quarter of a point, and were perfectly satisfied with this kind of accuracy. They never used the log, though it was known to them. The officer of the watch corrected the leeway by his own judgment before marking it down. J. S. Stavorinus, writing so late as 1768-78, says "their manner of computing their run is by means of a measured distance of forty feet along the ship's side. They take notice of any remarkable patch of froth when it is abreast of the foremost end of the measured distance, and count half seconds till the mark of froth is abreast of the after end. With the number of half seconds thus obtained they

\* Wagenar's *Speculum Nauticum*, Englished in 1588.

divide the number 48, taking the product for the rate of sailing in geographical miles in one hour, or the number of Dutch miles in four hours. It is not difficult," he adds, "to conceive the reason why the Dutch are frequently above ten degrees out in their reckoning." Here we have such a form of Arcadian simplicity, if anything maritime can borrow that pastoral word, as cannot fail to excite the enthusiasm of the romancist. A like delightful and fascinating primitiveness of sea-procedure you find in Mr. Thomas Stevens' black-letter account of his voyage; wherein he so clearly sets forth the manner of the navigation of the ancient mariner, that I hope this further extract from other people's writings will be forgiven on the score of its curiousness, and the information it supplies:

You know that it is hard to saile from East to West or contrary, because there is no fixed point in all the skie, whereby they may direct their course, wherefore I shall tell you what helps God provided for these men.\* There is not a fowle that appereth, or signe in the aire, or in the sea, which they have not written, which have made the boynages heretofore. Wherefore, partly by their own experience, and pondering withal what space the ship was able to make with such a winde, and such direction, and partly by the experience of others, whose books and navigations they have, they gesse whereabouts they be, touching degrees of longitude, for of latitude they be alwayes sure.

"*Gesse whereabouts they be!*" The true signification of this sentence is the revelation of the fairy world of the deep. It was this "gessing," this groping, this staring, the wondering expectation, that filled the liquid realm with the amazements you read of in the early chronicles. It would not be delightful to have to "gess" now. It could hardly mean much more than an unromantic job of stranding, a bald prosaic shipwreck, with some marine court of inquiry at the end of it, to depress the whole business deeper yet in the quagmire of the commonplace. But attached to the guesswork of old times was the delightful condition of the happening of

the unexpected. The fairy island inhabited by faultless shapes of women; fish as terrible as Milton's Satan; volcanic lands crimsoning a hundred leagues of sky with the glare of the central fires of the earth, against whose hellish effulgent background moved Titanic figures dark as the storm-cloud—of such were the diversions which attended the one-eyed navigation of the romantic days. Who envies not the Jack of that period? Why should the poetic glories of the ocean have died out with those long-bearded, hawk-eyed men? I can go now to the Cape of Good Hope—in a peculiar degree the haunt of the right kind of Marvels, and the headland abhorred by Vanderdecken—I can steam there in twenty days, and not find so much as the ghost of a poetical idea in about six thousand miles of ocean. Everything is too comfortable, too safe, too smooth. There is the same difference between my mail-boat and the jolly old carrack as there is between a brand-new hotel making up eight hundred beds and an ancient castle with a moated grange. What fine sights used to be witnessed through the windows of that ancient castle! Ghosts in armor on coal-black steeds, lunatic Scalds bursting into dirges, an ogre who came out of the adjacent wood, dwarfs after the manner of George Cruikshank's fancies—in short, Enchantment that was substantial enough too. But the brand-new hotel! Why, yes, certainly, I would rather dine there, and most assuredly would rather sleep there, than in the moated-grange arrangement. What I mean is: I wish all the wonders were not gone, so that old ocean should not bare such a very naked breast.

Observe again how elegant and splendid those ancients were in their sea notions. When they built a ship they embellished her with a more than oriental splendor of gold and fancy work. Read Old Stowe's description of the *Prince Royal*: how she was sumptuously adorned, within and without, with all manner of curious carving, painting, and rich gilding. They had great minds: when they lighted a candle it was a tall one. How nobly they brought home the body of Sir Philip Sydney, "slaine with a musket-shot in his thigh, and deceased at Arnim, beyond seas!" The

\* That is, for the mariners with whom he sailed.

sails, masts, and yards of his "barke" were black, with black ancient streamers of black silk, and the ship "was hanged all with black bayes, and scorchions thereon on pastboard (with his and his wyfes in pale, helm and crest); in the cabin where he lay was the corpse covered with a pall of black velvet, escorchions thereon, his helmet, armes, sworde, and gauntlette on the corpse." In the regality of the names they gave their ships there is a fine aroma of poetry: *Henri-Grace-a-Dieu*, the *Sov-erayne-of-the-Seas*, the *Elizabeth-Jonah*, the *Jesus-of-Lubeck*, the *Constant-Warwick*! The genius of Shakespeare might be thought to have presided over these christenings if it were not for the circumstance of numberless squadrons of sweetly or royally named ships having been launched before the birth of the immortal Bard; and a list of them harmonized into blank verse would have the organ-sounds delivered by his own great muse.

The visionary gleam has fled; the glory and the dream are over. Yes, and the prosaics of the sea have entered into the sailor's nature and made a somewhat dull and steady fellow of him, though he will shovel you on coals as well as another, and pull and haul as heartily as his forefathers. For where be his old caper-cutting qualities? Where be the old high jinks, the Saturday night's carouse, the pretty fore-castle figment of wives and sweethearts, the grinning salts of the theatre-gallery, the sky-larking of liberty days, the masquerading humors, such, for example, as Anson's men indulged themselves in after the sacking of Paita, when the sailors took the clothes which the Spaniards in their flight had left behind them, and put them on—a motley crew!—wearing the glittering habits, covered with yellow, embroidery and silver lace, over their own dirty trousers and jackets, clapping tie and bag wigs and laced hats on their heads; going to the length, indeed, of equipping themselves in women's gowns and petticoats; so that, we read, when a party of them thus metamorphosed first appeared before their lieutenant, "he was extremely surprised at the grotesque sight, and could not immediately be satisfied they were his own people." They were a jolly, fear-

less, humorous, hearty lot, those old mariners, and their like is not among us to-day. The sentiment that prevailed among them was in the highest degree respectable.

Yes, seamen we know are inured to hard gales;

Determined to stand by each other;

And the boast of the tar, wheresoever he sails,  
Is the heart that can feel for another!

And has not the passenger degenerated too? Is he as fine and enduring a man as his grandfather? is she as stout-hearted as her grandmother? The life of a voyager in the old days of the sailing ship—I do not include John Company's Indiamen—was almost as hard as that of the mariner. He had very often to fight, to lend a hand aloft, at the pumps, at the running rigging. His fare was an unpleasant kind of preserved fresh meat—I am speaking of fifty years ago—and such salt pork and beef as the sailors ate. His pudding was a dark and heavy compound of coarse flour and briny fat, and in the diary of a passenger at sea in 1820 it is told how the puddings were cooked: "*July 16.*—As a particular favor obtained a piece of old canvas to make a pudding-bag, for all the nightcaps had disappeared. The pudding being finished, away it went to the coppers and at two bells came to table smoking-hot. But a small difficulty presented itself; for then, and not till then, did we discover that the bag was smaller at top than at bottom, so that, in spite of our various attempts to dislodge it, there it stuck like a cork in a bottle, till everyone in the mess had burnt his fingers, and then we thought of cutting away the canvas and liberating the pudding." Such experiences as this made a hardy man of the passenger. There was no coddling. Everything was rough and rude; yet read the typical passenger's writings and you will see he found such poetry and romance in the ocean and the voyage as must be utterly undiscoverable by the spoilt and languid traveller of to-day, sulkily perspiring over nap or whist in the luxurious smoking-room, or reading the magazine—that outruns its currency by a week only in a voyage to New Zealand—propped up by soft cushions in a ladies' saloon radiant with sunshine and full of flowers. Like the early Jack, the

early passenger came comparatively new to the sea and enjoyed its wonders and revelled in its freedom and drank in its inspirations. He was not to be daunted by food, by wet, by delay, by sea-sickness, by coarse rough captains. Why, here before me, in the same passenger's diary in which the above extract occurs, I find the writer distinctly noting the picturesque in that most hideous of maritime calamities, want of water!

"*July 2.*—All hands employed catching rain-water, the fresh water having given out. 'Twas interesting and romantic to see them running fore and aft with buckets, pitchers, jars, bottles, pots, pans, and kegs, or anything that would hold water. I was quietly enjoying the scene, when the clew of the mainsail above me gave way from the weight of water that had collected there, and I received the whole contents on my devoted head." *Quietly enjoying the scene!* Is not this a very sublimation of the heroic capacity of extracting the Beauti-

ful—not in the Bulwerian sense—out of the Dreadful!

But enough! Just as you seek for the romance and poetry of the ocean in the old books, so must you look there for the jovial tar, the jigging fellow, with his hat on nine hairs and a nose like a carbuncle; for the resolved and manly passenger, for the unaffected heroine, for the pretty masquerading lass, and for a hundred lovely gilded dreams of a delighted imagination roving wild in mid-ocean. The volume is closed; we now carry our helm amidships; it is no longer the captain but the head engineer that we think of and address ourselves to when, disordered by some inward perturbation, we sing:

O, pilot, 'tis a fearful night,  
There's danger on the deep.

But *Philosophia stemma non inspicit*; and we must take it that in these days she knows what she is about.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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#### TO THE DAISY.

BY WALTER KNAPTON LEWIS.

ON mossy banks beneath the trees  
The violet loves to dwell;  
It casts its scent on every breeze  
That sweeps its native dell.

The woodland smiles with primrose flowers  
When April paints the scene;  
Soon bluebells haunt the self-same bowers,  
And orchids blush between.

The honeysuckle's sweet perfume  
Revives the sultry air,  
When songsters throng the forest gloom,  
And warble everywhere.

But you, sweet daisy, need no shade  
To clothe your sunny form;  
You dwell not in the leafy glade,  
But breast the rising storm.

Where other flowers would droop and die,  
You deck the grassy sod;  
And upward glance with golden eye,  
To meet the gaze of God.

—Temple Bar



## THE GENTLEMAN COMMONER.

BY W. J. GORDON.

IT was late on an autumn evening in 1660, the year of the Restoration. There came riding up to the inn of one of the most straggling of Oxfordshire villages a well-mounted young gentleman of somewhat distinguished appearance. Calling to the hostler, he gave him particular instructions as to the treatment of his horse, and, ordering the best bed and supper the landlady could provide, retired for a time to his room, desiring to be called when the meal was ready.

In about an hour the supper was on the table, and the stranger sat down to it. He had evidently come from a distance—the state of his horse showed that—and the way in which he did justice to the landlady's cookery proved that he must have been remarkably hungry. The good woman was in truth rather alarmed at the rapidity with which he disposed of what she set before him.

He was a well-built young fellow of about eighteen or nineteen, with a broad brow, and strangely piercing eyes that seemed to follow her about the room, and look through her to the wall each time she caught their gaze. For about half an hour he was silent—too busy, in fact, to speak—but he was pleasant and likable; and when she left him to himself the dame had taken rather a fancy to him.

Had she known how he was situated her thoughts might have gone another road. For the distinguished stranger was a gentleman commoner of Oriel, who with his choice companions had been trying a little amateur highway robbery, and failing to find a victim had come on here alone without a penny in his pocket, trusting to what might turn up to furnish him with the means of paying his bill.

As soon as he was alone he left the table and took his chair to the fire. He began to think over his position. His thoughts were not encouraging. He had been living what was a wild college life even in those wild days; and his family had almost given him up. His father, a bencher of Gray's Inn, and a

county magnate of influence, was an eccentric man of strong will, never known to go back on his word; and in his last letter he had given the son clearly to understand that his patience was exhausted. As to money, he had sent him enough for some time; and as to "accs," he would be responsible for none "after the date of this my last letter unless ye amend." He had not amended; he had gone further, and failed.

No wonder, then, that his meditations were unsatisfactory. He knew that he was not a fool—his experiences with his fellow-students had taught him that—and fortunately on this occasion his self-conceit came to his rescue.

"My father and mother," he said to himself—at least he said years afterward that he said to himself, for he was not an unknown man—"my father and mother are better gifted than those they meet, and I am very like them. I have the old man's voice and my mother's eyes. I see things as quickly as they do, and mind them as well. And here have I been for two years with the chance of getting what would give me a living if the old people were to throw me over, and what have I done?"

What had he done, indeed? He had acquired a thin coat of university varnish.

This is not a work of imagination, and we will not enlarge on the student's recognition of his folly. The conclusion he came to was the ordinary one, quite the ordinary one: "Let me get out of this trouble, and I will never get into another."

But how was he to get out of this trouble? He could not help liking the cheery, brisk little woman whom he had come—disguise it as he might—to swindle. He had eaten his supper; that did not trouble him so much, for it was obvious that if he was to be honest he must live. But how was he to pay for it? The horse was not his; to leave it would be to rob Peter to pay Paul. He was in the same fix with his clothes. The idea of doing a little wrong to do a

great right, on the Bassanio principle, occurred to him, and was rejected.

"No; I'll be honest, and I'll be thorough!" he said; and, resolving to be very good and very superior to everything and every one he met, he strode up and down the room.

"I'll go and see mine hostess," said he; "maybe something will happen to me."

And something did happen which played sad havoc with his good resolutions.

Entering the kitchen, he found seated by the fire a frail, weary-looking girl of thirteen, whom the landlady introduced to him as her daughter.

"Sick of a bad ague; waiting for the fit, which will come to her to-night."

"Has she been thus for long?" asked the student.

"A year this Michaelmas," said the landlady; "and never a leech can cure her. I have tried them all the country round, and paid them well, but there sits the poor child, growing worse and worse, and surely shaking into her grave."

"What does her father say? Is there none in London that could tell you what to do?"

"Her father, sir, has been dead these three years. I am a poor widow, and have spent all he left me in trying to cure the child. But it is of no avail. Poor Jess! poor Jess!"

The stranger looked troubled—as he was. To ride away from an inn without paying his bill was bad enough; but to cheat a poor widow in distress, for whose sick child she had sacrificed her means of living, was—well, the act of a scoundrel.

The Oxonian wished he had never left Oriel; he felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. So genuine was his shame that it might be thought he was fairly on the path of reformation, and would thenceforward keep to it. But it was not so with him; and there are very many like him.

He was all right until he took another sip at the wine which the hostess had temptingly placed within his reach, and which, at the moment he had resolved to rob the poor woman no more, he, in pure absent-mindedness, lifted to his lips and unconsciously drank. As he

put down the empty flagon he caught sight of the new moon through the window, and as his gaze was returning to the fire it rested for a moment on the patient, pallid-faced girl.

She was undoubtedly ill, and he sympathized with her. She was pretty, and he admired her. But the low type of face, with the narrow, sloping forehead, the furtive eyes, and the weak-willed mouth and chin, told her character so unmistakably that an idea suggested itself to him which he welcomed with delight. A fig for his resolves! Here was a way out of his difficulties!

"What is the time of your daughter's attack?"

"The fit will come to her at eleven."

"I will cure her!"

"Thou! Art thou a physician?"

"I have studied with the wisest where wisdom dwells. Let your daughter do as I direct, and the ague will depart from her."

"Art thou willing, Jess?" asked the mother.

The girl turned her head, but the stranger's eyes were on her, and she whispered, "Yes."

"Then I will be back in a brief space. I go to seek some potent herbs under the rays of the young moon."

The student went out laughing to himself at his new device, and thinking over the part he was to play. He walked down the garden, jumped the palings, crossed the meadow, and followed for a time the bank of the stream, whose ripples gleamed with the silver sprinkles from the moon.

A leaf of herb-robert he took, then a sprig of dog's mercury, then a small coltsfoot and jack-sauce-by-the-hedge, then some scorpion grass, then a four-leaved paris, and a twig of broom. Then he returned to the kitchen, "looking unutterable things," and laid his leaves on the table, the coltsfoot at one end, the herb-robert at the other, the scorpion grass and dog's mercury in the middle, with the broom next to the paris. Then he put the leaves in a cup and rubbed them together for a time, whispering to himself so as to be heard by the invalid.

"Eta, zeta, theta, phi; kappa, delta, lambda, pi; sigma, gamma, beta, mu; alpha, tau, epsilon, nu; psi, chi, upai-

lon, rho; kyklopeidia may the ague go!"

Then he opened the window that the moon might shine in the cup, and he took out some of the leaves and rolled them in a strip of parchment about the size of a cigarette paper, which he cut from his pocketbook. Then he tied the roll with a silken string and sealed it, but he did not use his own seal, for he pressed on the wax a leaf of scorpion grass which he had accidentally dropped on the floor.

"A piece of riband," he said to the hostess—the first words he had addressed to her since he entered with the leaves—"and pen and ink," and while she was gone he emptied the cup on to the fire.

To each end of his tiny cylinder he tied a piece of riband, and with the pen and ink he scrawled on the parchment the Greek letters in his remarkable charm, repeating the words as he did so.

"Now give me thy wrist," he said to the girl; and as he knotted the riband his eyes searched into hers and seemed to look through them down every nerve in her body.

"Wear that," he said, as he finished the knot, "and the sickness will never return to you. Rest and fear not. Farewell till the dawn!"

And in great grandeur he stalked off to bed. A thing is not worth doing at all if it is not worth doing well, and this our student knew. To have stayed and watched for the result of his audacious piece of foolery would have been too severe a trial for him. So he went to bed and laughed; and then somehow the laughter thinned away. And he was just beginning to reproach himself when he dropped off to sleep.

In the morning there came a knocking at his door.

"Who's there?"

"It is long past dawn," said the hostess.

"What do you want?"

"My daughter had never a fit last night."

"Nor will she have again. 'Tis well," said the stranger, as impressively as he could manage.

When he came down he found the breakfast ready.

"I desire no breakfast," he said, "I cannot pay you."

"Pay me!" said the hostess. "You have given me my daughter's life, and it is I should pay you. You are welcome to all you have had and all you can take now."

The charm had had its effect. The girl's nervous nature had yielded to the man's stronger will, and the ague had been defeated. And, what is more, the sickness did not return to her.

The student miracle-worker therefore finished his breakfast, and with profuse thanks from the mother and child rode away. He never saw the widow again. But from the moment he caught the last glimpse of her out in the road at the end of the avenue of elms, whose limply hanging leaves were trembling to fall, he dated a new life. He returned to college to work. In February, 1663, he was called to the Bar, and rose quickly into notice as a first-rate lawyer and successful advocate. He became Recorder of London, to be removed from his office by James II. for his opposition to the Court measures; and when William III. sought the fittest man to purify the Bench and make the law respected, he chose for the Lord Chief Justiceship of England the curer of the landlady's daughter—Sir John Holt.

How he fulfilled his duties during the twenty-one years he held his position we can leave to Macaulay and the other historians to tell. He stood up for the law against the encroachments of monarch and parliament, and he it was who set the example of that spirit and temper which has distinguished our judges ever since. When Lord Somers left the Chancellorship it was offered to Sir John, but he declined it. He felt that he had found the post for which he was most fitted.

This year 1700 was a memorable one for him for another reason. As he sat trying prisoners at the assizes a woman was brought before him charged with witchcraft. Old and haggard and miserable she stood in the dock, literally hunted down. The charges against her of curing cows and horses and women and men by throwing a spell over them seemed to be clearly proved. The evidence could not be shaken, and the woman herself admitted that she had

exercised an influence as described. She was found guilty, but before the Lord Chief Justice passed sentence he asked her if she had anything to say for herself.

"Only that it is true, your lordship. They asked me to lend them my charm and I lent it to them, and now they have turned against me."

"What is this charm?"

"It is this, my lord!" said she, slipping off her wrist a tiny roll of parchment. "It was given to me forty years ago by a stranger who cured me of the ague. He told me it would thenceforth cure everything, and so it has done!"

And up to the judge, who was about to sentence her to death, was given the packet he himself had made in the inn kitchen. This was the end of his adventure. There was the eta, zeta, etc., that he had scrawled; and he was the

tempter and the originator of the charm for using which he was to hand over this poor truster in his honesty to the executioner. For forty years his thoughtless folly had been working round, and now it had reached him as he sat on the judgment seat.

"We will make inquiry into this. The sentence is deferred."

That was all he said. The woman was removed. As speedily as possible she was pardoned. The student's freak in the little Oxfordshire village had important consequences. Sir John had had enough of trials for witchcraft, and henceforth he discouraged them in every way. Where he went there were no convictions. When he died, in 1710, the laws had practically become obsolete, and soon afterward they were repealed.—*Leisure Hour.*

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#### WIT AND WITS.

WHAT is wit? The question has been often asked and often answered—with more or less felicity. But, in truth, nothing is more difficult to define. The Spirit of Wit is like a Proteus. It is full of "nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." It is epigram, pun, satire, extravaganza, repartee—sometimes as rainbow-winged and mocking as an Ariel, sometimes as sly and elvish as a Puck, sometimes as savage as Dante's black-winged demon *Draghignazzo*, wheeling with his iron prong above the lake of pitch. In truth, wit varies like the minds of men. And it is a curious thing to note how the wit of one mind differs from another's, according to the faculties from which it springs.

Let us take some illustrations.

Dr. Johnson is the type of a large class—the class of those who have the wit of intellect. His wit was the result of a natural penetrating keenness of mind, which detected at a glance the weakest point in an opponent's armor, and struck at that point with a giant's strength. Perhaps no man ever surpassed the burly Doctor in the "retort courteous" (pleasantly so called), which sometimes pierces like an arrow, and sometimes knocks down an opponent like a bludgeon. It is difficult to open

Boswell without alighting on an instance. We will take the first that comes. A Scotchman who once heard him, in spite of his dislike to the Scotch, praise Buchanan, asked him, with an air of triumph, "Ah, Doctor, what would you have said of Buchanan if he had been an Englishman?" The reply was quite a model of Johnsonian wit. "I could not then have said of him, what I will say of him now, that he is the only man of genius his country has produced."

All Johnson's best things are of this kind. Fancy he had none; and the wit of fancy, with its firefly gambols, not only was not his, but made him angry. A pun enraged him; a piece of wild extravaganza was against his cast of mind. Wit of the same species as his own—the wit of Swift, the wit with which Pope and Dryden took immortal vengeance on their foes—he appreciated well, and loved as a *virtuoso* loves old wine. But it is probable that he would have seen very little wit in much of Sydney Smith, and none at all in Hood.

There was, no doubt, one side of Sydney Smith's rich wit which Johnson would have welcomed—the short, sharp, weighty sayings on life and human nature which have so much in com-



mon with his own. "Yes, you will find people ready enough to act the Good Samaritan, without the oil and the twopence." Such a saying only requires to be ushered in with a "Sir," to be in the very manner of Johnson, and worthy of his best.

But though Sydney Smith could thus rival Johnson in Johnson's own domain, his own peculiar realm was one which Johnson could not enter. His wit was, at its best, the perfect wit of fancy. His well-known saying, for example, that a certain Dean deserved to be preached to death by wild curates, is one which it is impossible even to imagine in the mouth of Johnson. It is precisely one of those things which could have sprung up in no other mind than that which actually produced it. It bears, like wine, the tang of its own soil. The wit of it bears no resemblance to the wit of intellect. Reason has no part in it; the wit of fancy is "the insane root, which takes the reason prisoner." It would be hard to prove by logic where its merit lies. As Charles Lamb said of the story of the Oxford Scholar who met a porter carrying a hare and asked him whether it was his own hare or a wig—"There is no excusing this, and no resisting it. A man might blot ten sides of paper in attempting a defence of it against a critic who should be laughter-proof." It is, in short, the wit of fancy, and to fancy only it appeals.

Such was the most characteristic wit of Sydney Smith. Every idea that entered his mind seemed to be attended by a ludicrous image. Some one asked him what he thought of the Lord Mayor. "I felt myself in his presence," he said, "like the Roman whom Pyrrhus tried to frighten with an elephant, and remained calm." We will take one other example—one out of hundreds. "My dear Rogers," he observed to the poet, "if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered; and lovely as we both are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu."

No man, we think, ever equalled Sydney Smith in the wit of extravagance. He understood better than any other the artistic use of exaggeration. Mere exaggeration is not wit; nor can we lay down any law for making it be-

come so. It succeeds, when it does succeed, not by rule or method, but by a certain natural happy instinct, impossible to analyze, but which acts by intuition. It was in this faculty that Sydney Smith excelled all men. We will take a few examples.

"The Scots would have you believe they can ripen fruit; and to be candid I must own that in remarkably warm summers I have tasted peaches that made most excellent pickles."

Part of the effect of this is due, no doubt, to the art with which it is expressed—to its air of candid confession, which seems to be yielding the point in favor of the Scots, at the very moment when it tells so ludicrously against them.

Again:

"When so showy a woman as Mrs. — appears at a place, though there is no garrison within twelve miles, the horizon is immediately clouded with majors."

In this case it is not so much the mere exaggeration which gives it its effect, as the *grotesquerie* of the picture which it presents to the mind's eye.

Again:

"Such is the horror the French have of our *cuisine*, that at the dinner given in honor of Guizot at the Athenæum, his cook was heard to exclaim, '*Ah, mon pauvre maître ! je ne le reverrai plus.*'"

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that Guizot's cook of course never "exclaimed" anything of the kind, and that Sydney Smith invented the whole story. And a fine example of artistic exaggeration it is.

Theodore Hook was a wit of quite a different order. Wit, in him, sprang from an astonishingly fertile fancy, intense vivacity, and an ever-rushing flood of words. He was probably the only really great *improvisatore* ever born in England. His extempore faculty has never, among us, been equalled or approached; and he had, besides, that strange personal magic which makes every word seem ten times wittier than if any one else had said it. His writings probably give a very faint notion of what he was in company. In this respect, his case resembles that of the great actors of the past; we are obliged to take his reputation, for the most part, on the testimony of others. But that

testimony is singularly striking. His habit of sitting down to the piano, and breaking out into a song, of which the words, and often the music, were composed at the moment; bringing in, as he went along, allusions to each of his listeners in turn, or to the incidents of the evening—the ease and happiness with which this was done, seems to have struck his contemporaries almost with a sense of the miraculous. The following account of one of these performances—it occurs in Lockhart's sketch in the *Quarterly Review*—is interesting on two accounts. It not only shows us Hook; it shows us Coleridge also, and in a curious light.

"The first time I ever witnessed one of his performances was at a gay young bachelor's villa at Highgate, when the other lion was one of a very different breed, Mr. Coleridge. Much claret had been shed before the 'Ancient Mariner' proclaimed that he could swallow no more of anything, unless it were punch. The materials were forthwith procured—the bowl was planted before the poet, and as he proceeded in his concoction, Hook, unbidden, took his place at the piano. He burst into a bacchanal of egregious luxury, every line of which had reference to the author of 'Lay Sermons' and the 'Aids to Reflection.' The room was becoming excessively hot; the first specimen of the new compound was handed to Hook, who paused to quaff it, and then, exclaiming that he was stifled, flung his glass through the window. Coleridge rose with the aspect of a benignant patriarch, and demolished another pane—the example was followed generally—the window was a sieve in an instant—the kind host was farthest from the mark, and his goblet made havoc of the chandelier. The roar of laughter was drowned in Hook's resumption of the song—and window, and chandelier, and the peculiar shot of each individual destroyer, had apt, and in many cases exquisitely witty, commemoration. In walking home with Mr. Coleridge he entertained—and me with a most excellent lecture on the distinction between talent and genius, and declared that Hook was as true a genius as Dante—that was his example."

The picture of Coleridge, inspired by claret, thus "sounding on his way," like Chaucer's Scholar, in the middle of the night, is very characteristic and very amusing. And the text which he expounded is one full of interest, and may well detain us for a moment. What did Coleridge mean by saying that Hook was as true a genius as Dante? The assertion, at first sight, appears extravagant—a mere flight of fancy. Yet a little reflection will show that it is

strictly true. What is genius? It is the faculty which effects easily, instinctively, and without knowledge of its own mode of acting, results which the intellect alone is unable, by any effort, to attain. The brain-power of Bacon and the brain-power of Newton put together could not have produced either the "Inferno" nor one of Hook's songs. Hook, like Dante, could do one thing which no other man who ever lived was capable of doing; and this is not talent, but genius. Some such course of reasoning as this it was, we cannot doubt, but adorned with every grace of language and play of fancy, that on this occasion "the old man eloquent" poured forth upon the midnight air.

There is another faculty of Hook's which deserves consideration. His love of practical joking is well known. But perhaps it has been hardly noted how very different, at their best, were his exploits of this kind, from those which generally go by that name. This is a point on which we wish to make a few remarks, and to illustrate our meaning by an example.

We are accustomed, and generally quite justly, to regard the race of practical jokers with no friendly eye. Their exploits usually display not only want of feeling, but want of sense. The clown's stock joke, to tie a piece of string across a street, in order to see the passengers fall down and break their legs, is worthy of a clown. To send a man ten miles on a fool's errand, is not above the capacity of a fool. But Hook's exploits, at their best, were of a far different kind. Lockhart has left us an account of one of these, which, as his article is not widely known, we will permit ourselves to quote in full.

"He and Mathews, as they were rowing to Richmond, were suddenly bitten by the sight of a placard at the foot of a Barnes garden—*Nobody permitted to land here—offenders prosecuted with the utmost Rigour of Law*—thereupon followed their instant debarkation on the forbidden paradise—the fishing-line converted into a surveyor's measuring-tape—their solemn pacing to and fro on the beautiful lawn—Hook the surveyor, with his book and pencil in hand—Mathews the clerk, with the cord and walking-stick, both soon pinned into the exquisite turf;—the opening of the parlor door, and fiery approach of the napkined alderman—the comedians' cool, indifferent reception of him and his indignant enquiries; their gradual an-

nouncement of their being the agents of the Canal Company, settling where the new cut is to cross the old gentleman's pleasure:—his alarm and horror, which call forth the unaffected regrets and commiseration of the unfortunate officials, 'never more pained than with such a duty'; the alderman's suggestion that they had better walk in and talk the matter over; their anxious examination of watches and reluctant admission that they might spare a quarter of an hour—'but alas! no use, they fear, none whatever';—the entry of the dining-room—the turkey just served—the pressing invitation to taste a morsel—the excellent dinner—the fine old Madeira—the bottle of pink champagne, 'a present from My Lord Mayor'—the discussion of half a dozen of claret and of the projected branch of the canal—the City knight's arguments getting more and more weighty—'Really this business must be reconsidered—one bottle more, dear gentlemen'—till at last it is getting dark—they are eight miles from Westminster Bridge—Hook bursts out into song and relates the whole transaction, winding up with—

Sir, we greatly approve of your fare,  
Your cellar's as prime as your cook—  
My friend's Mr. Mathews the player,  
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook!

Now this, it need scarcely be observed, could never have been either conceived or executed, except by a man of the very rarest gifts. It is a little comedy, played in real life, by a born actor. It is a thing which, as far as we can tell, no other man who ever lived could have conceived and carried out in detail. Coleridge would certainly have called it genius. It is sufficient for us to note, that it is marked by a character quite its own.

Sheridan had every kind of wit, both of intellect and fancy. But, unless we are mistaken, he had no style which stands alone, distinct from that of any other man. He had nothing corresponding to Hook's extempore faculty, or to Sydney Smith's amazing witchery of fancy. His best things were the result of thought and preparation; and the germ, even of these, was often borrowed. Yet Sydney Smith and Hook put together could not have produced *The School for Scandal*. Nor need we say that Sheridan was much more than a great wit. He wrote, it is true, the wittiest comedy on the stage; but he also delivered in Parliament the finest speech ever pronounced before the Speaker's chair. His mind was a curious compound of the great and little—and his wit bore the impression of his

mind. In the debates of the House, it sparkled like some rare spar among a heap of pebbles. His power over that august Assembly resembled a sort of spell—now, as with the speech on Warren Hastings, arousing such a tempest of excitement that no other speaker could be heard—now gravely bamboozling the Queen's most faithful Commons with a piece of jargon which sounded something like a Greek quotation, and which he pretended was out of Pindar. His wit, like an elephant's proboscis, could uproot an oak-tree, or pick up a pin. It could make great statesmen look little and ridiculous. It could swindle a tradesman out of a pair of boots. It could proclaim, as he was picked up in the gutter, full of wine, that his name was Wilberforce, and that he was not often thus. Regarding this last case, it may be noted that Sheridan was seldom too far gone for a *bon mot*. On another occasion his doctor, finding him engaged with the sixth bottle, gravely warned him that he was infallibly destroying the coats of his stomach. "Then," replied Sheridan, coolly filling his glass, "my stomach must digest in its waistcoat."

A more interesting, a more extraordinary character than Sheridan's never existed in this world. But his wit, as we have said, resembled rather the wit of all other men put together than any striking faculty which belonged to himself alone. And doubtless this is the reason why he has been made to stand godfather to more jokes, good and bad, that were not his, than any other man who ever lived.

Douglas Jerrold had something in common with both Hook and Sydney Smith. But on the whole his wit has a peculiar flavor, not to be mistaken, which marks it as his own. It is bitterer than Hook's; it is less original than Sydney Smith's; it is different from both. Yet the difference is one rather to be felt than argued. "I see," he once remarked to a certain *parvenu*, who had suddenly sprung out of the dregs of society, and who now appeared on horseback in the Row—"I see you now ride upon your cat's-meat." This is exactly Douglas Jerrold, sting and all. We will take another example. A *bon vivant*, who had already been looking on the

wine when it was red, inquired of him the way to the "Judge and Jury." "Keep in the way you are going," said Jerrold, "and you will be sure to get there"—a reply which reminds one of the story told of Bishop Wilberforce and a country fellow, one of a group of loungers, who asked him jestingly which was the way to Heaven. "Turn to the right, and keep straight on," replied the Bishop. This (if indeed it is not too ingenious to have been ever really spoken) was a mixture of epigram, pun, repartee, and moral maxim, all in one.

Jerrold, like all the wits of fancy, did not, on occasion, scorn a pun. We are not, perhaps, in our days, the best judges of this kind of wit; the dull and cold-hearted mangling of words, to which alone we are accustomed, has spoiled our taste and made us hate the word. A pun, if it is witty, is more than a mere jingling play of words—it presents, as well, a humorous *idea*. If we consider this distinction we shall perhaps be disposed to raise a certain class of puns from the low estate into which the general kind has fallen. According to our view, the merit of a pun depends entirely on the degree with which it presents, besides the play of words, a humorous *idea* to the mind. Hook's best pun, in his own opinion, was that made to a friend who pointed out a placard bearing the inscription, half-effaced, *Warren's B*— "What ought to follow," he observed, "is *lack-ing*." This is admirable of its kind—but Hook shall give us another. James Smith said of their friend Hill, that it was impossible to discover his age, for the parish-register had been burned in the Fire of London. "Pooh, pooh," said Hook, "he is one of the little Hills that are spoken of as skipping in the Psalms."

Now the wit of this is not so much in the pun itself as in the idea which it conveys. It is, in fact, an example of the same kind of successful exaggeration of which Sydney Smith is the great master.

Jerrold's puns were often of this order. We will take a single instance. "Waiter, bring a bottle of old port; mind, *old* port, not *elder*."

Hood was, we think, the best pun-maker in our language. We know what Johnson thought of puns; and the best of those which we have quoted would very certainly have made the sage, to use the graphic phrase of Boswell, "puff in high disdain." But there are certain puns of Hood's which we think might have converted even him. The puns of others sparkle, but are cold; Hood's have the warmth of life. In his last illness, when he was wasted to a shadow, a mustard poultice was to be applied to his chest. "Ah, doctor," said the poor patient, smiling faintly, "it is a great deal of mustard to so little meat." Who could have thought that a pun could be pathetic? Where shall we find an instance, out of Hood?

The examples which we have taken, in our comparison of styles, have been selected wholly among wits whose reputation is based rather on their talk than on their writings. We had intended to consider further, from the same point of view, some of the famous wits whose best things are to be found only in their books. But the subject is too wide, however tempting—and we must turn away. The world of wit is an Enchanted Ground; and they who enter it must needs beware, lest, like the lotos-eaters, they forget themselves among its pleasant places, and linger there too long.—*Temple Bar.*

#### THE HUMORS OF KERRY.

*Killarney.*

I HAVE for some time past been intending to send you a further instalment of "Hibernicisms," but this relaxing climate renders any exercise of the intellect a serious exertion, even though that exercise is of so mild an order as the sorting and selecting of a few anec-

dotes already jotted down or "memorized," as the Americans say. But this morning the writing-room is deserted, my invalid friend is so much better as to dispense with my attendance for a few hours, and I feel that the moment has arrived for fulfilling my long-postponed intention. As, however, the



heading of my letter may give rise to suspicions, inasmuch as Killarney is a notorious centre for the manufacture of anecdote, I can only assure my readers that the following illustrations of Irish humor and Irish modes of thought are in nearly every case drawn from my own experience or that of members of my family, and that I am not aware of any of them having found their way into print before.

I have on a former occasion given specimens of the quaint wording of petitions for medical assistance or pecuniary aid. Here is a literal transcription of a document lying before me as I write, which is typical of the literature of rustic supplication:—"REV. SIR,—I hope you rember I being talking to you in last Tuesday, about the charitable assistance towards the damage done to me by the lightening. So when your Rev. read the memorial you told me to come in two days time and that you would give me one pound so I came in Sauterday and you were after leaving the day before, so I hope your Rev. arrived home safe. So I will expect from your Rev. that you will send it by post to me, as it was my own fault not to go for it, the day your Rev. told me—as it is as big Charity as was ever done, as it was the will of Providence to leave me in such a need as I am at pres<sup>t</sup>. but God spare the gentlemen of the place they have done a great deal for me at Present.—I am your Obedient Servant, —." It is hard to say which is the more characteristic feature of the foregoing letter,—its inconsequent reasoning or its fatalism. The allusion to charity reminds me of a curious commentary which is furnished by an Irish expression, upon the text "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." Not long ago, as I was driving along the Glengarriff road, I was solicited by an old man, well known to tourists, for a contribution to enable him to rebuild his cottage. When I reminded him that he had been making the same request for a good many years, and had nothing to show for the donations entered in his book, he waxed eloquent on his miseries, and wound up by exclaiming that he had *nothing at all but God Almighty in the middle of the road*,—meaning the alms of the passer-by. On the last

two occasions on which I have taken this road, the old man was not forthcoming; but his place was taken by a number of little barefooted boys and girls, each with a wild flower or pseudo-Killarney fern in his or her hand. While still at a distance from them, I said to my driver, "Children going home from school, I suppose?" on which he replied, "No, Sir, but they're hunting the day-car for book-money," which being interpreted means that they were lying in wait for the daily tourist-car which plies between Glengarriff and Killarney, in order to ask the passengers for pennies "to buy a book," for in this ingenious way have they been taught to cover with the plea of a thirst for information what is too often their parents' thirst for whiskey. The most extraordinary demand, however, that has come within the range of my experience was that of a woman who begged for a subsidy to replace the funds expended in "waking" her mother, "for," as she added, "if we did, we waked her too soon, for she came to life again." From illegitimate I pass to legitimate demands, some of which are often exceedingly diverting. A peculiarly comic effect is produced in some of them by the use of a certain condensed form of speech, exactly similar to that called of grammarians "brachyology." Instances of this figure are supplied by the cobbler's bill,—"For soling and heeling Master Charles;" better still by the charge—I forget of how much—"for welting the masther and turning up Miss Kitty." The accompanying document shows that even a Kerry butcher is capable of a fine epistolary style:—"Mrs. —, —Please to have me paid for the killing of ten sheep at the moderate charge of 6d. each, which is equal to 5 shillings. And I'll feel much pleasure in remaining your ever faithful servant, TIMOTHY MCGILLYCUDDY." It is a peculiarity of the Irish peasant that he has a way of irresistibly tickling your sense of the ridiculous just at the very moment when you are most anxious to exhibit your sympathy. Our boatman, who lost his brother a few years back, was giving me some account of the latter's last illness, in which he sorely tried my gravity by saying,—“He had an airy fit, yer honor, and then, saving your presence, he was

very sick in his shtomach." What an "airy fit" exactly means, I have not been able to discover; but I have ascertained that it is a mysterious seizure, akin to a "fairy-stroke," which has set some of us wondering whether "airy" might not possibly be the same as "eerie." Against this must be set the fact that I can think of no other instance where *ee* is pronounced in this fashion. But the belief in fairies is deeply rooted in the Kerry peasantry, as every resident knows, and manifests itself in a strong disinclination to discuss the subject, or to visit lonely spots. We have often thought what a perfectly effectual means of stopping orchard-robbing could be devised by hanging up an Æolian harp, but somehow never carried out the design. In some of these statements of their ailments by the peasantry, the picturesque element resides in a single word. A woman came to our door this summer, and, on being interrogated, explained as follows:—"I'm a poor lame crayture, and I've lost the footing from under me." More forcible was the declaration made quite recently to our neighbor opposite, by an applicant for help:—"I had three childher, yer honor; but, by gannies, the chincough pinned wan of them!" While I am talking of ailments and comments thereon, I cannot refrain from giving an anecdote from another part of the country, but which is well authenticated. A landlord noted for his bulk of person was lying seriously ill, and one of his tenants, who came to inquire after "the masther," was informed that he was being kept up by the occasional administration of teaspoonfuls of brandy. Whereon he rejoined somewhat contemptuously:—"Tayspoons is it? And what good would a tayspoon be, sthraying about in such a wilderness of a man!" The Irish peasant, though apt to be longwinded at times, is capable on occasion of summarizing the situation in singularly terse fashion. A landlord showed me lately a letter he had received from a former

tenant, now in Australia, in which there occurred the following passage:—"There are more men idle in Sydney than there is in T—— flock, *looking for work and praying God not to get it*, but loafing around from one public-house to another." Again the expression made use of by a Kerry gamekeeper to describe the ascent of a steep green slope—namely, that "*one was atin' grass all the way*"—has always struck me as a singularly vivid picture of the relative positions of climber and hillside. But a fondness for fine words and expansion is more frequently observable than the epigrammatic vein illustrated above. One of our laborers, who afterward became a most efficient member of the London police, went over to Italy to join the Pope's brigade in 1860, and on his return presented my father with the diary he had kept during his absence. I have this literary effort in my possession, and will extract from it one sentence:—"We visited St. Peter's Church, and I can't presume the idea of giving an adumbration of its beauty." Of Irish "bulls" I have not encountered any good specimen of late. The story of the priest who prays weekly "for the mainland of Valentia and all the adjacent British isles" is, I suspect, apocryphal. Finally, let me wind up my letter with an anecdote of an incident which occurred at a fire in Dublin. My brother, who was among the spectators, heard from time to time a voice as of a woman wandering about among the crowd, and crying aloud in pitiful accents, "Och! Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. McCormick!" At last the wanderer discovered the object of her search, and as it happened to be in his immediate neighborhood, he listened with great attention for the urgent communication she had to make. His feelings, therefore, may well be imagined when he heard the good lady exclaim, "Och! glory be to God, Mrs. McCormick, we shall all be burnt in our beds this night!"—*Spectator*.

## DEAF AND DUMB.

BY THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

SHE has no voice, her lips are still,  
 Our words she cannot hear :  
 We watch her with the silent thrill  
 That calls the soul to prayer.

No joys that we in common have  
 Her spirit can intone :  
 She cannot hear another's love,  
 She cannot speak her own.

Sweet-sounding thoughts that never passed  
 Her lips, fill up her smile  
 And o'er her face a brightness cast,—  
 As when words pause awhile.

With her, as with the angel-kind,  
 Her thoughts can swiftly reach  
 All hearts, in converse of the mind,  
 And need not human speech.

Her voice is not of earth, to stir  
 The frantic chords of love ;  
 It is a keepsake lent by her  
 Unto the choirs above.

Beyond the portal of her ear  
 Our words must never wind,  
 Lest erring thoughts should there appear  
 And evil be divined.

But when her eyes their love recount,  
 What words into us come !  
 As by a sermon on the mount  
 Our lips are stricken dumb.

—*Merry England.*

—...—

## TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

BY ARNOT REID.

ALL persons connected with newspaper enterprise are subjected to much questioning, which is well meant, and which may come from fairly intelligent people, but which because of misconception and ignorance is ridiculous in the ears of those to whom it is addressed. Those who hold the more responsible positions in newspaper management are subjected to more serious annoyance, from the fact that friends of their own or of the paper make re-

quests that seem simple to the suppliant, but are so impossible of fulfilment that they cannot even be considered. Finally, the publisher or editor, or both, find their skill depreciated and their management impugned because of things over which they can exercise no more control than over the course of the tides. For these reasons and for some others, the writer proposes to explain how a morning newspaper is produced, in the hope that better knowledge may

conduce to a more intelligent apprehension of the conditions by which a daily paper is surrounded.

The chief person in a newspaper office should be the manager, and as there is usually a managing-proprietor, he is the chief person. Where there is not a proprietor actively engaged in the work of the office, then the manager and the editor are frequently of co-ordinate power, and somewhat jealous of each other. The joint management, however, works fairly well because the editorial department of a morning newspaper is to a large extent a self-dependent machine that will work alone, if the manager understands that he has to honor the requisitions of the editor however much these may cost. If the paper cannot afford that, the dual control will lead to friction. But it is a remarkable example of the evolution of things, that the dual control prevails chiefly in old and wealthy offices where money is no object, while the younger adventures are usually under the control of a proprietor-manager, who may or may not be styled editor, but who is the chief of the whole enterprise. In a strictly dual-control office the manager usually controls everything but the editorial department. He has a publisher who issues the paper, grants agencies, collects the money from the sales, and so on. He has a chief of the advertisement department, who arranges rates, and receives payment of the sums due. These departments are the two sources of revenue, and that revenue is paid to a cashier who is responsible to the manager. The manager also controls the case-room, where there will be from fifty to a hundred men engaged in setting type under a case-room manager, and he also controls the machine-room and foundry, where there are a number of mechanics engaged in stereotyping and printing the paper. All these persons may be appointed or dismissed at the manager's pleasure, and their remuneration is fixed by him. Through his subordinates he receives and pays all money. If there be negotiations for joint enterprise with other papers, as for a war correspondent, or for fresh telegraphic or train facilities, or for anything savoring of money, he conducts them. He is the soul of everything

save of the editorial department, which has its own chief, who does not usually consent to be responsible to any one, save to the proprietors as a body, or to a manager who is a proprietor.

But besides this equally divided system of dual control there are numerous others of varying character. There are offices where the editor is chief, and the manager is only a publishing superintendent. There are others where the manager is everything, and the editor is only a chief of a department. Each office has its own system, and that system varies from time to time with the quality of the men engaged, the deciding condition being the force of character and moral influence of the editor and manager respectively. Seniority of service is also of much weight. A newly appointed editor, for instance, often owes his appointment to a manager's recommendation, while again an editor in occupation may have had a considerable say in the appointment of a new manager. There are really no rules, but a sort of understanding that in the end the best man is likely to have most control.

The editor has an assistant editor, who is usually charged with the care of the leader columns, and who will probably be responsible to his chief for all other opinionative matter, such as book reviews, special articles, art critiques, and so forth. The assistant editor obviously has to deal with a numerous body of writers, many of whom will not be journalists by avocation, and over whose productions he ought to exercise a keen control, especially in the leader columns, where the same subjects are handled again and again, and where a continuity of policy must be maintained. He may also aid in the general editorial supervision of the staff, but that is a matter that depends on his relations to the editor, or his own force of character and self-assertiveness, and on other things. The editor has also a sub-editor, who is responsible to his chief for the columns of the paper containing reports and other news. Inasmuch as the first object of a newspaper is to supply the news of the day, this post is of great importance. The sub-editor has offered to him each night a great deal more news than his columns can pos-



sibly hold, and his duty is to accept what is good, reject what is bad, and cut down what is too long. He does not write for the paper, and he need not be (although he may be) a man of high education, nor need he necessarily possess any considerable literary skill, or capacity of literary expression. But he ought to be a shrewd and judicious man, with a wide knowledge of affairs, a ready brain, and an enormous capacity for wearisome work. He has from three to six sub-editors subordinate to him, several of whom will have special departments, while others will be available for miscellaneous sub-editing. He is the hardest worked man on the paper, and withal he gets less thanks or credit than anybody else on the staff. An archangel could not sub-edit a newspaper to please every one.

There is also attached to the editorial staff a chief reporter, who will have from four to twelve subordinates who are answerable to him. There are offices in which the reporting staff are strictly confined to reporting and are outside of and indifferent to the general work of the office. Then they become reporting machines. There are others in which they attempt or are encouraged to have some share in the life of the office, and then they may become journalists. A good deal depends on themselves, something on the attitude of the editor, and much on the disposition of their own chief and the sub-editor. I have heard of an important office in which they say the chief reporter objects to the sub-editor fixing the length that a report is to be, while the sub-editor would as soon think of commanding the assistance of an angel as of using the reporting staff for anything but reports. The positions of sub-editor and chief reporter in such a case want definition, and do not get it. The attitude, which may be consistent with sufficient friendliness, is that each considers himself as good as his neighbor, and a great deal better. It may be noted in passing that a chief reporter and a chief sub-editor have reached the limits of promotion in the departments which they have elected to fill, and if they are to go higher it must be on new lines.

The day's work of a newspaper office extends over about twenty hours. At

about ten o'clock in the morning the managerial and advertisement staff assemble in the counting-house, which is usually on the street floor, and during the day they transact general business and receive advertisements for the next day's paper. It is probable that the editor-in-chief will spend three or four hours in the editorial rooms looking over the past issue, receiving visitors, and so forth, and a few men will be at work in the case-room, which is on the top-flat, setting the advertisements as they come in. But save the counting-house the building will be deserted in a general way. At six o'clock in the evening the telegraph clerks arrive and begin to receive news over the wires from the London office. At seven o'clock one of the sub-editors arrives, and the others follow in quick succession, until by nine o'clock they are all engaged at work considering reports of afternoon meetings, and news paragraphs, and reports arriving by train from country correspondents. About eight or nine the assistant editor arrives, and probably begins by asking the sub-editor what news he has or expects to get. Accustomed leader-writers of the staff will probably come in about ten o'clock, by which hour the editor or the assistant editor, singly or together, have presumably arrived at some conclusion as to what are the subjects on which articles should be written.

The common practice is that the editor appears as a consultative authority during the night, but if he is to be of use in that capacity he will have no specific duties to demand his appearance at a fixed hour. From ten o'clock onward the reporters hurry in with reports of evening meetings to be extended from shorthand notes. Meanwhile telegrams from all quarters, more train letters, and commercial, and shipping, and sporting news pour in. On the top-flat the case-room is filled with compositors, some of whom began to work at seven o'clock, while others have just come in. From ten o'clock P.M. till two o'clock A.M. the office will be at its busiest. At midnight, for instance, there should be about a hundred and fifty people at work in a first-class newspaper office. Take the editorial flat first. The assistant editor is engaged in getting a general

grasp of the news of the night, in estimating its relative importance, in considering how it should be treated, and in revising editorial matter. He may or may not be writing anything, a matter which depends on the character of the news and the time he has to spare. In other rooms there will probably be several editorial writers deep in telegraphic reports of political or Parliamentary proceedings, or whatever other subject they have been detailed to explain and criticise. Other men are compiling, revising, or writing sporting, commercial, or agricultural news. The reporters are writing out their reports. The messengers and telegraph boys rush in with train parcels and telegraphic despatches. The telegraph wires in the office emit a continual click, as page after page is transcribed, and the long tape winds on the floor in uncounted yards. All this matter, save only the small portion of editorial or opinionative writing designed for the assistant editor's consideration, is hurried into the sub-editor's room.

There the work centres, and the business of the sub-editor and his staff is to revise all this copy, and delete, cut down, alter and reject without delay or hesitation. At the hour of midnight the sub-editor receives from the case-room a report of the number of columns of advertisements that are in type, and which must go in, and deducting this from the total area of the size of paper it is intended to print, he finds that he has at his own disposal a fixed number of columns—forty, forty-five, fifty, or whatever it may be. Into that space the news of the night must go, and his business is to get it in. It will be observed that news to a sub-editor is not of absolute or abstract value, but that its importance is strictly conditioned by the other news in hand or expected, and the space available for it all. He has to work a perpetual sum in proportion. "How much space shall I give to the first speech of the probable candidate for Mudshire, remembering that the advertisements are high, that the Irish Government Bill is being debated in the House, that a personal discussion has sprung up between the Orangemen and the Home Rulers, that Salisbury is making an explanation in the Lords, that Hartington is addressing a meeting in

the provinces, that there has been a row in the Middleton Town Council, and a local divorce suit before the Courts?" The sum is worked out and the candidate gets thirty-five lines, whereupon his friends say that the editor has been influenced by an opposition clique. As a matter of fact no human being interfered with the sub-editor's discretion, and if the candidate had held his meeting twenty-four hours later, when the House was counted out in the dinner-hour and no political celebrity was on the stump, he would have had a verbatim report and a full platform list. Probably the editor will be asked a few days afterward at his club, or at some social function, why he "snuffed out poor so-and-so; a very promising young man, I assure you." The editor knows nothing about it, but when he says so he will not be believed, because everybody knows that an editor revises every line that gets into his paper and writes all the leaders himself.

The upper flat of the building is as busy as the editorial and more thronged. In a great hall, extending usually over the whole of the site on which the office is built, an army of compositors are at work. As the "copy" comes up the sub-editor's shoot it is seized by an assistant overseer, numbered, and given out in sheets to the men, each of whom comes to the desk when he has finished his previous "take." These men are on piece-work, and they work much quicker than men usually do in what is called a jobbing office. Simultaneously a number of "readers" are comparing the proofs of type with the copy from which it was set, and other compositors are making corrections; other men again are "making-up" the "takes" into columns and the columns into pages. It is about midnight that the earliest pages, usually full of advertisements, are finished, and as each page is finished it is hurried to the foundry adjoining. The composing-room is at its busiest from midnight till about three o'clock in the morning, and as it nears that hour the haste becomes painful. The last three or four pages must be sent to the foundry at specified hours, which cannot be exceeded or the early trains will be lost. If therefore Parliament has sat until an unduly late hour,

or if telegraphic reports of a great provincial political meeting are delayed by insufficient postal telegraph arrangements, or if leaders are late, or indeed if any department is behind time, the burden, gathering as it rolls, falls back on the case-room. But the case-room, although it can do a great deal at a pinch, cannot do impossibilities, and when matter comes very late it must either be omitted or be made up in pages without having been subjected to due revision—and the latter is the reason of the extraordinary collection of blunders that sometimes are seen massed in perhaps one column of a paper. These blunders are purely mechanical, and occur chiefly through the type having been wrongly distributed, so that when the compositor puts his hand to the compartment where A is kept he takes out a T, or otherwise. The letter goes into the word, and the result is frequently a most ludicrous change of sense. The reader's business is to correct these mechanical mistakes, and if one issue of a newspaper were sent out "unread," it would be a compilation far funnier than any jest book.

Meanwhile the foundry, which is all dark till after midnight, is the scene of equal pressure. The business of the foundry is to receive the pages of the newspaper, consisting each of a number of columns of type bound together by a metal frame, and to produce from that surface a cast in hot metal in a half-circle which is then cooled, planed, and placed on the cylinder of a printing machine in the basement flat. The process is of the ordinary foundry kind with variations of detail only from that of any iron-founder's establishment. But there is this to be considered, that as the hour of going to press approaches the work of a newspaper foundry is done at a speed that would set an ordinary foundry manager aghast. From the time that the last page of type arrives in the foundry till the time that the first machine is running is only ten minutes, and in that time the men have taken a papier-mâché mould from the type, a metal cast from the mould in a perfect half-circle, and have sent it down a hoist to the sunk flat where it is put on the printing machine cylinder. This obviously includes a number of

mechanical processes, to fulfil which in the time requires that each man shall always be ready and shall not waste one moment. From the moment that the plate is adjusted on the cylinder the first machine begins to run, and others follow as they also are supplied with plates. Eight page sheets are now being printed and folded at any rate from twelve to fifty thousand an hour as the machining capacity of the establishment may determine, and every few minutes they go upstairs in a hoist to the next flat, where the despatch-room is waiting to receive them.

The despatch-room is a hall with no furniture but long bare counters, and some pigeon-holes for railway labels. It has been lit up since midnight, and from that hour until the paper comes up, the staff has been preparing parcel wrappers, and getting everything so arranged and laid out that the papers can be most easily packed for the country agents.

The time of pressure in the despatch-room lasts only for about an hour, and so soon as all the early trains are supplied things go more easily. These trains are not the ordinary passenger trains, few of which start till six o'clock in the morning. They are in part luggage trains, leaving various goods depots between four and five o'clock, and charged with the duty to throw off parcels at wayside stations, and they are in part early newspaper specials, that consist only of an engine and van running express for long distances. The necessity to catch them is a continual worry to those engaged in producing the paper, but they are necessary evils because they are essential to a widespread circulation. Even to the members of the staff they may be a blessing in disguise, because they force the work through early and let folks get home to bed.

It is probable that the first men to leave the office are those who have arrived last—the writers of the editorial staff. About the same time, that is at two o'clock in the morning, the earliest sub-editor and a batch of the early compositors will go. At that time or shortly afterward the business of the editor or the assistant editor is over, and there is no occasion for them to remain. The reporters have of course gone long be-

fore, save one or two who may be on some specially late work. After three o'clock the editorial flat will be deserted by every one save the late sub-editor and the telegraph clerks. These clerks are especially busy from about four till six o'clock taking extracts from the London press, to be published in the latest, or town, edition dated six A.M., and when that edition is provided for everybody goes, and the office is deserted save on the publishing flat, where it becomes busy again for a little in despatching the papers to the City news agents. For twelve hours thereafter the upper flats will again become deserted unless the office produces an evening paper, when the same rooms will be filled up with a fresh relay of workers, engaged in much the same fashion although with considerable difference of detail. As most leading provincial papers do have an evening "tender," it follows that they take double use out of their buildings, plant, machines, type, and agencies—an economical way of working which may in part account for the great numerical increase of provincial evening papers.

It may perhaps occasion surprise that in these details of the production of the paper so little work is credited to the editor. It must not, however, be supposed that because he is outside of the routine of duty he is therefore inactive. He is, or he ought to be, the guiding spirit and director of the whole. But the more he is so, the less he must be fettered with details. His real success is achieved when things go on equally well whether he is present or absent.

To this purely narrative account of the manner in which a morning newspaper is produced it may be well to add how this mode of life affects the staff. In the first place it will be seen that for all, save the reporters, the life is a regular one. It turns night into day certainly, but it does so with an undeviating regularity that makes the habit a second nature. The writer has had charge of an evening paper, where he usually came to the office at eight o'clock in the morning and stayed till three o'clock in the afternoon; and he has had charge of a morning paper, when he usually came to the office at eight

o'clock in the evening and stayed till three o'clock in the morning. The work of the evening paper was the more hurried and physically exhausting, and the work of the morning paper the more severe and intellectually wearing. In each case there was at first a "pull" because previous to working on the evening paper the writer had not been accustomed to a sedentary life, and there was much the same "pull" on taking up the morning paper duties and changing from habitual early rising to habitual night-work. But the absolute regularity of the work is such that one becomes accustomed to it quickly, and, so far as can be judged, it is comparatively unimportant at what hours men eat and sleep and work, if so be they adhere to them regularly.

The truth is, that a journalist habitually engaged in night work is freed from those social fatigues that tell so heavily on men who give their days to business, and their nights to society. If he is prudent, and does not permit himself to be overpressed by need of money, he can arrange that his work at night shall be the only routine work that he shall do, and then his position is just as good as the position of those men who work at commerce, or law, or science during the day, close their desks before dinner, and go to bed at midnight. It is immeasurably better than that of the other man, who with interests to push, or for vanity or pleasure, permits himself to work all day, and to engage in an equally exhaustive social routine at night. But journalists are no wiser than other people, and they frequently attempt to superadd day work to night work, and the pleasures of the evening to both, and then they ought to break down. Sometimes, however, they are unreasonable enough to do all this and not to break down. Unreasonable, because to one who lives by rule, and takes sufficient rest, exercise, fresh air, and sleep, and who eats and drinks in moderation, it is aggravating to find that those who do precisely the reverse appear as strong as he is.

As a matter of fact, however, a careless-living journalist will always go to the wall. The strain is so continuously severe that only one in good health can endure it without stimulants, and so



soon as these come to be used as stimulants the end is at hand. Only with a clear brain, a sound frame, and a vigorous will, can a journalist rise to the head of his calling. The same qualities equally well used would probably have taken him to the head of any calling not absolutely uncongenial to his bent of mind, and in almost any other intellectual calling the prizes, honors, and pecuniary rewards are greater. The writer would never recommend any one to train a lad for a journalistic life. That is so fully recognized that very few per-

sons are trained for it. The calling of journalism shares with the sister calling of literature this peculiar distinction, that only those engage in it who feel "called" to it in the true sense of the word, and against such it has no regulations, no fees, no term of apprenticeship, no artificial barriers of any kind. The one essential feature of a good newspaper is the one that conduces to that state of freedom. Its conductors are eager to take anything that suits them from any one who offers it.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. XXVII. British Columbia, 1792, 1787. San Francisco: *The History Company*.

There have been few more remarkable undertakings in literature than Mr. Bancroft's "History of the Pacific Coast," which has now reached its twenty-seventh volume. Whether or not the author will be considered one of the great historians of the age, judged from the purely literary standpoint, is more than doubtful. But if enormous industry, pluck in undertaking and carrying out an enterprise sufficient to exhaust the lives of two or three men, the most painstaking care in gathering and sifting a mountainous mass of material, and unwearying devotion, proof against every reverse, count for anything, the name of Hubert Howe Bancroft will not die easily or quickly. It is also true that aside from magnificent intention, so unflinchingly pursued, the author brings to bear on his work the sense of intellectual order, great clearness of statement, a good and simple style, if one not marked by the more brilliant quality of such men as Motley, Grote, Green, or Gibbon. Putting aside all criticism on such a score as trifling, the work is a monumental one, and all Americans will hold the author's name in the deepest respect and admiration for what he has done. He has certainly furnished for his brother historians who may come after him a store of boundless information, which will shorten their labors of research most materially.

The present volume is not the least interesting to the general reader, though its matter has less immediate relation to our own country. The history of British Columbia is a his-

tory of that vast empire which that remarkable organization the Hudson's Bay Company ruled for so long with an iron hand, though the ruler's glove was worn on it. No better illustration of the motto, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, can be found than in the tact and firmness, the consummate knowledge of human nature, and the skill to handle and control the most diverse interests, shown by these men and their subordinates. Nor can we find in history a more remarkable congregation of dauntless and skilful subordinates to carry out the purposes of their superiors, not even among the great soldiers and administrators sent by the East India Company to act in a much more brilliant field of operation. The latter had the opportunity to make their names world-famous; the former lived and died for the most part obscurely, with only the satisfaction of having done their duty.

In spite of the complicated and delicate dealings with the Indian tribes, made necessary by conditions—Indians among the most warlike and vindictive in North America, troubles with the natives occurred as rarely as they did under Penn's régime on the Atlantic coast. The Hudson's Bay officers knew how to unite justice with calmness and discretion, and the result was that they made the Indians their firm friends, and were thus able to utilize their alliance to the uttermost in the fur-trade. The English and Scotch agents and factors, too, emphasized their recognition of the equality of their savage friends by intermarrying among them. No better illustration of good management can be found in history, except, perhaps, in the French control of the Canadian Indians, and it may be that the great fur company

modelled after this example. Of course such a great monopoly, based on the necessity of an uncultivated wilderness of vast extent, threw all their influence against the incoming of civilization, but Mr. Bancroft tells us that however we may regard this, the demeanor and character of the Americans, who were known on the border at the time of the boundary troubles, stood out in the most disagreeable contrast with the action and bearing of the fur company's people. There are many striking sketches of those who made themselves prominent in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company. Those who have read Colonel Butler's "Great North Land" will remember the glowing tributes he pays to some of the agents and factors he met. Mr. Bancroft writes as follows of two men whose names are wrapped up in the history of British Columbia, John McLoughlin and James Douglas, and who represented the Hudson's Bay Company in most important positions :

"McLoughlin was one to be loved, Douglas one to be respected. Throughout his whole career McLoughlin displayed a broad benevolence, an artless consideration for his fellow-men of whatsoever creed, color, or nationality. Douglas was kind and quiet, but his benevolence was not always untinged by policy nor his sympathy by selfish interest. Both were men of practical sagacity, possessing minds of penetrating insight ; but while one reached conclusions quickly, as if by intuition, the other was slower, and pondered well before opening his mouth. Douglas was the stronger, McLoughlin the purer. McLoughlin was weakened by his good qualities ; Douglas was strengthened by his bad ones. Sin sometimes breeds unhappiness ; so do noble actions. Intemperate generosity and injudicious trustfulness drove McLoughlin into unhappy old age. Douglas can boast no unhappy old age. McLoughlin was in temperament Gaelic ; he was lively, sociable, hospitable. He could be diplomatic, but not deceitful ; hence his diplomacy often fell to the ground. Douglas was hard, lethargic ; more reserved and haughty, less charitable, more unbending, presenting a moral outline of stony rigidity ; one who thought much of himself, which the other seemed never to do. McLoughlin loved what was genial, noble, honest ; Douglas loved what was imposing, successful, honest. Both were men of dignity and lofty bearing ; but the awe McLoughlin sought to inspire was for the great corporation represented in him, while the pomposity of Douglas sprang rather from

personal pride. Neither Douglas nor McLoughlin ever did a base or ignoble act, and side by side, even as in life they were so often found, their names shall forever stand unsullied in the annals of the great Northwest."

The account of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad is interesting, as is that of the Frazer's River Gold Excitement, though the latter is a repetition in its main features of so many other mining booms. It is estimated that between 1862 and 1871 nearly twenty-three millions of dollars of gold were taken out of the Frazer River country. Parts of the volume may turn out to be fatiguing reading, but, on the whole, it can be perused with both pleasure and profit.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FITTEST. ESSAYS ON EVOLUTION. By E. H. Cope, Ph.D. (Heidelberg). Member of the United States National Academy of Science, etc., etc. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

The twenty-one essays constituting the present volume are the fruits of special zoological and paleontological studies. Dr. Cope, whose studies have been largely devoted to the vertebrata, has been forced to the conclusion that his deductions will also apply to invertebrate animals and plants. The essays are arranged into four series, as follows : First, on General Evolution ; second, on the Structural Evidence of Evolution ; third, on Mechanical Evolution ; and fourth, on Metaphysical Evolution. The principal object which the author has in view in the studies here recorded is the discovery of the laws of variation and the development of types by that law first clearly and categorically formulated by Darwin, and now generally known as the survival of the fittest. Without attempting to enter into any special discussion of Dr. Cope's reasoning, which, by its method and strictly scientific nomenclature, appeals rather to the scientific than to the unlearned reader, we shall content ourselves with briefly indicating the nature of some of the principal essays of the series.

In the "Origin of Genera" he attempts to show that the development of new characters has been accomplished by an acceleration or retardation in growth of the parts changed. He claims that there is an exact parallelism between the adult of one individual and set of individuals and a transitional stage of one or more individuals ; and that genera and various other groups have descended not from a single specialized genus of the same group, but from corresponding genera of different

groups. These homologous groups, as they are called, belong to different geological periods and to different geological areas. In the essay on the "Method of Creation of Organic Types," the author emphasizes the existence of an especial force, called "growth force," the location of the energy being due to the influence of use or effort, and that inheritance is a transmission of this form of energy, which builds in precise accord with the sources from which it is drawn. As a corollary of this we have the theory of the agency of the intelligence of a living being in directing its own movements, and therefore its growth, and so wilfully modifying itself or perhaps more powerfully its posterity. The profound significance of this theory, when applied to the higher development of man, as affecting the great controversy over free will and necessity, will at once be noted. In the essay on "Evolution and Its Consequences" Dr. Cope states with great lucidity the course of Mr. Herbert Spencer's reasoning in his "Principles of Psychology." In "The Origin of the Will" the author elaborates the limit of the spontaneity of human choice, given in an essay noted above. It is needless to say that the doctrine of necessity in ethics assumes that actions are merely the strongest pressure of the strongest inducement or motive. Evolution is known to lend powerful support to this view. Dr. Cope attempts to avoid the logic of evolution in this respect by claiming that free will is a new power which finally supervenes on the evolution of man. This is urged on the strength of the existence of a class of acts, for which the term altruistic (or acts for the benefit of others, rather than for one's own benefit) is used. These acts would undoubtedly require freedom of choice for their performance. The argument by which freedom of will is rendered probable rests on the necessity for action which sometimes arises in cases where there is no experience or knowledge to serve as a determining power.

Aside from this side of the question presented by Dr. Cope, we must look into phases of action where an exact calculation of results can be made. Self-denial or even self-exposure to most painful and disagreeable consequences, which are clearly recognized, is by no means uncommon. Affection for another is frequently the motive. This in one sense is an altruistic motive. Yet may it not be essentially selfish in the fact that in the exercise of the dominant passion there is a pleasure which more than counterbalances conse-

quences? Here, again, is the strongest pressure of the strongest inducement, the law of necessity. The author's essay on "Free Will" will be found singularly suggestive. Dr. Cope writes, as we have said, largely for scientific readers, but there is much in these essays which the non-scientific reader will find full of interest, if he has patience to put up with the technical nomenclature and somewhat severe treatment of topics.

THE MERRY MEN AND OTHER TALES AND FABLES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

No writer of fiction in England or America has taken a place so unique and individual or holds it with such a firm grasp of late years as Mr. Stevenson. He has found, if not a new vein, at least a peculiar fresh and characteristic method of treating an old vein, which stamps him as *sui generis*. The volume before us, "The Merry Men and Other Tales and Fables," explains itself in the title. The collection of stories offered is very striking. The first one is the *pièce de resistance* of the group, and in its own sombre and terrible way it is a gem of execution. The "Merry Men" is the name given to a series of hidden reefs off the northern coast of Scotland, the breaking of the surf over which produced the semblance of the cruel laughing and shouting of giants at play. The mystery of the effect of this hoarse merriment of the merciless sea on the mind of one who had committed a murder is the motive of the book, and the theme is worked with consummate skill of treatment, as well as with that felicity of diction which so distinguishes the author. We have read few stories, out of Hawthorne or Poe, so alive with all the force of the master player on the strings of imaginative terror. Yet there is nothing fantastic or melodramatic; it is the power of a very simple but subtle treatment of the great primitive passions of humanity, colored by religious mysticism. The other pieces in the collection, though not as perfect either in conception or execution, are marked by the same touch of genius, particularly "Will o' the Mill," "Olalla," and "Markheim." Most of these stories have been published in the magazines of the day, but readers will take pleasure in having them put in a shape to be preserved.

FROM THE FORECASTLE TO THE CABIN. By Captain S. Samuels. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Realistic simply told stories of genuine experience are always interesting, and life at sea

is not the least attractive subject for such treatment. Dana's "Three Years Before the Mast" is one of the most delightful books in the English language, and it is understood that Herman Melville's wonderful sea stories were largely drawn from actual reminiscence, if not in the literal fact, at least in the thousand and one details worked into the background of the picture. Captain Samuels, who at the time of this writing is driving a fast yacht over the ocean in a great race across the Atlantic, has given us in the book before us a fascinating record of life at sea in every position, from a deck-hand to a captain, and told the story of his life in a fresh and lively strain, which will command attention. If he has not written a classic, as Dana and Melville have done, he has succeeded in telling a most entertaining narrative. Captain Samuels ran away from home and shipped as a mere youngster, and his first experiences were such that, if he had not been hard-headed and tough-hearted, it would have gone hard with him. In those days the fore-castle of a ship was a veritable hell, the captain and his mates being tyrants and task-masters of the cruellest order, the men cut-throats and scoundrels but little, if any, better than pirates. His accounts of experiences on board ship are enough to make the decent reader shudder. He finally devoted himself to mastering the intellectual parts of his business—mathematics, navigation, etc.—and rose rapidly. Only the second voyage after he got to be second mate he was lucky enough to be made captain of a fine ship. He tells us that he was husband and father at but little over twenty, and presumably skipper. His log as captain is very entertaining, and he describes his various adventures as trader and commander of a ship in the days when it meant something to command a big merchantman, with rattling vivacity and unflagging zest. Among the multitude of yarns he spins is a very romantic narrative of his adventure in helping a Swedish captain to carry off an odalisque from a Turkish harem, a story he tells with great dramatic go. Shipwreck, mutiny, adventures with pirates, the perils of storm, meetings with distinguished men—all our jolly captain reels off with delightful dash, and the interest never lessens. The most important portion of his life was that which marked the ascendancy of the American clipper ship, when these fleet-sailing greyhounds contested the palm almost with steam for quick voyages. Captain Samuels commanded the celebrated *Dreadnaught*, the fastest ship that ever sailed the seas of her

kind. She was built at Newburyport, under his own eye, and she showed her heels to everything that carried sail. He says of this famous craft: "By the sailors she was nicknamed the 'Wild Boats of the Atlantic,' while others called her the 'Flying Dutchman.' She twice carried the latest news to Europe, slipping in between the steamers. The Collins, Cunard, and Inman lines were the only ones at that time. There are merchants still doing business in New York who shipped goods by us, which we guaranteed to deliver within a certain time or forfeit freight charges. We commanded freight rates between those of steamers and sailing packets." He tells us that he always himself kept the deck at night, "when it requires nerve to drive the ship to her utmost capacity without losing her sails or carrying away her spars. Any lubber can do the former, but it requires good judgment and pluck (not ?) to do the latter." Our sea-veteran has written an exceedingly readable and instructive book, and it will be read with the more interest when it is remembered that snowy hair has not quenched the daring of his youth, for he has been selected to drive the *Dauntless* in her great race to Queenstown, a responsibility to tax the most consummate qualities of a sea-captain—coolness, knowledge, daring, and judgment. Let us hope that one who has shown himself little less at home in writing than as autocrat of his own quarter-deck will not fail to give us something else in the same direction.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL AND GEOLOGICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS. By Angelo Heilprin, Professor of Invertebrate Palæontology at, and Curator-in-Charge of, the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia; Professor of Geology at the Wagner Free Institute of Science, etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The object of Professor Heilprin in this work is to present to his readers the more significant facts connected with the past and present distribution of animal life, such as might lead to a proper conception of the relations of existing fauna; and secondly that of furnishing to the student a work of general reference, wherein the more salient features of the geography and geology of animal forms could be sought after and readily found. In many respects this book stands alone in its field, though other works cover the plane in part, or incidentally. Of course the subject is too vast to be covered within a limited number of pages, as Professor Heilprin properly states



in the preface, but the details are sufficiently full and exact to amply satisfy the wishes of all but professional scientists, who would seek their knowledge at first hand. Professor Heilprin ranks among the leading scientists of the country and age in his specialty, and this last work will add to his well-deserved fame. The book belongs to the *International Scientific Series*, the projection and establishment of which was one of the most useful portions of the work of the late Professor Youmans.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD's preposterous and melodramatic novel, "She," is the occasion of a fierce indictment of wholesale plagiarism, brought against him by the London press. His preceding novel, "Solomon's Mines," which has had a great sale, is included in the charges. It is asserted that the rising novelist will have a hard time to clear his skirts.

THE English book publishers' announcements teem with the reproduction of American books. This shows no lack of creative activity in England, but shows that our English brethren are beginning to appreciate keenly the merits of American authors.

IN spite of the strong war feeling between France and Germany, there has never been a time when in literature, aside from the polemics of politics, the allusions by writers of one nation to the people of the other have been more kindly. This would indicate a deep-seated flow of the milk of human kindness, which even the thunders of war-talk cannot sour.

THE report on the publications registered in the Bombay presidency in 1885 states that there has been an increase in the number of books printed in nearly every spoken and classical language in the presidency during the year. One remarkable fact is the fewness of the books written in the vernacular languages by members of the university. Out of nine hundred books published in Marathi and Gujarathi, only about twenty were written by graduates. Most of the contributions to vernacular literature during the year appear to have been made by writers without pretensions to high education.

AMONG the MSS. brought by Dr. Harkavy from the East is a large fragment of an Aramaic text of Karaitic casuistic rules (Halakah), which may possibly turn out to be a frag-

ment of the "Fadlakah" of Anan (the founder of the Karaitic sect). Only a small portion of it is at present known. This was published in the *Athenaeum* by the late Mr. Shapira, and a larger extract by Dr. Neubauer in his "Aus der Petersburger Bibliothek" (Leipzig, 1866, p. 105).

WHILE the English War Office is taking measures for encouraging the study of Russian by granting premiums from the parliamentary vote, the Sultan is following a like policy. H. I. M. has ordered Russian to be taught in the Military School, and has appointed as teacher Ahmed Nermi Effendi, a native of Kasan, in Russia, where, it may be observed, is a great Oriental school, in which Turkish is carefully taught.

"WE regret," says the *Athenaeum*, "to hear of the death of Mr. R. H. Patterson, the clever author of 'The Economy of Capital.' He was born in 1821, and was educated at the High School of Edinburgh. When quite young he entered the printing-office of his cousin, John Ballantyne, as corrector of the press, and began before long to contribute to *Chambers's Journal* and other periodicals. He left the printing business to become editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, a Tory journal now extinct, and wrote a good many articles for *Blackwood's Magazine*, contributing also to the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*. Eventually he removed to London, and was connected with the Conservative press, being editor of the *Press*, *Globe*, and other journals. During this period of his life he published a number of political and economical works: 'The New Revolution; or, the Napoleonic Policy in Europe' (1860), 'Essays on History and Art' (1862), 'The Economy of Capital; or, Gold and Trade' (1865), 'The Science of Finance' (1868), 'The State of the Poor and Country' (1870). He also published a treatise on the currency, entitled 'The New Golden Age,' a volume on 'The Gas and Water Supply of London,' and a work styled 'Light Theories: Suggestions for a New System of Cosmical Science.' He for some years held an appointment in the office of the Gas Referees."

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON is writing the life of Mr. Edwin Chadwick, C.B., the veteran social reformer. The life will be largely devoted to a survey of the national health and the development of sanitary ideas during the last half century. It is based upon documents furnished by Mr. Chadwick, and will be published in a few weeks' time.

DR. SIMEONE LEVI announces the publication of the "Hieroglyphic-Coptic-Hebrew Vocabulary," for which the Accademia dei Lincei at Rome awarded him the great quadrennial prize founded by the King of Italy. The Italian Ministry of Public Instruction contributes 80*l.* to this important publication.

PROFESSOR GRAETZ has nearly finished his emended text of the Old Testament, which he will print in parallel columns along with the Massoretic text.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS has just finished the twelfth book of his translation of the "Odyssey," which is in the metre of his "Story of Sigurd the Volsung." The twelve books have gone to press, and will be published apart from the rest of the work as soon as possible.

WITH the close of the year, Messrs. Sampson Low have issued in the *Publisher's Circular* their usual analytical table of books published during the past twelve months. As was to be expected, the total for 1886 shows a considerable decrease when compared with the total for 1885, and a still larger decrease when compared with the total for 1884. Eliminating new editions, though these followed the same law, the following are the figures for new books only—in 1884, 4,832; in 1885, 4,307; and in 1886, 3,984. In the course of two years, therefore, there has been a decline of no less than 17 per cent. A comparison of the several classes of books is yet more instructive, for the apparent changes are so great as to indicate something like a revolution in literary productiveness. Theology alone remains pretty constant, though sharing in the general decline—from 724 in 1884 to 616 in 1886. But juvenile books have decreased in the same period from 603 to 390, while fiction shows the extraordinary increase from 408 to 755. On the other hand, if these figures can be trusted, only 60 books of poetry appeared in 1886, as compared with 179 in 1884; while the lawyers have contented themselves with the ridiculously small number of 18 new books and 15 new editions during the past year, while they enjoyed a total of 279 of both kinds two years ago. Apart from novels, the only other important department to show an increase in both years is that of political and social economy, trade, and commerce.

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#### MISCELLANY.

HOW GENERAL GORDON SAVED MY LIFE.—Every one has read Ouida's "Under Two

Flags." I have served under *five* flags in my time—three of them Imperial standards and two of them those of rebels. I have known as commander or as foe some of those men whom to this day heroes worship, as well as others less celebrated, but who still have carved their names with their swords on the page of history. Among these are Gordon, Garibaldi, Stuart, the Confederate raider; Belle Boyd, the invincible scout; the Countess de la Torre, the lovely Garibaldian leader; Burgevine, the filibuster; Turr, the Hungarian, and a host of others. Gordon, for instance, saved my life. It happened in this way. I was only a youngster, when, getting tired of the endless routine of barrack life in the —th Dragoon Guards, I went out to China to fight the Tāepings, who were then in full revolt. General Ward, who commanded the "Disciplined Chinese Field Force," had just "joined the majority," and Burgevine had succeeded him in the command. General Burgevine, a little dark man, who had come out to China as a ship's steward, but who had been one of Walker's filibusters at Nicaragua, was an able soldier and as brave as a lion. He was swarthy almost to blackness, and wore little gold rings in his ears. I joined his brigade. His men were well armed with American rifles and bayonets, carefully drilled, and had about thirty of us—English and American officers—to lead them. We defeated the Tāepings in a continuous series of battles, until our men began grumbling for their arrears of pay, which were then something like six months overdue. General Burgevine applied to the Foo-tai (or military mandarin governor of the province) for the money. He solemnly declared he had none. Burgevine happened to know that a few days previously the Foo-tai had received a thousand bars of syce silver, which were then in his palace. He ordered us to storm the palace and help ourselves. We did so, with the natural result that the next morning placards were posted all over the place, offering 150,000 taels of silver for Burgevine's head, dead or alive. We stuck to our commander; and the whole body, 3,000 strong, went over to the Tāepings. We were placed in the army commanded by "The Shield King;" and we defeated the Imperial troops as easily as we had the patriots. All went well until one fine day we heard that the Imperial Government had borrowed from the English 200 officers and non-coms., who had formed another "Disciplined Force;" and, under the command of one Major Gordon, R.E., were then within three days' march to

attack us. They duly arrived, and when we saw the pith helmets of the English officers we refused to draw swords from their sheaths. In the short engagement which followed our men bolted, and we thirty white men were Gordon's prisoners. The next morning he paraded us, and, standing in front of the line, said, "Of course, you know that I shall hang you all; not merely as rebels in arms, but as deserters from the Imperial army." He looked at us all individually, very sternly, leaning on his thin rattan, which he always carried and used in action, instead of his sword. He was beginning to address some more observations to us, when Burgevine, turning his quid of honeydew over in his mouth, spat vigorously close to Gordon's well-polished boot, and said, "D—n it, Gordon, if you're going to hang, hang! but don't give us so much of that G—d d—d jaw!" Gordon looked first at his boot, and seeing that it was still spotless, gazed at Burgevine half a moment with an expression as though he would like to have laid his rattan about his shoulders. Then, saying calmly, "You shall be quite satisfied, presently, sir," turned on his heel and marched off. Burgevine and one or two of the other Americans, who were perfectly untameable, had been previously tied hand and foot, or it would have gone hard with Gordon at that moment. While we were watching the nimble Chinamen rigging the ropes on trees for our accommodation and stopping every minute to sing out "*Fanqui!*" (red devils) an aide came from Gordon to say that our lives would be spared, but that he should deport us from the country. Burgevine simply expectorated again, and said, "Wal! tell him from me he's a good old son!" and we marched cheerfully into the calaboose provided for us. Gordon afterward sent Burgevine and the Americans to New York in a Yankee ship and the English to England. That is the way in which "Gordon saved my life."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**PREMATURE BURIAL.**—Much has been said and written concerning the danger of premature burial, and the subject has even become to some nervous persons the persistent horror of their lives. That a few authenticated cases have occurred in which the still living body has been by some strange oversight consigned to the grave we are not disposed to deny. It is probable, however, that the number of such cases has been exaggerated. Too much has possibly been made of the evidence of movement in corpses which have been exhumed. A

critic writing on this subject throws the whole responsibility for live burials on our professional brethren. This is a sweeping and certainly an unfair judgment. He accuses them solely on the ground that in many cases they do not, in order to certify death, proceed to make an examination of the supposed corpse, and suggests that certificates of death might be fraudulently obtained by unprincipled attendants on the sick as a preparatory step to murder. Now, this is one of those arguments which, however they may sound in theory, have little, if any, practical meaning. Medical men, we admit, do not always think it necessary to view the body of a deceased patient before certification. In many instances there is no need that they should do so. They have been in regular attendance; have ascertained the nature of the disease; have gauged its probable issue; and, finally, have seen the actual approach of death, which in a few hours' time has occurred, and of this they are assured on the testimony of persons whom they know to be well principled and judicious. Surely they are entitled in all the circumstances to accept the statement as true. Where there is doubt either as to the signs apparent or the character of informants, it is the duty of every practitioner to inspect the body of his patient, and any departure from this rule must, we are sure, at all events in this country, be very exceptional.—*Lancet*.

**THE LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.**—In the extreme south-west corner of Louisiana lies the largest producing farm in the world. It runs 100 miles north and south and 25 miles east and west, and is owned and operated by a syndicate of Northern capitalists. Their general manager, J. B. Watkins, gives an interesting account of this gigantic plantation, which throws the great Dalrymple farm in Dakota into the shade completely. "The million and a half acres of our tract," Mr. Watkins said, "was purchased in 1883 from the State of Louisiana and from the United States Government. At that time it was a vast grazing land for the cattle of the few dealers of the neighborhood. When I took possession I found over 30,000 head of half wild horses and cattle. My work was to divide the immense tract into convenient pastures, establishing stations or ranches every six miles. The fencing alone cost in the neighborhood of 50,000 dols. The land I found to be best adapted to rice, sugar, corn, and cotton. All our cultivating, ditching, etc., is done by steam-power. We take a

tract, say half a mile wide, for instance, and place an engine on each side. These engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four ploughs, and under this arrangement we are able to plough thirty acres a day with only the labor of three men. Our harrowing, planting, and other cultivation is done in a like manner. In fact, there is not a single draught-horse on the entire place. We have, of course, horses for the herders of cattle, of which we now have 16,000 head. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs for thirty-six miles through our farm. We have three steamboats operating on the waters of our own estate, upon which there are 300 miles of navigable waters. We have an ice-house, a bank, a shipyard, and a rice-mill."—*Missouri Republican*.

WHAT GERMANY IS DOING.—It would be hard to explain why the German Government, besides augmenting the country's already bloated armament for a third time, insists upon the increase being legalized, and that immediately, for a term of seven years! Nobody can doubt the final acceptance, by the Reichstag and by the nation, of this portentous fresh impost of 41,135 men, at an additional cost of £1,300,000 annually, and a far greater outlay on accoutrements, barrack accommodation, etc., during some years. But why fix that augmentation for a number of years? why not entrust it to annual votes. For this phenomenon no other explanation is possible, than by pointing to a totally unfounded suspicion against parliamentary majorities. Seven, five, three years are equally objectionable. If annual, the vote on army estimates would be taken, like that upon the navy, as a matter of course, and at the conclusion of a one day's debate. The experience of this country has conclusively shown that each approaching renewal of the septennate throws its dark shadow before, that party animosities are thereby envenomed, that every decision of Government is cribbed, cabined, and confined. The venerable and deservedly beloved Emperor, however, is said to be unyielding on this point. Probably a compromise for a term of three years instead of seven will be concluded, Herr Windthorst's party having declared, and with good cause, that in a country of Triennial Parliaments no provision for more than three years at the outside ought ever to be taken. There is no truth, of course, in the assertion that the estimates of the Imperial Budget show a deficit of £2,000,000. A deficit is impossible. What money is

not forthcoming through the usual channels of the Empire's income is, and will be, drawn from the treasuries of the individual States, the budget-requirements of the Empire taking precedence over all others. Yet the desire of placing the Imperial finances on an independent footing is intelligible, and the decline in the productiveness of most of its resources is painful. Customs, stamps, and various other forms of indirect taxation produce less revenue; so do even spirits and sugar. For this latter falling-off the policy of Bismarck's Government is alone responsible. Nobody denies that duties on sugar, spirits, and tobacco, instead of on corn and manufactures, ought to produce nearly the whole of the sum which the Empire requires for the purposes of defence and the maintenance of its relations with the rest of the world. Unfortunately, the Chancellor is not a financier, or, if a financier, then one belonging to the eighteenth century. Prince Bismarck does no more than every weather-wise statesman of the present day is doing when he considers the possibility of safeguards, as effective as those at work in America, against the power of Democracy. It is true that he helped to accelerate the advent of that power by the introduction (in 1866) of Universal Suffrage. The result of his reasoning differs, in all probability, from that at which English politicians would have arrived. His programme is peculiar to him. He astonishes his countrymen by the vastness of projects, all tending to the one purpose of strengthening the hands of Government. Caesarism is out of place in a country that has certainly never felt the evils of being too little governed, in a country, too, which is devotedly attached to some of the most distinguished and oldest dynasties in the world. All his labors in internal policy—apart from the passing interests of electioneering—are directed toward rendering the Executive omnipresent, omnivorous, omnipotent. He is credited with the desire of "nationalizing"—i.e., converting into a government monopoly the entire machinery of life insurance, fire insurance, and every other kind of insurance throughout Germany. He has tried for a government monopoly in the sale of spirituous liquors. He has tried for a tobacco monopoly. The extinct mediæval guilds, and trade-corporations generally, are being resuscitated in a form which will render them directly dependent upon the central Government. By expanding immeasurably all indirect taxation, especially duties on corn and



every manufactured article, and by subsidizing steamers to the China seas, he not only gained the votes of three influential classes of the community, but also made the Executive more independent of popular movements. In his capacity of Prussian Premier, he has procured the purchase by the State of the entire railway system of the kingdom. The number, the position, the influence of government functionaries is constantly on the increase. To crown everything, a marvellously well-equipped and trustworthy army removes all present anxieties.—*Murray's Magazine*.

PIRATES PRESENT AND PAST.—The latest instance of the nineteenth-century way of hauling down the black flag is found in the story of "a strange affair" which happened quite recently in New Zealand. Two seamen, named Penn and Caffrey, murdered a man on Great Barrier Island, and ran away with a cutter called *The Sovereign of the Seas*, and also with a girl. The narrative is related with a brevity that cannot but distress the curious. The name of the lady is left in darkness. Of her beauty, of her qualifications as a pirate's wife—the Medora of the South Pacific—no hint is given. We are barrenly told that "they seized arms and provisions and commenced to sail for South America, but, fearing pursuit, they put back on the Australian coast, and scuttled their vessel fifteen miles north of Port Macquarie." Portions of the wreck came ashore, suspicion was excited, the pirates were arrested and conveyed to Auckland. Strictly, they were pirates only in having seized and run away with a vessel. They had not yet hoisted the black flag, nor exhibited any of the old symptoms of this sort of marine depravity. It is very warrantable, however, to suspect their intentions. They were bound away for the South American coast when they changed their minds; there, maybe, they hoped to ship a few beachcombers—gentlemen who would do honor to even the ship's company of a Morgan or a Blackbeard—and then start in search of some Acapulco ship of to-day, some well-freighted craft manned, perhaps, by a slender body of Spaniards. As was the *Centurion* to the galleon, so would *The Sovereign of the Seas* be to the thousand-ton vessel she might tackle. But the result, as usual, is without poetry. The preparations did, indeed, promise a highly-seasoned dish. The swift and nimble cutter, the seizure of arms, the presence of a heroine, the two determined seamen with ap-

petites rendered sanguinary by their pretty little piece of practice on the man they had left behind them on Great Barrier Island: all this was assurance of adventures more thrilling than anything of the same kind that ever dropped from the fertile pen of Mr. Fenimore Cooper. The baleful shadow of the police, however, seems to have hung gloomily upon the undertaking from the very beginning. The moral influence of the law was working in these pirates when they weighed anchor, and operated so powerfully when they were out of sight of land that, as though constrained by some diabolic spell, they shifted their helm and trimmed sail for their fate. An unromantic sequel indeed—without even the gibbet, the clanking chains, and the carrion crow of the lonely seashore to inform the flat issue with something of the fine old spirit! In a lively American novel an Irish sailor is made to inveigh against civilization. "What's the use of bein' snivelized?" he exclaims. "Snivelized chaps only learns the way to take on 'bout life and snivel. You don't see any darned beggars and pesky constables in Madagasky, I tell ye; and none o' them kings there gets their big toes pinched by the gout." The sailor might have carried his protest further by pointing out how injuriously civilization has served the sea life. Fifty years ago the start of *The Sovereign of the Seas* with muskets, ammunition, lovely woman, and two stout hearts, with appetites whetted by that little job on Great Barrier Island—her start with all these picaroonish commodities aboard would have been the beginning of a noble marine campaign, which must have speedily led to the command of a fine smart ship and the hundred diversions of scuttling, blowing up, hanging, plank walking, marooning, and the like. When one considers the behavior of the crew of *The Sovereign of the Seas* it seems pitiful that buccaneering should have come to this. How gallantly Shelvocke, Cowly, Clipperton, Dampier pushed on! With what lordly resolution did they beard the haughty Spaniard, skirting unchartered coasts to come at him, stealing his niggers, sacking and firing his towns, robbing his altars, insulting his ladies, emptying his ships, and drinking to the health of Britannia's Queen or King—God bless him or her!—in hearty punch manufactured out of the Don's cellars! It is, indeed, true that the origin of the buccaneers does not partake of the sublime; but the calling borrowed a great glory from the scores of valorous cut-throats who

fortified their spirits by "long drinks" of brandy mixed with gunpowder, and fought like bloodhounds under their fearful flag. These famous heroes were originally settled in the Island of St. Domingo; they salted and smoked the meat of the animals which they had slain in chase at spots which they called boucans, and from this term they took their title. They went equipped as became such valiant creatures. Their apparel consisted of a shirt and a pair of pantaloons, both formed of coarse linen cloth, dyed with the blood of animals. Their boots were made of hog-skin—they did not condescend to so effeminate a luxury as stockings—and they covered their heads with a round cap. Around their waists they wore a strap cut out of a raw hide, to which they hung, each man, several knives and a very short sabre. Their arms consisted of a firelock that carried two balls, weighing an ounce apiece. Though they despised stockings, they were not above such comforts as are to be obtained by a plentiful retinue; for we are told that every one was attended by several valets, a number of servants, and by twenty or thirty dogs. Their habits are described as being rather lower than those of the Hottentot. Raw marrow was one of their favorite dishes. They ate lying on the ground, having neither benches nor tables. Stones furnished them with pillows quite soft enough for their heroic brows; and the trunk of a tree was as good a table as they could ask for. From the annals of this suave and gentle race of men the novelists have drawn materials for some very choice contributions to the literature of romance. The poets have also favored them: "Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold, He buys, he sells, he steals, he kills for gold."—*Daily Telegraph*.

A BEAR HUNT IN THE HIMALAYAS.—A correspondent writes to the *Field*:—We had news of a large black bear; so I sent on my shikari and rifle to the Dāk Bungalow at Doonga Gully, where I was to sleep. I arrived at the bungalow toward the small hours of the morning. The shikari was waiting to say that he had got a tracker, and we were to start for the bear at 5 A.M. After a walk of six miles of the steepest climbing I ever had, and hanging on to fearful precipices—those of the Himalayas must be seen to be understood—we came on the bear's fresh tracks. He was evidently a large one from his pugs (foot-mark). We tracked him for some distance to the edge of a terrible incline. We were at a height of over

10,000 feet, and there was snow in all the ravines. The tracker went on in front, and presently came back with a face of delight to say that the bear was lying on a rock just outside his cave, taking the air. It was now so steep that I had to take off my shooting-boots and walk with bare feet, as a slip would have been fatal. Luckily there was a strong breeze blowing from the bear up to us, so there was no danger of his scenting us, which is most to be feared in bear-stalking. Down we went toward him, creeping nearer and nearer, till at last we got within forty yards. My shikari had now become so excited that he was shaking all over, and kept telling me to fire. I wanted, however, to make sure, so crept on till within twenty paces. The shikari's excitement now became intense, and he nearly spoiled the whole thing. In trying to restrain himself he coughed loudly, and up sprang the bear. At once I gave him the right barrel in the shoulder; but it seemed to have no effect, and on he charged straight at us, making a terrific shindy. I gave him the left barrel in the middle of his body, and the shock of the bullet rolled him over; but he contrived to get into his cave, to which he was close, before I could give him another bullet. Knowing he was mortally wounded, we waited half an hour before reconnoitring. We then went to the cave, but it was so deep and dark that we could do nothing. Getting a lot of wood, we tried to smoke him out, but he did not show. We then sat down, and, after a council of war, concluded we could do nothing without light and help. I therefore remained with the shikari while the tracker went back to Doonga for a lantern, which in due time arrived. We then entered the cave, the shikari first with lantern and a knife, and I next with the rifle. The cave was very narrow and went far into the rock. We had got about twenty yards, when suddenly the bear, who was hidden behind a turn in the cave, gave a roar, seized the shikari's hand and the lantern, tore his arm and leg, and left us in perfect darkness. How we got out of that cave I know not; but we did so with very fair average speed. Luckily, the bear was injured so that he could not rise on his hind legs; as we afterward found, the bottom of his spine was smashed, and the bullet in his intestines, but he had just been able to strike at the shikari. To make a long story short, the bear died next day, and a man with a long torch went into the cave, and the carcass was pulled out. It measured 6 feet from nose to tail, and 5 feet 9 inches round the chest.

